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ERRATA in Vol. CIV.

Page 158. l. 18. for ‘ foundation,’ read *fecundation*.
259. l. 4. put a comma after ‘ *history*.’
358. l. 7. from bottom, for ‘ prevail,’ read *prevails*.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW,

For MAY, 1824.

ART. I. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of William Hayley, Esquire.*

[*Article concluded from the last Review.*]

WE have already said that Mr. Hayley was in familiar intercourse with some of the first artists and most distinguished characters of his day. On opening these ponderous volumes, therefore, we naturally anticipated some curious literary anecdotes of these personages, and perhaps a few original letters from them: but we are disappointed by a dearth of such matter, almost all the letters being from Mr. Hayley himself to his friends, and chiefly treating on the favorite subject of his own works. We find, indeed, a few from the pleasing pen of Mrs. H. to her husband, written during the long period of her separation from him, which are sprightly, or serious, or tender, as the subject requires:—effusions from the cultivated mind of an affectionate wife, whose feelings were wrapped up in the fame and happiness of her husband. This unfortunate lady died in 1797.

It is time for us to introduce to our readers Mr. Hayley's son, Thomas Alphonso, the sculptor. This youth, the only offspring of his father's marriage, and the object of his very dotage and idolatry, was destined to be a professional artist, and for this purpose had the good fortune to be settled with Mr. Flaxman. It had been the fixed purpose of Mr. Hayley to visit the Continent with his son in the year 1792; to join his friend Mr. Flaxman at Rome; to pass some years in Italy; and to contemplate its arts and antiquities with the rare and enviable advantage of having such a fellow-student. He did not, however, execute this favorite and attractive scheme; and his abandonment of it shews the laudable sacrifice which he was capable of making to the friendship of a living painter and the glory of a departed poet;—to the friendship of Romney, whom he comforted and cheered for many years, and to the injured shade of the immortal bard who sang the loss of Paradise. Messrs. Boydell and Nicol were at this

time preparing a magnificent folio edition of Milton, and they wished Mr. H. to write a Life, to be prefixed to the work. Romney urged his acquiescence, believing that it would induce them, as paymasters of the Shakspeare Gallery, to behave towards him with the greater kindness and liberality concerning the many pictures which he intended to execute for the proprietors of that undertaking. Hayley was so ardently interested in the professional success of Romney, and so eager to vindicate Milton from the injurious aspersions of his biographer Johnson, that he surmounted the strong attractions of Rome, and devoted two years of diligent application at home to the work in which he engaged. His own pecuniary reward for this sacrifice of foreign acquisitions was extremely small: but he was accustomed to represent himself as richly overpaid for it by his intimacy with the poet Cowper, which commenced, as we have already seen, by this identical undertaking.

It is a bright trait in the character of Hayley, not only that he never immolated his political principles or his private friendships on the altar of self-interest, but that he always asserted the former fearlessly and openly, and maintained the latter at the cost of any personal exertion and at all hazards. Such was his love of independence, that he resolved never to ask any favor for his own emolument: but he was always ready to employ any influence that his literary character, and his acquaintance with persons of distinction and authority, might be supposed to create, in serving such friends as wanted his assistance. As an instance, the success which attended his indefatigable exertions to improve the fortune, as well as to restore the spirits, of Cowper, intitles him to much honor. They are so well known that it is unnecessary to repeat them here*: but the reader will learn with satisfaction that 'the very uncommon advantages,' which he derived from the great share of public favor that attended his Life of Cowper, 'unexpectedly rendered his disinterested friendship for a man of virtue and genius, suffering under the darkest calamity, a source of unthought-of blessings to himself at a distant period, and in those latter days of life when the favor of Heaven is felt with all the just sensibility of religious contemplation.' We shall here insert an anecdote which does great credit to Mr. Hayley.

* It was entirely by his exertions, through the medium of Earl Spencer, that a royal pension of 300*l*. per annum was obtained for the unhappy poet.

'Lady

'Lady Hesketh had lamented the insertion of a letter that she wished to be discarded from the new edition of Cowper's Life; thus speaking of it in a letter to Hayley:

'"*Weymouth, Sept.* 12. 1805.

'"By the insertion of the cruel letter in question, the King has been deprived of the amusement he would have received from the third volume. The Princess told me it was necessary to tell him the letters were not worth reading, to prevent his looking into them. Judge how much this hurts me! I must observe, that she spoke with the greatest tenderness and moderation; but I perfectly understood her meaning.

'"I was at the Lodge again last Sunday: I sat next but one to the King, and had a great deal of conversation with him, and will answer for his having no complaint but that of his eyes."

'This unexpected censure from a lady whom he had so cautiously and so kindly endeavoured to gratify in all her wishes, concerning the life of her beloved relation, excited some degree of indignation in the biographer.'

Hayley resolutely defended, as a point of literary duty, his intention of re-inserting the letter, and wrote this animated reply to Lady Hesketh:

'"Your letter of the 12th, my dear Lady, has astonished and grieved me; but you must allow your old faithful Hermit to present to you his genuine sentiments upon it, with that perfect frankness and sincerity which form the essence of his character. Yes! I must tenderly exercise and discharge the privilege and the duty of integrity, even at the painful hazard of displeasing you by unpalatable truth.

'"I cannot but regret that it should have been thought necessary to tell a sovereign of a feeling heart and a liberal mind, what is so injurious to the memory of dear Cowper, viz. That his exquisite letters to his old and his young friend, Newton and Unwin, are unworthy of the King's perusal;—letters of such merit, *moral*, *political*, and *religious*, that all the kings of the earth ought to honour and bless the memory of their author. I grant you that the *motive* was amiable in a very high degree. The representation alluded to, no doubt, proceeded from an excess of tenderness and apprehension. But let not us, my dear Lady, with such experience of life as we have had,—let not us give a sanction to the dangerous doctrine, that it may be right to do evil, in a hope of producing good. The affectionate intention was, evidently, to save a beloved monarch from the pain of perusing expressions disrespectful towards him in his kingly character; but, had the letters been deliberately examined without prejudice, and with all due allowance for the pure and avowed political principles of the poet, it would have been perceived that his letters *ought not to offend* any English monarch of an intelligent and a candid mind. I am ready to assert, and stake my life on the truth of the assertion, that no expression is to be found in

the letters of Cowper that can be proved to be disrespectful towards his sovereign. It would indeed be strange, and marvellous, if he could have used such expressions, when in truth he ever felt a manly constitutional reverence for the great office of royalty, and a most affectionate attachment to the personal character of his sovereign. You point to an objectionable letter without naming it. I am at a loss to guess what letter could be intended, except one on the patronage of India. Some persons might call *that letter*, perhaps, disrespectful to the King; but the writer of it (though modestly timid by nature) would, without apprehension, have put it himself into the hands of Majesty, as containing only those just sentiments and principles of a true and honest Whig, in which he gloried; and in defence of which he would willingly have staked his honour and his life. Do not, my dear Lady, suffer any one to *mistake* and *misrepresent* his *pure* and innocent *whiggism*, though, as he honestly told you in one of his excellent letters to yourself, 'You are a *Tory*, and answerable to the shades of all your whiggish ancestors for being so.' Yet, as Cowper and his biographer were ever as much the votaries of *toleration* as of *truth*, we both have loved you, *Tory* as *you are*, sincerely. I answer fearlessly, both for the departed angel, and for the infinitely less meritorious mortal, yet remaining on earth. As to cancelling any public sentiments of Cowper that may have been misrepresented, I would sooner be beheaded instantly than so servilely forsake what I deem my sacred duty to a dear, blameless, buried friend; and so basely desert the *cause of his innocence* and *my own independence*.

'"Allow an old faithful Hermit to discharge all the duties of true friendship to the best of his time-worn faculties; and believe him, in all points, where he can obey you *without sinning against his own conscience*, your most obedient, sincere, and affectionate,

'"W. H."'

The "Life of Cowper" has been long before the public, and enjoyed, as its author tells us, a great share of favor. It must be confessed, however, that the degree of interest which that work called forth was far from being wholly owing to the merits of the biographer, who executed his part with a great deal of feeling, indeed, but with much less ability and judgment. The poetical talents of Cowper broke forth with a power which astonished, a purity which charmed, and a tenderness which touched all his readers. His fancy was rich, but under the control of a cultivated and correct taste; and such was the force of his genius, and so pliant was it, that, like Milton's elephant, he "wreathed his lithe proboscis," and could rend an oak or pick up a pin. The curiosity of the public, then, was naturally stimulated by the announcement of a work which promised them the life of a man from whose productions they had derived so much delight and improvement. They knew, too, that there was something extraordinary

ordinary and mysterious in the structure of the poet's mind; that, with the most benevolent nature and exalted piety, he was overcast and shrouded by a cloud of settled melancholy, which no human hand could dissipate. Mr. Hayley's book was read with avidity, and it will never cease to be read; for it contains a collection of the most delightful letters, perhaps, that are to be found in the English language; unstudied, and alike redundant of fancy, feeling, and of thought. The curiosity of the public, however, so natural and so laudable, as to the early history of Cowper, the formation of his character, and the remote causes of his malady, was disappointed.

Not fewer than five hundred pages of the second volume of this biography are devoted to the short life of Mr. Hayley, junior. That this young man, had it pleased Providence to spare him, would have been an ornament and honor to his profession, there seems no reason to doubt: for his talents were of a high order, and they had been cultivated with judgment and assiduity. His accomplished mother took great delight in contributing her share to his improvement in his early years. At the age of eleven he not only wrote letters, but corresponded with his mother in the French language, and began to converse in it. Latin and Greek he studied under his father, who had taken him to Weston, the well known residence of Cowper. That poet became attached to the lad, and, observing his acuteness, had requested him, as an encouragement for the exercise of his talents, to "criticize his Homer," and send his remarks on it to Weston. The little critic — not yet thirteen — accordingly transmitted the following shrewd and sprightly specimen of his powers:

'"Honoured King of Bards,

'"Since you deign to demand the observations of an humble and inexperienced servant of yours, on a work of one who is so much his superior (as he is ever ready to serve you with all his might) behold what you demand! but let me desire you not to censure me for my unskilful, and perhaps (as they will undoubtedly appear to you) ridiculous observations, but be so kind as to receive them as a mark of respect and affection from

'"Your obedient servant, THOMAS HAYLEY."

BOOK	LINE	
i.	184. 195. 196.	'I cannot reconcile myself to these expressions, viz. "Ass clothed with impudence, &c. shameless wolf, and face of flint."
i.	508.	'"Dishonoured foul," is, in my opinion, an uncleanly expression.
i.	651.	'"Reel'd," I think, makes it appear as if Olympus was drunk.

BOOK	LINE	
i.	749.	' " Kindler of the fires in Heaven," I think, makes Jupiter too much like a lamplighter.
ii.	317. to 319.	' These lines are, in my opinion, below the elevated genius of Mr. Cowper.
ii.	300. to 304.	' This appears to me rather Irish, since in line 300. you say, " No one sat," and in 304. " Polydorus rose." '

Young Hayley's taste for drawing was stimulated by seeing Romney, who annually paid an autumnal visit to his father, exert his splendid talents; and it was still farther encouraged by an acquaintance with Mr. Hodges, and by some instruction from Mr. Wright of Derby, while the youth was staying with his *widowed* mother at that place. His destination, however, was ultimately fixed by a noble offer from Mr. Flaxman, then at Rome, couched in these words to Mr. H. senior:

' " If, as you say, you have not quite determined to make him a physician, and if you think he has talents for the fine arts, shew yourself my friend indeed, and accept my offer as frankly as I make it. Send him to me! I will instruct him in all the little I know, and it shall not cost you a farthing. You shall provide his board and lodging in the manner most agreeable to yourselves. The education he should have under me, would be a theory and practice of art and science, to make him profound in his profession, and not a drudge for the interest of his master. In your absence, I will be his father, and my dear Nancy promises to look to his morals. Think seriously of this, and remember, as soon as I arrive in England, I am ready to make my offer good: this, with the permission of Providence, will be in a very few months." '

Mr. Flaxman did make his offer good in every sense of the word: he received his pupil; and he not merely instructed him in the art of sculpture, but regularly read with him every day some Greek or Roman writer, and laid such a foundation of knowlege in the sciences collateral to his immediate object of pursuit that, had health and strength been bestowed on him, he would in all human probability have risen to high eminence in his profession. The seeds of disease, however, germinated latently and insidiously: his case was mistaken by his medical attendants till it became irremediable; and the sufferer died at an immature age, and before the full expansion of those blossoms which had budded with extraordinary beauty and luxuriance. To commemorate the various virtues of his pupil, Mr. Flaxman requested permission to devote a marble monument, as a gratuitous offering to his memory; and it was placed in the church of Eartham with a prose inscription by Mr. F. and some verses by the afflicted father, in which the deep

deep sorrow that he felt is softened by his resignation to the will of Heaven.

As Mr. H. elsewhere observes; 'Perhaps the records of mankind could afford very few examples of a father and a son in whom their reciprocal affection rose to such a height, and supported itself in so striking a manner through a series of chequered years. Indeed, this work was compiled for the purpose of exhibiting, in the fullest point of view, an affection so memorable; and with hopes that the just representation of its soothing delights may, in the progress of time, call forth and inspirit many new examples of filial and parental attachment.'

The propensity which Mr. Hayley indulged on all occasions, and to which we have already alluded, of pouring out his superlatives of praise in prose and verse, — in numbers innumerable and measures immeasurable, — was not likely to be checked when the opening talents of his son were the objects of panegyric: — but the son appears to have had a stronger head than his father. In one of his letters he says, "Many, many thanks, my dear bard, for your kind sonnet. I really cannot say what you may puff me up to, thin as I am, if you bestow so much encomium on me yourself, and tell me of so much which my two kind friends are pleased to add to it. However, I think I am in no great danger, *just now*, for if I do happen to find myself a little swelled with vanity, a good spasm in the legs soon sets all to rights." — "Pray give my best love to Mr. Flaxman, and tell him, I set a very high value on *his* praise; I should also highly value any criticisms with which he would honour my performances." *Laudari à laudato viro* was the noble and sole object of the young man's ambition; and he obtained it too. During the long period of his sufferings, and with crippled powers of body, he continued to model, draw, and paint from subjects which his imagination suggested; with what success, may be inferred from the following passage in a letter from Mr. Flaxman:

'"I was gratified beyond my expectations by the drawings your father brought to town. The Death of Demosthenes was conceived with a truly Grecian greatness and simplicity. The scene of Macbeth has an uniform terror of composition, and a noble effect of *chiaro'scuro*. The Queen of Naples and her child are elegant and affecting, and the painter fencing in his spectacles is as fine a characteristic comic figure, and striking likeness, as ever I saw. Your own portrait, perhaps, I admired more than them all, not only from its truth and nature, but because the sudden representation of my suffering and patient friend made an impression upon me which I shall not soon forget."'

In the former part of this article, we expressed some regret that the very respectable editor of these volumes did not exercise the same sound discretion on other occasions, that had induced him to suppress the particulars of a love-affair in which the public could not possibly feel any interest. Had he consulted his own judgment only, and been guided by the delicate feelings of his own mind, we think he would likewise have suppressed a great many painful particulars which are introduced by the author relating to his separation from Mrs. Hayley. The biographer has obtruded the subject so frequently and so prominently, that, notwithstanding the profusion of endearing and sentimental epithets which he lavishes on this alienated lady, it is impossible not to suspect that he felt conscious of being put upon his trial, and was resolved to plead in his own defence against any unfavorable impression which the circle of their common friends might entertain concerning *his* behaviour. It was indelicate, because unnecessary, to introduce the subject of her mental infirmities: they are lamented with a great display and show of tenderness: but, from certain expressions in some of her letters, and the evident suppression of others, it may be thought that she had some provocation to urge in extenuation of the irritability of which her husband complained.

Whatever connubial infelicities Mr. Hayley experienced, however, in his first marriage, they were not sufficient to deter him from engaging in a second. After the loss of his son, his solitude and desolation of heart were for a time relieved by the preparation of that biographical memoir which is inserted in these volumes: but a visit to his hermitage from an old ecclesiastical acquaintance, attended by two young ladies, Mary and Harriet Welford, daughters of a retired merchant on Blackheath, gradually led to his second marriage, in the year 1809, with the elder sister. Great was the disparity of years between the parties, but not greater, it may be presumed, than was the dissimilarity of their tempers and dispositions: for in the short space of three years they also separated! We are spared the particulars of this ill-starred marriage, and feel obliged to Mr. Hayley for such an exertion of self-command on his part. He does not say a single word about this lady, nor address a single letter to her, nor even inform us whether she was still living when he finished his memoirs.

During the latter years of Mr. Hayley's life, it appears that he employed himself but little in compositions either of verse or prose. He had, indeed, ridden his Pegasus very hard for many years, and without giving it fair time to bait. The poor animal

animal was therefore sadly jaded, and so was its rider. He now shut himself up in his "Turret" at Felpham, and was almost inaccessible to the surrounding families, at least till after his separation from Mrs. H.: when, we are informed, 'he was much pleased to see his neighbours, and all the best families frequently called on him.' Mrs. Opie, who was in the habit of passing a few weeks with him in the summer, has furnished the editor with a description of the manner in which he passed his time. He rose very early; usually at four or five o'clock, took a dish of coffee, and while dressing composed a few stanzas of a devotional turn; and he would walk in his garden, even in winter, and when the ground was covered with snow, with a lantern in his hand, some hours before daylight. He was a very temperate man in his diet; drank water only at his dinner, and took coffee instead of wine after it. During Mrs. Opie's visits, there was a great uniformity in his habits: she sang to him, and he read to her. "You will wish to know," says she, "what we read aloud? *Chiefly manuscript poems and plays of Mr. Hayley's!* and modern publications." The sad complaint which terminated his life was a stone in the bladder; and an accidental fall, which displaced the stone, brought on his last illness and death, November 12. 1820, in the 75th year of his age.

Of the personal qualities of Mr. Hayley, among the most conspicuous were cheerfulness and sympathy; no afflictions of his own, we are told, could divest him of the former; and never did the afflictions of others find him destitute of the latter. His temper was also singularly sweet and amiable; and the editor says that 'it was the most even that he ever witnessed!' He is represented, too, as having possessed great colloquial powers. After an avowal, on the part of the editor, of his incompetence to delineate the characteristics of Hayley's genius, — an avowal springing from unaffected diffidence alone, — he thus speaks of his writings:

'It may suffice to say, that an easy flow of versification, great sweetness of numbers, and an engaging playfulness of fancy, have been generally conceded to the poetry of Hayley. As a prose-writer, also, he has been allowed to exhibit a peculiar facility of style, and at the same time, a gracefulness of expression, that has placed him high in the list of authors; while as an annotator, especially, it would not perhaps be easy to find any writer, to whom the friends of literature have confessed themselves more indebted, both for copious and varied information, and for a fund of entertainment, co-extensive with the treasures of an exquisite library.

'It must, however, be confessed, that the writings of Hayley, distinguished as they are by ease and gracefulness, are yet occasionally

sionally characterised by feebleness of diction. But this defect may be traced to an amiable source,—to that exuberance of feeling, which, at the expence of his better judgment, impelled him to invest with endearing epithets every person and every thing of which he had occasion to speak;—an impulse very creditable to his heart, no doubt, though prejudicial to the developement of his conceptions as an author.'

Two portraits of Mr. Hayley, at different periods of life, form frontispieces to these volumes.

ART. II. *A Key to the Chronology of the Hindûs;* in a Series of Letters, in which an Attempt is made to facilitate the Progress of Christianity in Hindostan, by proving that the protracted Numbers of all Oriental Nations, when reduced, agree with the Dates given in the Hebrew Text of the Bible. 8vo. 2 Vols. 18*s*. Boards. Rivingtons, &c.

IF we have delayed for some time our intended notice of this valuable work, the accumulation and pressure of more temporary matter must be our apology. We should have been guilty of a flagrant dereliction of duty, had we been capable of purposely neglecting a dispassionate and temperate inquiry, on a subject which has unfortunately excited much inconsiderate zeal, and much unedifying controversy,—we mean the conversion of the Hindûs. Whether that event be in the ultimate destinations of Divine Will, or not, is a question that we must leave in pious resignation to Him, whose wisdom over-rules and controls all human endeavors: but certain it is that many of the attempts, hitherto made to bring about so desirable an end, have been rash and premature, and have rather retarded than promoted its accomplishment. Those who have assumed the task, or those to whom it has been confided, have been obviously unfitted for it, not only by an extreme ignorance of all that pertains to India, but by the fiercest prejudices against the whole race of its inhabitants, and against the antient and venerable religion which they profess.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are not taking up the defence of the Brahman superstition: but some attention to the subject has taught us to make a distinction between two things which the European missionaries have ignorantly confounded;—to distinguish the primæval principles of the Hindû religion from the fables, errors, and idolatries which have deformed it. A slight acquaintance with their sacred books, the Puranas and the Vedas, will discover to us indeed an evident tendency to pantheism, but also, at the same time, the pure

pure worship of one omnipotent, just, and beneficent Being. Even the idolatries, which Mr. Ward and other zealots object to them, are to a certain extent unjust imputations. Images indeed are admitted into their pagodas: but, according to the most learned Pundits of their faith, their adoration is not the less directed to the supreme God. That God, they observe, being spiritual, is incomprehensible; and therefore, says one of their sastras, men are permitted to worship that incomprehensible Spirit in any of his works, if they consider the supreme omnipotent Intelligence as sovereign to them all: inasmuch as that Spirit is not the object of any sense, it is only to be conceived by a mind wholly abstracted from matter; and, in order to assist human meditations, it may be adored in the heart, in the sun, in fire, in water, or earth, or in the form of an idol.

It is time, however, to let the author of these very learned dissertations speak for himself, as to the objects which they have in view, and the data on which they are reasoned.

'No orthodox brahman can be an idolater: there may be sectaries, who secede from the established faith, as there are among Christians. But, to give effect to the Gospel in Asia, the ministers of Christ, in lieu of combating an opinion originating in mistaken zeal and prejudices, should, by comparing the religion of the Vedas in its pristine purity, with the sublimest doctrine of true religion, incline the natives of Hindûstan to reject the impurities that have clouded the religion of their ancestors; and then, by shewing them that the religion of Christ is founded on that promulgated by the Eternal Spirit they adore, draw them, by imperceptible degrees, to become enamoured of a faith, which cannot exist without morality, and which contains the sublime doctrine of their sacred records, divested of those errors by which it is at present clouded. With a view of furthering this desirable object, a Key to their Chronology is now offered; which, being extracted from their most ancient and most sacred institutes, no orthodox brahman can object to; and chronology is so far necessary to religion, that without dates it is difficult, if not impossible, to stamp authenticity on history, whether sacred or profane. For when, apparently, the same event is placed by different nations at epochs the most remote from each other, or when different persons of the same nation appear to place the birth of the same person in different periods of the world, it is a natural inference that one or all of the narrations are unfounded. If, therefore, by an analysis of Hindû chronology, the protracted numbers, which have so generally been pronounced astronomical periods, are proved to correspond with the dates given in the Hebrew text of our Bible, one great object is obtained. For the contradictions that appear in the chronology of the ancients having ever been resorted to as an argument against religion, by the sceptics of every nation, this shelter for infidelity is removed, if it can be proved, to mathematical demon-

demonstration, that the Hindûs, Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Chinese, equally with the Hebrews, place the creation of the world at a period not exceeding 5820 years from the present time; and that each nation allows 1656 years from that memorable event to the awful visitation of the Almighty, when, with the exception of one family, all mankind were destroyed by a general deluge. And if such an analysis produce proof that the reigns of the gods recorded in the Old Chronicle, together with the fourteen first dynasties of Egyptian kings, as given by Manethon; the fourteen Menus of the Hindûs, the Chaldean dynasties of Berosus, and the eight first reigns of the Chinese; all agree in point of date with the Hebrew text of our Bible, it establishes the superiority of that text over those of the Septuagint and Samaritan: a subject of some importance, since nothing has been more prejudicial to the furtherance of Christianity with learned men, in Asia, than the different opinions maintained by Europeans relative to the chronology of their Scriptures, and the avidity with which authors turn from the one text to the other as they respectively assist a favourite hypothesis. Another circumstance very likely to promote Christianity in Asia will arise from comparing the four great Indian prophets, figuratively termed the "Mouths of God," with the first four Hebrew prophets; and proving, from an analysis of their chronology, that Swayambhuva, the first of men, termed Buddha, the son of the Self-existing, was created in the same year with Adam; and that Buddha the son of Máyá, Buddha the son of Jina, and Buddha the son of Devace, were respectively born in the same years with the Hebrew prophets, Enoch, Noah, and Moses; for it is consonant to reason that a race of men eminently pious, and tenacious of the divine origin of their religion, should be gratified in finding that Europeans, equally with themselves, believe the will of God to have been promulgated by those persons, whom they figuratively term the "Mouths of God." Hitherto their great luminary Buddha, the son of Máyá, whom one sect worship as an incarnation of the Deity, for his having been exempt from death, hath been represented by Europeans as an impostor, and much pains have been taken to establish his identity with Fóe, a Chinese atheist, who, in his dying moments, denied the existence of pure spirit. The time is arrived when the natives of India shall learn from the orthodox ministers of our Church (by identifying their prophet with Enoch, the son of Jared,) that every Christian considers him as a type of that blessed Spirit to whose religion they are desirous of converting them. It must be obvious to every unprejudiced mind, that the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts will be furthered in proportion to the tolerance with which it is recommended, and that we should always endeavour to convince others, that while we contend for the purity of our own religion, considering it a peculiar revelation from God, we by no means deny the divine origin of theirs. In lieu then of condemning the religion, and ridiculing the prophets of the Hindûs, if we would convert them to Christianity, we should compare their religion and their prophets with our own.'

Whether

Whether the author succeeds or fails in the reconcilement of the Hindû and Hebrew chronologies, and whether his efforts be or be not instrumental to the conversion of the Hindûs, he deserves the praise of great acuteness, learning, and ingenuity. His lucubrations will afford both amusement and information to those who are conversant in similar studies; and, though we deem him too sanguine when he adduces his reasonings as collateral proofs of the authority of the Old and the New Testament, we agree with him in thinking that they who study the sublime doctrines, contained in the sacred records of Hindûstan, will learn to be tolerant at least towards a religion founded on the worship of the living God: for, however monstrous in the eye of prejudice those records may appear, they will be found on investigation to be either religious symbols, or allegorical descriptions of past events.

The following is as fair and rational a summary of Hindû theology as any that has yet fallen under our observation:

'The Hindûs believe in one great primeval Cause, the Deity; whom, under whatever name adored, they suppose to have existed from all eternity, and who (to prevent the profanation annexed to the pronouncing of his name) is usually described as the Self-existing. This great First Cause is worshipped as universal, supreme, and infinite; is considered as a divine essence, incomprehensible and immutable, which fills all space, and is the primary cause of all things. To attempt, even in thought, to personify this divine essence, is in their scripture regarded as profane. Neither are the mystic characters, which are used to denote the Deity, permitted to be pronounced aloud, or the lips to move, although the word should be pronounced mentally a thousand times a day. The following may be considered as the articles of the Hindû faith: that the Eternal is ONE, the creator of all things both in heaven and on earth, and in the waters beneath; that he resembles a perfect sphere, without beginning and without end; that the Eternal rules and governs all creation by a general providence, resulting from first determined and fixed principles. "Thou shalt not make enquiry into the essence of the Eternal ONE, neither by what laws he governs; an enquiry into either is as vain as criminal. It is enough that, day by day, and night by night, thou perceivest in his works his wisdom, his power, and his mercy. Benefit thereby." Brahma is considered as the spirit who emanated from this eternal essence, for the creation of the world. But, since idolatry has been introduced among the Hindûs, the three attributes of the one living God have been worshipped separately under the titles of Siva, Vishnu, and Brahma. To the latter no temples are dedicated, but the worship of the Lingum is exclusively to him. — At present, the Hindûs, to whatever minor cast they may belong, are divided into two sects, the followers of Siva, and the followers of Vishnu. The first date their origin as coeval with

with the creation; the second, from the first incarnation of Vishnu, erroneously stated by Europeans at the deluge: for the learned Hindûs invariably believe that all the Avatars were antediluvian; the belief of the generality of the natives is, that the Eternal emitted three sparks, which they personify by the three gods, Siva, Vishnu, and Brahma. The church Brahmans consider Siva as the symbol of the supreme God; Vishnu as the primordial spirit, that first moved on the waters, the God who existed before all worlds, who redeemed mankind from sin, and who will re-appear in a carnal form at the day of judgement; Brahma as the creative attribute (Viraj) by whom were produced Swayambhuva and Satarupa, the general parents of mankind.

'The Deity is still worshipped in Trinity, under the name of Trimouti or Tritoum: that is, the Hindûs acknowledge three attributes of one God; thereby denoting his omnipotence, his providence, and his justice; offering up their prayers and thanksgiving to the preserving and destroying attributes of the Eternal. But the classical Brahmans, particularly those of the Vidanta school, consider the holy Triad in a recondite sense, as three Gods in one God; not as Brahma, Siva, and Vishnu, but as one pervading Spirit; the eternal Spirit in Heaven, the eternal Spirit on earth. To personify either, even in idea, is considered profane. The third person in their holy Triad is the same divine Spirit, in an incarnate form: this is one of the most ancient tenets of their religion, taught by their incarnate God, during the first millenary of the world, and corresponds with that taught by Enoch, the great Hebrew prophet, at the same period. There are several pagodas, or temples, sacred to this worship, in one of which the symbol of the Deity is a man with three heads: and at the great pagoda of Travancore, the symbol is a serpent with a thousand heads: the great feast of Anandavourda, held annually on the eve of the full moon in October, when the year originally commenced, is in honour of the Trimouti, and is attended by thousands of the natives of every cast, who assemble from every part of the country.

'There are numerous temples dedicated to Siva, and to Vishnu; at each of which Brahman ministers, initiated in the peculiar mysteries of either sect, officiate. But to Brahma, as not being immortal, no temples are erected; although the Hindûs of either sect pay him daily adoration, as the creative attribute, in their private prayers.

'Siva is worshipped as supreme and eternal Justice, who at the end of the world will distribute rewards and punishments: Vishna as the Mediator and Preserver, who left his paradise in heaven, and became incarnate, to deprecate the wrath of the Eternal. In this incarnation, he is believed to have animated the body of Parasa Rama, the great Buddha, the son of Máyá, or divine delusion.

'They reckon ten principal Avataras; of which that which has been mentioned is the only incarnation of the Deity that is past: the remaining eight being considered as partaking of a portion only of the Deity. The tenth is expected at the close of the

Cali age, as an incarnation of the same divine redeeming Spirit, who will return in great glory to judge mankind, previously to the final distribution of rewards and punishments by the Supreme.'

The author contends that, to understand the chronology of the Hindûs, it is previously necessary to be acquainted with the different Hindû divisions of time; from which it will appear that those numbers, that have been erroneously pronounced astronomical cycles, are nothing more than the different powers of numbers multiplied into each other. They believe that the world was created to last 4,320,000 years; but this aggregate consists of four ages, which are only subdivisions of times or matires, each equal to the 240th part of an Indian minute; and the aggregate of the four human ages or matires, according to the cipher employed by the Brahmans, is but as five days of twenty-four hours. Our readers would not thank us for following the author through his calculations: but, when we add that he considers the divine age as having a more recondite meaning, and that when it is used as an historic date it always denotes one year; — that a divine age is that period of time (erroneously translated the duration of the world) at the expiration of which nature becomes regenerate at the vernal equinox; — and that, as 71 of these divine ages form a menevantara, so does a menevantara denote, when applied to dates, 71 years; — we believe that we have given the principal basis of his computations. He solves the Chaldean chronology as well as that of the Chinese by the same key, and calls into the aid of his intricate hypotheses very copious illustrations of fact and reasoning. To pursue such a chain of argument, by any thing approximating to an analytical examination of it, would carry us into a boundless region; and to make partial and mutilated extracts, from a systematic series of inductions, would be doing injustice to the dissertator.

We shall, therefore, close the book; recommending it to the diligent study and perusal of those who are desirous of becoming minutely acquainted with the cosmogony and theology of Hindûstan: but we must observe that the perusal of the work is rendered still more laborious and perplexed by the typographical errors that occur in every page. A copious list of errata is subjoined, but even these, we lament to say, are inaccurate, and require nearly as much correction as the text. After all the diligence that has been expended on it, the dissertation will probably attract but few readers, beyond those who are already initiated in its obscure and uninviting mysteries; and the author must be contented with the phrase, so consoling to those who write what is little understood, φωκέω συνετοισιν.

ART.

ART. III. *Sonnets, Original and Translated,* by the late Charles Johnston, Esq., of Danson, Kent, and formerly of Trinity-College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 173. Boards. Murray. 1823.

THE sonnet has never been a favorite style of composition in England, and indeed some of our critics have regarded it with absolute abhorrence. "What has truth or nature to do with sonnets?" asks Mr. Stevens, in a note to one of Shakspeare's sonnets; while in another page he calls the sonnet "a species of composition which has reduced the most exalted poets to a level with the meanest rhymers." Yet why should either truth or nature be excluded from a sonnet rather than from a song; and who has ever yet found, in the sonnets of Milton, for instance, any traces of the "mean rhymer?" We do not, indeed, possess many very excellent sonnets among our poetry, because the genius of the English language is not well adapted to the form of the composition, which requires a more copious supply of rhymes than our English terminations afford. In following the Italian model, (the only legitimate sonnet,) the poet requires two sets of four rhymes and two sets of three rhymes, there being only four different terminations in the whole fourteen lines. Now it is not in English a very easy task to find two sets of four words each, rhyming with one another, and adapted for poetical purposes: but the Italian terminations afford an almost inexhaustible supply, a circumstance which explains in some degree the exhibitions of their *Improvvisatori.*

On many accounts, the sonnet is an admirable form of composition; and, as a mode of conveying a single sentiment with energy and effect, it is unequalled by any other style of poetry. Its brevity requires great compression in the writer, and its peculiar modification of rhyme and division into two parts exact an orderly disposition of thought throughout the whole of it. In some respects, it may be said to assume the shape of a serious epigram, from the terseness of its style and the point of its conclusion. Many of Milton's sonnets afford a fine exemplification of this, as in his beautiful address to the nightingale, which concludes,

> "Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
> Both them I serve, and of their train am I."

In the Italian sonnet more particularly, there is always a *winding up* of the sentiment, in some cases approaching almost to a concetto. This characteristic gives a greater degree of completeness to the sonnet than to many other kinds of composition, and communicates to it a relish that is wanting in those interminable "Copies of Verses," and "Lines," and

and "Stanzas," in which our English poets utter their sentiments and their sorrows. When a writer is aware that he must at all hazards express himself within the compass of fourteen lines, all his efforts are directed to the compression of his thoughts and language, — not to their amplification, which is too often the case when his pen has the range of a whole sheet of paper.

The author of the present volume was an accomplished scholar, whose acquirements and early death we incidentally noticed in our last Review, p. 410.; and his success will probably contribute to render the sonnet more popular in England. His style is evidently formed on the beautiful Italian models, which he studied so successfully that many of his own sonnets might be mistaken for fine translations from Italian originals. The following exhibit much of that antithetical expression of which we have spoken:

'Lov'd, prais'd, and sought, yet modest, and retir'd,
Adorn'd, yet artless, beautiful, yet good,
Sincere, tho' flatter'd, virtuous, tho' woo'd,
Nor proud, nor vain, nor envious, tho' admir'd;
How shall I speak to thee, or how inspir'd
Shall dare to praise where every charm is fix'd
To merit praise, and not a weakness mix'd,
To which the proudest praise can come desir'd.
Yet, Lady, may I breathe my gratitude
That thou sometimes hast deign'd to smile on me,
And shed a light upon my solitude,
Which sweetly shines like moon-beams on the sea,
When sleep sits brooding on the noiseless flood,
And like to Heav'n's is Earth's tranquillity.'

We select another specimen from the original sonnets, which will not fail, we think, to give the reader a very favorable idea of Mr. Johnston's powers. The subject is a fine one, and has been finely treated by the poet.

'The hand of death was on him, and he bore
In every feature that sharp, clear, cold look
Which is not of this world; his weak frame shook,
Yet not with terror shook; for oft before
He had sought death amid the battle's roar;
Nor shrunk he now, when in his chamber lone
Death, visible death, for three long moons had shewn
His dart uprais'd, but struck not; still he wore
His brow, tho' pale, undaunted; for he knew
This was his last great fight, whose promise high
Was endless glory to the faithful few
Whose courage can endure to victory;
And so he conquer'd, and a soldier true
And gallant, as he liv'd, did G——n die.'

The portrait is evidently drawn from nature, by one who comprehends the noble features which he has traced, and feels the full value of the calm fortitude which he so well describes.

Of the translations, we are inclined to speak in very high terms, whether we regard their spirit or their fidelity. No person, who has not made the experiment, can be aware how difficult it is to be accurate and yet not servile, unlabored and yet not unfaithful, in translation: more especially in the translation of sonnets, the limits of which must necessarily be so strictly preserved. In despite of these difficulties, Mr. Johnston has performed his task most successfully; and, in the judicious selection which he has made from the Italian poets, he has enabled the English reader to form a more accurate idea of the character of the Italian sonnet than perhaps we can gather from any other source in our literature. We shall quote, indifferently, a sonnet from Petrarch and another from Monti, with which we shall take leave of this highly pleasing volume.

'I saw on earth an angel's form appear,
Of beauty such as earth holds not beside,
Whence joy and sorrow since my breast divide,
For all things else are vile and empty here:
I saw those eyes shed the fast-streaming tear,
Eyes, which the Sun has envious oft descried;
I heard those sighs, which from their bases wide
Mountains might move, and stay the flood's career.
Goodness and wisdom, piety and love,
In such a concert of sweet grief combin'd
As the world never heard, and heav'n above
Attent to the wild harmony inclin'd,
That not a leaf upon the trees did move,
Such sweetness fill'd the air, and lull'd the wind.'—

'*The Shade of Alfieri addresses the "Northumberland."*

'Proud pine of England, o'er the Atlantic sea
Bearing with laurell'd prow to yon far shore,
Of mighty kings the conquer'd conqueror,
Now doom'd by kings to exile's dread decree;
When thou arriv'st, sternly and scornfully
His false Gaols' shame, to him, their chief disclose;
Tell him, Italia's son, Italia's woes,
Her wrongs and insults, chains and slavery.
Tell him, such doom for such a son is meet,
Who deaf to honour's, deaf to nature's call,
Laid his high mother at a harlot's feet:
For such she was, he knew, and such is Gaul,
The tomb of virtue, and of vice the seat,
Haughty or grovelling, still a slave in all.'

ART.

ART. IV. *The Spaewife;* a Tale of the Scottish Chronicles. By the Author of "Annals of the Parish," &c. 12mo. 3 Vols. 1*l.* 1*s.* Boards. Whittakers. 1823.

WE may at any rate congratulate the author of the "Annals of the Parish" on the fecundity of his talents, which in three short years have brought into literary life six thriving chopping bantlings. We may add, too, that while he is a fertile he is also an improved writer: though he is still somewhat of a proser, and detains us too long by petty circumstances on the threshold of greater events; — as also an inventor of new words, and a dealer in affected and mawkish sentiment.

'The Spaewife' is thrown back to the time of James of Scotland, who in his youth was so long detained a prisoner in England. One of his ancestors, Robert, having had children by Elizabeth Mure, a young lady of good family, afterward espoused the daughter of the Earl of Ross, by whom he had also several children, and among them Walter Earl of Atholl, the principal personage in the novel. Robert having, however, towards the close of his father's life, repented of his infidelity to Elizabeth, acknowleged her as his wife, and obtained the papal dispensation to legitimatize her children: thus giving them, when he ascended the throne, the hopes of inheritance, in preference to his issue by Lady Euphemia Ross. In the next reign, that of James, violent dissensions broke out; and, when the story opens, the Duke of Atholl, returning to his castle, is stopped by a sort of Meg Merrilies, (for a novel of the Scotish manufactory is nothing without a Meg Merrilies,) who offers to tell him for money some boddings of his ascent to the crown. He despises the omens of this poor insane creature (Anniple the Ta'en-away) and returns home. His nephew Lord Robert Stuart, however, attaches more importance to the mystic warnings of the poor woman, and sets off on horseback to consult her.

'Next morning, by break of day, Stuart was mounted, and was, with but a single groom, on the road to Dunblane, to consult Anniple the Ta'en-away concerning his future fortunes. On reaching the town, which he did early the day following, conceiving himself unknown there, he inquired freely for her dwelling *at* a band of children whom he saw playing in the street; and they conducted him to the back of the Abbey church-yard wall, where they pointed to a hovel constructed of sticks laid loosely against it, and rudely covered with turf and straw, — a grousum den for a human creature.

'"There," said a boy, "ye'll see her sitting like a clocking hen, wi' a wee de'il in the shape o' a green-e'et cat on the one

 side,

side, and a muckle black ane like a kankry colley-dog on the ither."

'The children then ran off as if they had been terrified; and Stuart dismounting, gave his horse to his groom, and walked alone to the hovel, from which, as he approached, a colley-dog, to all appearance in voice and gesture, came ragingly forth, and seemed, for a time and season, resolved to debar him from advancing nearer towards his mistress; who hearing the barking, and having a sentiment therefrom that a stranger was coming, looked out, and commanded the dog to be still; which it not only forthwith was, but ran back towards her in a very cowed and remarkable manner.

'Stuart, seeing the way thus cleared, went boldly forward and beheld Anniple sitting under her inclement shed, with her limbs deep buried among straw, and a ragged blanket drawn shiveringly over her head, and round her unclad body. As he came forward, she began to laugh in an eldritch manner, and to chatter with her teeth; a joy whereof to witness the outward demonstration was to endure a sight that may not be pictured.

'"Hey, Robin Stuart," she exclaimed, "ye hae come far afield the day to get your fortune spae't. For ony good that I can tell you, ye might just as weel hae bidet wi' the auld de'il's bargain in the towers of Atholl. He'll rue the day he didna pay me for the braw dream I dreamt for him."

'Stuart stood aghast to find that she knew him so well, and was almost afraid to look at the malicious satisfaction with which she enjoyed the anticipation of some ill fortune that was hatching for his uncle. The solemnity of his dread was also enhanced, by the way in which she seemed to recollect the incident that had so provoked her spleen, notwithstanding the long period which had elapsed. He wished, at the moment, that he had never come near her, and was on the point of returning to his horse, when she looked up to him with a peculiar glance of her eye, that fixed him to the spot.

'"Ye'll no gang away, Robin Stuart; it's no me that ye need to fear, — there's a winsome dame in a bonny bower that i'll maybe wise you to mair wae;" and then she began to sing —

'"Gae scour the silver basin,
And scour it bright and fine,
For it maun kep the gentle blood,
That's red red like the wine."

'The very spirit of Stuart was frozen by her dismal cadence. At the conclusion she again looked up at him with the corner of her eye and laughed, crouching her shoulders fainly, and rubbing her hands as she said, —

'"But birl your bodles, Robin Stuart, or ye'll get na spaeing frae me."

'Stuart, scarcely aware of what he did, took his purse from his belt and flung it into her lap. She snatched it with a childish shriek of glee, and pouring the contents into her hand, flourished the empty purse round her head as it were in triumph. She then counted

counted the money, and finding an odd piece, she paused, and said to herself, "That's no canny."

'Then she restored the money into the purse, and gave it to the dog, and he immediately carried it into the far corner of the hovel and lay down.

'After a short pause, during which she looked steadily at Stuart, the tear shot into her eye, and she began to weep and sob, saying to herself, with her hands clasped, —

'"He's a braw lad, o' a leil nature. Tyke, bring back the siller."

'The dog instantly returned and laid down the purse on her lap.

'"Hae, Robin Stuart," said she, "take back your bodles, — I'll spae no fortune to you;" and holding up the purse, she sang with a wild and careless freedom, —

'"And Lazarus dee't, and Dives fell sick,
O, a sick sick man was he,
And he said to Death, — 'O, winsome Death,
A' my goud and my gear I will gi'e,
Gin ye'll but taste yon physic cup,
Sweet Death, and let me be.'"

Dives wanted Death to take the physic, that he might grow better, but Death took him away to the ill place, Robin Stuart. It's well for me I have nae soul to be flesh for the de'il's brimstane broth."

'Stuart shuddered.

'"Take back your purse," said Anniple again.

'"Nay, it is yours. I have given it, and it must abide with you," replied Stuart.

'"Then, Tyke, take it ben the house again."

'The dog obeyed, and his mistress began to churme in a musical manner to herself, and to toss the straws which covered her lap, first with the fore-finger of the left hand, and syne with the similar finger of her right, taking no farther heed of the young prince, who stood wondering and fearful beside her.

'After the lapse of several minutes, she looked up and said, "Are ye aye there yet, Robin Stuart?" and then, seemingly wholly occupied with her own fancies, she turned from side to side, pulling here and there a straw, and twirling it, as she sung:

'"O waes me! O waes me! O waes me, Mary!
I had a joe, and he loved me weel,
And he danced at Castle Cary, —
But his rosy cheek, rosy cheek, rosy cheek, Mary,
And the blithe blue eyne that won my heart
Lie buried at Castle Cary."

'"Were I to guess by your reluctance, and these snatches of old ditties," said Stuart, "what you could tell is, that I am to be short-lived. Now, as I hope never to account life a thing that a true man should set any store by, say if I shall prosper as a lover?"

'Anniple smiled and replied, — "There's nae doubt about that;" and she added significantly, "If the lady's kind:" in a moment after she subjoined with solemnity, "Your fortune hangs upon a maiden's honesty."

'"But how? in what way?" cried Stuart eagerly. Anniple, however, instead of making him any answer, took up the corner of the blanket which hung about her shoulders, and began to imitate the gestures of one busily sewing.

'"Ye see," said she, "that I'm very thrang; my kirtle needs clouting; dinna fash me ony mair wi' your speerings."

'"Why have you told me so much, since you refuse to tell me more?" exclaimed Stuart impatiently.

'"O weel, weel," replied Anniple peevishly, "come when that poor silly shavling gabbit body Duke Murdoch has got his reward, and then maybe I'll hae mair time for clavers."

'"When Duke Murdoch has got his reward! What do you mean?"

'Instead, however, of making any reply, she called her dog, and began to caress him, saying, "My kind messin, — my brave messin, that barks away the ill-deedy brats that pelt me wi' stanes;" and she turned up the corner of her eye towards Stuart, and laughing immoderately, said, "I redde ye, Robin Stuart, hae mense — hae mense, for Tyke can bite."

'"The creature's insane, a mere born-fool," said Stuart angrily to himself, and was moving away; — but before he had left the hovel ten or twelve paces, she started out, and drawing the blanket-mantle close around her with one hand, she ran after him, and seized him by the skirt of the surcoat with the other, addressing him with a soft and earnest solicitude, —

'"There's a cross and cloud in thy lot, Robin Stuart,
There's a light in a bower to beguile, Robin Stuart;
There's deaths ane and three, — and a ship on the sea;
But the flower in the ha' I would fain wise awa',
For the dule it will bring upon thee, Robin Stuart."

'The slow and tender pathos with which she delivered this mystical jargon moved him to regard her with a compassionate contrition, and he said, with much gentleness in his voice,

'"Poor thing; it is ill to redd thy ravelled fancies; but I will order thee to be better heeded hereafter."

'"It's kindly thought and softly said," replied Anniple; "but who should care for me? When the fairies made me up o' a benweed, and laid me among the tow for the weaver's wife's bonny lassie bairn, I was a thing made to suffer aversion. Therefore it is that all Christian creatures hate me; — that folks flee frae the sight o' me; — that wives draw in their weans and shut the doors when I gang by; — that I maun eat beans frae the shawp, and corn frae the stalk; — that the wicked rain pursues me, and the cruel hail pelts me; — that the cold wind bites me, and the fire-flaughts flash on me. There was a wee white lambie playing beside its mother, on a bonny green knowe. It was an innocent thing, and I thought it looked kindly at me, which never man nor womankind had

had done; but when I gaed to warm it in my arms, it too was frightened, and ran bleating away. All living creatures see and ken, that I'm a thing the holy Heavens had no hand in the making o'. I wish that the weaver's wife's wean were dead in the fairy-land, that I might lie on the loan what I am, a weed to be trampled on."

'Stuart was melted to sadness by the wailing simplicity of this complaint of her abject estate; for though he could never think that a creature with so much sweet blood in her bosom was a thing so fantastical as she reported herself to be, he was yet so filled with awe and strange wonderment by her prophetic breathings, that he could not but own that she had qualities above the common faculties of the human world, and was indeed a being conceived in some mysterious eclipse of nature. He stood in consequence doubtful and irresolute what to say or do; but she relieved him speedily from his perplexity, by darting away, and huddling herself down beneath the litter in her hovel.'

It will be seen immediately that this is a painting in the style, though not exactly with the pencil, of the great Waverley artist. Imitation, however, does not always imply the absence of merit; and, judged by this standard, we must allow the sketch to be well executed. — The storm of royal displeasure now burst on the house of the Duke of Albany, the King's uncle, who had been regent of Scotland, and instrumental to the ransom and restoration of James; and the three princes, the Duke, and his sons Walter and Alexander, were arrested and taken away prisoners on a charge of treason. The other son, Lord James, made his escape to the castle of his maternal grandfather, the Earl of Lennox, then in custody, whose retainers and friends were assembled there to defend the place against the King. Here we find a Bishop Finlay, an episcopal *bon vivant*, who is thus introduced to us:

'Bishop Finlay had been raised by the patronage of Duke Murdoch to the dignity which he then held, but less for his lore and piety than for other qualities, which were thought in that age to be of an account as good in the management of the Highland schores. Being, therefore, so much beholden to the house of Albany, and on terms of strict amity with the Earl of Lennox, he gave the Lord James a better welcome than good cheer. Not that there was ever any lack in that particular, where a bishop had obtained the howff; and to speak the verity of Bishop Finlay, he was without question a blithe and hearty priest, of a jocose countenance, somewhat carbuncled with the rubies of a jovial temperament. Well read he was in the virtues of all sort of wines, and he could tell by his rosarie, whether Rumney or Malmesyne was best in cold weather; that Hippocras was excellent in a frosty night; and that Vernage from Vernon, in Touraine, was a sovereign remedy against the east wind; that Algrade was a Spanish liquor

of good substance and flavour; how Bastarde was brewed from dry raisins and water, and not being the legitimate offspring of the grape, was therefore so called; that Ruspice and Pyment were also of doubtful parentage, and that honey added to spice made the difference of a cousinship between them. Often did he expatiate on the cordiality of Muscadell; and Grenada pleasant to ladies' lips; and how Claret and Rochelle, when of prime vintages, were medicaments well known to physicians about the court, and not ill to take by churchmen, who, like himself, were martyrs to abstinence. Whether Bishop Finlay was as well skilled in the miracles of the Saints, the Lord James Stuart was not at any time of a curiosity to search uncivilly.'

We must be allowed to remind the author that a Scotish bishop could not, consistently even with the probability of fiction, have been guilty of ordering the twelve barrels of ale to be broached, and of irreverently calling them by the name of "The twelve Apostles."

Lord James Stuart was betrothed to Lady Sibilla Macdonald of the Isles, but the ruin of his family indisposed her family to the alliance. The Countess of Ross was therefore conducting her to Dunbarton, for the purpose of sending her back to the Isle of Sky, when her train was met by Lord James, then on a hunting party, and her niece was carried off. The beautiful Sibilla was then removed by the machinations of the Bishop from Lennox castle, which was menaced by the King; and the adventure is related with considerable power.

'Meanwhile, the bold and stout Friar Mungo, wholly intent to convey the beautiful Sibilla to Inchmurin, there to abide the event of the night, had provided a boat on the skirt of the lake to convey her from the shore to the island; and having so done, he returned to the castle soon after the departure of the Lord James with his force, and brought the weeping and trembling lady forth to conduct her to the place of embarkation.

'By this time the twilight had deepened into the shadows of night;—the mist lay heavy on the hills;—Benlomond was wrapt up in a mantle of gloomy clouds, like a wizard meditating a spell;—the spirit of the winds darkened on the waters and moaned in the woods; and the boatmen, as they lay on their oars waiting for the friar and the lady, sometimes churmed a low and melancholy cronach, each to himself apart, and sometimes they would all suddenly be still and listen, and then inquire at one another, if it was not a shout which they had heard.

'The path from the castle to where the boat lay was through a scattered wood of natural oak, the overarching boughs of which made it as dark as midnight; and Friar Mungo, as he led the lady by the hand, and from time to time turned back to cheer her, often banned the briars that caught the skirts of his cloak, more like a borderer, than a holy priest engaged in ministrations of charity.

'When

'When they came nigh to the shores of the lake, a drizzly shower began to fall, which made Friar Mungo bid the Lady Sibilla halt under the shelter of the trees, while he went forward to prepare the boat for her reception; and the better to shelter her from the damp air of the night, he stript himself of his friar's cloak, and lovingly wrapt it about her, infolding her in his arms with a gentle pressure to his breast, thus manifesting his compassion for her very piteous estate.

'"Bonny Lady Sibilla," said a strange voice softly in her ear as soon as he had left her; and in the same moment a hand from behind the tree gently touched her on the shoulder.

'"Who are you?" exclaimed the Lady, startled and terrified.

'"Wheesht," said the stranger, "wheesht. Dinna be fear't, bonny Lady Sibilla; I'm but Anniple of Dunblane."

'"Anniple! What has brought you here?" cried the Lady aloud, forgetting the admonition which she had just received.

'"Wheesht, — wheesht," was the answer; for Anniple at the same moment stretched forth her hand and laid her fingers on Sibilla's lips, while she added, —

'"Ye're in the black of a shadow, Lady, the ill may pass, and it will na maybe."

'"What mean you, Anniple?" replied Sibilla, in some degree quieted by feeling herself in the presence of one whom she had formerly known, though it was but the wit-wandered Spaewife.

'"There's a foul thought in the Friar this night," said Anniple; "I heard it in his breathing — I saw it in his gait; — but gi'e me the cloak that he has given to you."

'At that moment, the rustle of Friar Mungo returning was heard; and presently also the oars were heard moving the boat nearer towards the spot where the pathway emerged from the wood.

'The boat stopped — the friar hastened to Sibilla — and a sound, deep, low, and murmuring, came drearily from afar off. One of the boatmen starting from the seat-board, rested one hand on his oar, in order to catch with more than the apert sense the rumour of the distant noise, remained listening, till one of his companions called his attention to the friar returning with his agitated charge, who, as she approached the boat, drew the cloak he had so kindly lent closer around and over her head.

'Friar Mungo spoke to her soothingly, but she made no reply. He assisted her into the boat, and she sat down abruptly, but spoke not.

'The friar, as soon as she was seated, also went on board, and placed himself in the most encouraging manner by her side. The boatmen rattled their oars between the thole-pins, and pushed into the bosom of the lake. The skies were lowering, and the wings of the wind rainy; — the water broke black beneath the oars; and the blast, as it swept over the dark water, made the heart cower. It was a night to make helplessness feel its desolate condition, and weakness to cling to any protection. The boatmen plied their oars in silence. Friar Mungo, of all on board, was the

the only one that spoke; and his voice was gay. Often did his arm hover behind the lady that sat muffled beside him, as if he would have drawn it round her waist, and gathered her gently towards him; but reverence for the high condition of Sibilla awed the emotions with which he commiserated her lone estate.

'As the boat proceeded towards Inchmurin, his reverential compassion however became more familiar; yet even to the purring kindness and solicitude which he breathed into her ear she made no reply, which surprised him so much, that he was emboldened thereby to raise his hand to lift aside the cloak in which she had infolded her head and face; but judge of his consternation, when the Spaewife flung her hands round his neck, exclaiming with a shrill ecstasy, — "Ah! ye loon, ye loon, ye loon!"

'Friar Mungo threw himself back from the enclaspings of her skinny arms; and while she chuckled and chattered at the fright she had given him, he growled with wrath and disappointment, and ordered the boatmen to return back and make for the nearest part of the shore. They accordingly did so; and when they were come to the foot of Glenfruin water, he seized Anniple by the arm, and dragging her from the bench whereon the harmless creature was sitting, cast her like a bundle of lumber overboard upon the strand, and commanded the mariners instantly to push off. They could not however do this so quickly, as to prevent Friar Mungo from hearing the malaisons of Anniple; for, though somewhat stunned by the shock, she soon scrambled to her feet, and vented her anger against him in many a wild imprecation, wherein she denounced him to the wuddy, the wave, or the well.'

The rebellion being unsuccessful, the Duke of Albany and his son Walter were brought to trial, condemned, and executed; and the Earl of Atholl, whose ambition was like that of Macbeth, became wrapt in dreams of royalty, to which by the death of the rebels he was now closely approximated. Poor Sibilla, who was placed like other heroines in a distressing dilemma, was still at Holyrood-house with the Queen, and Lord Robert Stuart was her declared admirer; while her father, Macdonald of the Isles, and her betrothed lover Lord James, were in open rebellion. — The tormenting solicitudes that beset ambition in an old man are thus powerfully delineated;

'"It is current among the commonalty," said Stuart, "that it has been prophesied you will be king."

'"So I have heard," replied the Earl of Atholl, "and when it is considered that there is but the King now between me and the throne, it is no improbable event, notwithstanding my years."

'"Anniple of Dunblane," rejoined Stuart, "long ago told me that my fate hangs —"

'"Anniple of Dunblane!" interrupted the Earl, "surely you set no store by the ravings of the Ta'en-away. What man in the possession of a sober mind would give heed to her jargon?"

'"But

'"But many of her sayings, I have often heard, have come to pass. She has a sharp and very singular discernment of what passes in the minds of those to whom she speaks; for it is with but few that she will hold any discourse."

'The complexion of the Earl went a little at this remark, and he looked round unconsciously, as if somewhat alarmed; and then said,—

'"If it is ordained that I am to come to the crown, and but one life now stands in the way, the event will come to pass without any ministry thereto on my part. But, nephew, let not your thoughts run upon such malcontent fancies. Seek rather to earn, as I have all my life done, the esteem of the wise and the good. It will better pave the way to a quiet succession, when the time may come, than any stratagem of human artifice in which you can engage. I pray you also never to break this matter again to me. I am an old man — this grey head can ill bear the burden of a helmet — and any other way than the course of Providence needs the mediation of arms."

'"Think you then, my Lord," exclaimed Stuart, "that I can patiently abide the taunts of a usurper; for such I will think he is, bating all that parchment can say to the contrary. You may permit him to possess your right — that is your own concern, my Lord — but he has wounded me past all cure: he has put salt into the wound."

'The Earl, on seeing Stuart rushing into this vehemence, rose and said, — "You must find other ears than mine to breath your treasons to. Is my honour as a subject so blemished, that you dare to tempt me with the dotage-dream of setting aside King James? The greatest stain that ever my loyalty suffered has been in the freedom with which you have this night ventured to express to me a querulous resentment. I will embark, rash boy, in no conspiracy. Think yourself fortunate that I do not forthwith send you to the King. Hence to your chamber, and ponder on what you have so traitorously spoken."

'Stuart, more disturbed by his manner, than daunted by what he said, was at the moment disconcerted, and immediately retired; but the Earl remained, evidently in great agitation. He moved several paces from the spot where he was standing; and clasped his hands, and looked very wild and woe-begone. Then he again sat down, and bent his head upon his hand, resting on the table; and continued for some time like a marble image of cogitation. Suddenly he started up, and moved round the chamber many times with perturbed steps — often raising his hands and shaking them, as one that eschews the presence of some very dreadful sight. Anon he would touch his aged locks, and look at his shrivelled hands, and fold them together, and remain with a melancholy air, and sigh, and almost weep.

'But these fond struggles did not last long; for ever and anon his evil angel would come upon him, and nerve him with pride, making his age seem less, and brightening his countenance with a royal arrogance; which soon, however, changed into a dark and cruel

cruel look:—then he would stalk hurriedly and stealthily across the room, holding his hand as if he grasped a murderous knife. But in that hideous attitude the fiend was repulsed; and he fell upon his knees, and with bitter tears cried woefully to the Heavens.

'"I have not made a compact with perdition. Bring not dishonour upon this old head, which with the halo of grey hairs you have yourselves so adorned — yea, and anointed with the benedictions of good men, more preciously than the unction could have done with which the Prophet Samuel consecrated David against Saul."

'Then, having thus prayed, he rose, and as if fearful to trust himself with the awful controversy of his own thoughts, he hastily seized the light that stood upon the table, and without calling, as his custom was, for the tendance of any servant, hastened into his lady's bower.'

We must make no farther extracts; and those that we have given were selected in order to serve as specimens of the author's manner, not to form an analysis of the story, which is diffuse, prolix, and perplexed almost beyond endurance. We acknowlege that the work discovers talents:—but we must observe that, in emulating his great original in his own peculiar department,—the historical novel,—the author affords an instance rather of daring than of success. He has, indeed, taken a very interesting period for his tale; yet, with all the advantages of busy and stirring events, the story seems to crawl tediously along, and a heavy monotony of sentiment as well as of incident seems every where to pervade it. The best parts are those which describe, poetically and sweetly, the picturesque and beautiful scenery of Scotland, and those which breathe a spirit of pious and virtuous resignation under suffering. As to the characters, few of them are original, but are our old friends with new faces. The 'Spaewife' is a "double" of Meg-Merrilies, and we have seen most of the other personages before. Some are introduced for no purpose whatever; which is the case with Bishop Finlay, who is mere *live-lumber*, and we were heartily glad when he departed this life at the beginning of the second volume. Such are our commendations, and such are the drawbacks with which the author must take them.

We need scarcely mention the name of Mr. Galt, as the reputed parent of these offsprings of the brain.

ART. V. *An Essay on Magnetic Attractions, and on the Laws of Terrestrial and Electro-Magnetism;* comprising a popular Course of curious and interesting Experiments on the latter Subject, and an easy experimental Method of correcting the local Attraction of Vessels on the Compass in all Parts of the World. By Peter Barlow, Associate in the Society of Civil Engineers, and of the Royal Military Academy. Second Edition, much enlarged and improved. Illustrated with Plates by Lowry. 8vo. pp. 303. 12*s.* Boards. Mawman. 1823.

DISCOVERIES by which light is thrown on those operations of nature that seem instrumental to the mechanism of the universe, and particularly if such discoveries appear at the same time calculated to improve the means of carrying forwards the intercourse of the moral world, are among the most interesting subjects that can be brought under our observation. From the many useful and valuable facts which have remained concealed through so many ages to the present, it may be remarked that physiology, notwithstanding it has been emulously cultivated by every enlightened nation, has advanced but tardily in times past. It may be useful also to observe that facts in the science of natural philosophy may be very satisfactorily established, and may remain acknowleged and admired from generation to generation, without any doctrines being deduced from them. Those who have been recently turning their attention with such encouraging success to the subject of magnetic influences will, we hope, be induced to enlarge their field of speculation; and to double their scrutiny, in order to detect, as far as possible, the agency of magnetic, galvanic, or electric effluvia in producing the atmospheric and almost all other natural phænomena that we daily experience, and to ascertain the laws according to which they are exerted. — After Copernicus had succeeded in restoring the Pythagorean system, and it had become authenticated by the common consent of all contemporary astronomers of any note, nearly a century elapsed before a Kepler rose to explain according to what *laws* the several members of the system were actuated to exhibit their peculiar phænomena; and after these facts and laws were both thus established, another century expired before the world heard a Newton declare *the reason* of the visible motions of the heavenly bodies, and demonstrate *the mathematical principles* on which the Pythagorean theory was founded.

These are lessons that urge us, when we have been chasing philosophy successfully through many windings and doublings, not to stand still and leave to those in our rear the honors which we, by a little farther exertion, might probably achieve.

achieve. We would not be supposed to insinuate that Mr. Barlow has not followed up his pursuit with energy; on the contrary, it is not only the ability but the zeal that he has manifested in his scrutiny which lead us to wish and hope for the performance of more, relative to the same subject. It is now sufficiently ascertained that electricity and magnetism are closely allied; and magnetism, we know, has a very near relationship to that universal effect in nature which is understood by the term *gravitation*. Whether the electric and magnetic fluids, which seem to pervade all substances in a greater or less degree, have any part in producing the phænomena ascribed to gravitation, remains yet to be discovered: but it is, at any rate, desirable to become farther acquainted with that which, the more we know of it, the more it seems an essential agent in the various modifications of all material substances, and in the physiology of the atmosphere. Thus will it be seen how far these suggestions bear on the subject treated in the volume before us; and when we shall have examined the new facts and doctrines concerning magnetic and electro-magnetic attractions, that are afforded by Mr. Barlow, and shall have advanced such occasional remarks as appear due to the more important points of information which we may find in his Essay, a few farther observations relative to the intimacy between electricity, magnetism, and gravitation may probably be elicited.

Four years ago, we had the opportunity of expressing our approbation of the contents of a volume written by Mr. Barlow on the same subject as the present; (see Monthly Review, vol. xcii. pp. 18—29.) and the substance of that work, with some additional particulars, and a continuation of experiments relative to the effects on the mariner's compass-needle produced by the guns and other iron matter distributed about a ship, or used in its construction, form the first part of the publication before us. In this portion, however, we have merely the proposition for correcting the local attraction of vessels: after which we advance to the proof produced of its practical efficacy.—In April, 1820, H. M. S. Leven being in readiness to proceed to the *western* coast of Africa, under the command of Captain Bartholomew, Mr. Barlow attended at Northfleet to superintend the operations necessary for determining the quantity of local attraction by which the compass of the vessel was influenced, and to give the officers directions for applying and using his apparatus for its correction. The detail of these operations, in the author's report to the Admiralty, will be read with interest by those whose attention is turned to the science of navigation.

On

On the return of the Leven from this service, that ship as well as the Barracouta, was fitted for a survey of the *eastern* coast of Africa, under the command of Captain Owen; and in January, 1822, Mr. B. was again called to see to the due preparations being adopted on board those ships, for the farther proof of the efficiency of his invention. For the particulars of the method of ascertaining how far the needle was drawn from its natural point, by the attraction of the metal contained in each of the ships, — for a description of the correcting plate employed on this occasion, and the mode of adjusting it, — and for the directions given to the officers for using the plate at sea, — the reader must necessarily be referred to the work itself.

Concerning the test to which this expedient for neutralizing the forces, which prevented the compass from adequately performing the part on ship-board for which it is expressly consulted, had been submitted during the voyage of the Leven to the western coast of Africa, the author says:

'To the officers of this vessel I am under the greatest obligation for the pains they took to give the method I had proposed the most impartial trial, and for the results they furnished me with on their return. From Captain Baldey (who had succeeded to the command of the vessel during the voyage, on the death of Captain Bartholomew,) I received a copy of the mean results of nearly 100 series of observations, with and without the plate; the local attraction at each, the variation, the latitude, the longitude, &c.; and about the same number from Lieutenant Vidal, Lieutenant Mudge, and from the Master, Mr. Higgs. It would be irksome to the reader to give him the series of observations: it will be sufficient to say, that they are not only highly satisfactory to me, but also to the officers themselves, as will appear from the following letter addressed to me by Captain Baldey on the return of the vessel.

' "I have left for you, in the care of Lieutenant Mudge, a copy of the results of a series of observations, made by me on board his Majesty's ship Leven, with your correcting plate, attached to Gilbert's patent azimuth compass, the original having been already transmitted to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and I beg to congratulate you on the success which has attended the experiments.

' "You will perceive that in several instances our binnacle compasses differed from each other a half to three-quarters of a point: which, however, we were always able to correct by your plate, and in all cases our place by reckoning, when thus corrected, agreed as closely with the observations as we could have reason to expect. Indeed little need be said to shew how very erroneous a place by reckoning must be found, after a run of several hours five, six, or seven degrees out of the supposed course.

course. At sea such an error, although very considerable, is not perhaps of much importance, but in making land, in entering a channel, and in narrow seas, it might be, and doubtless has been, frequently attended with the most fatal consequences."'

An instance is then adduced in a letter from Lieut. Mudge, in which it is stated that, after a run of only 24 hours, the latitude by common reckoning differed 19 geographical miles from the latitude by observation; and the longitude by the same reckoning differed 28 miles from the longitude by observation: which great disparity, in so short a space of time, was ascribed to a current, until Lieut. Mudge, consulting the compass, with the correcting plate affixed, discovered that the starboard or steering compass varied seven degrees from the one which had been freed from the effect of local attraction; and that the reckoning by the corrected compass agreed with observation as nearly as, under any circumstances, reckoning and observation can be expected to concur.

The Essay, as far as it refers to the subject of local attraction on the compass-needle, finishes with the testimonies in favor of the practical utility of the invention received from the officers of the Leven, and then proceeds to detail an examination of the effects produced on the rate of chronometers by the attracting matter on board of vessels: but, before we enter on our account of this new subject, it will be proper to notice the additional experiments relative to local attraction made in long voyages by his Majesty's ships Conway and Griper, in high latitudes, both north and south; and to consider the farther evidences which they have each furnished as to the great services derived from the application of the correcting plate. The certificates of these ships on this subject are contained in a printed Report* to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, by Mr. Barlow; which report is dated February 14th, 1824, and consequently furnishes a continuation, up to the present time, of the practical results that have been officially obtained relative to this important discovery.

After having enumerated the particulars already mentioned, as derived from the Leven, the Report thus continues:

'An important question, however, relative to this method of correction, still remained to be decided. Captain Flinders had observed that with an equal north and south dip he found an equal quantity of local deviation, but in a contrary direction, the north end of the needle in one instance, and the south end in the other,

* This Report forms an Appendix to the Essay, and is published by the same booksellers.

being

being drawn forward by the action of the iron in the vessel; and it was of course of the highest importance to ascertain how far the power of the plate was competent to correct this strongly marked difference in the action of the ship. This point has, however, been completely answered by the observations made on board his Majesty's ship Conway, by Captain Basil Hall, in a voyage from England round Cape Horn to different parts on the western side of America, in the years 1820, 1821, and 1822.'

When the ship returned to Woolwich, Mr. Barlow went on board to superintend the experiments then to be performed.

'As the object was to ascertain the amount of deviation in the direction of the magnetic needle, by the combined action of all the attracting matter on board the ship; and as it was required to determine this quantity at various positions of the ship's head, she was warped to one of the transporting buoys in the middle of the harbour, round which, as a fixed centre, she was successively drawn, by means of hawsers, and held steadily at the required points while the observations were made.'

The particulars of these preliminary operations, and the amount of local attraction observed at each point, are then detailed; after which Captain Hall thus proceeds to relate the process subsequently followed at sea:

'A set or several sets of azimuths were taken without the plate, then another set or sets with the plate affixed, the ship's head and all other circumstances remaining the same; the variation of the compass was computed from these observations; that variation resulting from the first azimuths, taken without the plate, is affected simply by the local attraction of the ship, and may be termed the *deviated variation*: that resulting from the azimuths when the plate was affixed, by an action twice as great; first by the ship and next by the plate, and may be termed the *double-deviated variation*. The difference between these variations is the amount of the local attraction or the deviation, and this applied to the deviated variation gives the correct magnetic variation.

'It is easy to see how this correction is to be applied by merely observing whether the north end of the needle has been drawn to the west or to the east, by the application of the plate, and considering that the ship's attraction must have had a similar effect on the needle.'

The next eight pages of the Report contain the series of observations made at sea, in order to determine the amount of local attraction in different latitudes (from 51° N. to 60° S.) by means of Mr. Barlow's plate, the results of each experiment throughout the voyage being arranged in a table: after having given which, Mr. B. adds,

'On examining the numbers given in the above tabulated results, their general agreement with the deductions of Captain Flinders will be immediately obvious. That distinguished officer

found, that with equal dips, north and south, he had equal local attractions, but reversed in direction: and the whole of the foregoing table indicates the same change. The north end of the needle being drawn forward, while the dip is north; and the south when the dip is south, at least the exceptions are only in places near the magnetic equator, and the amount of difference in these cases never exceeds a few minutes of a degree. The general decrease of effect from England to the equator, the increase again from the equator to Cape Horn, and the decrease thence as the southern latitudes diminish, are striking instances of the accuracy of the method of correction proposed. To which I may also add, as a still stronger case, the variations found with and without the plate, in experiments (31), (32), (33), in which the greatest difference

'Without the plate is - - -	2° 59′
With the plate, only - - -	0 14

'It is thus rendered obvious, that the plate, as fixed in Portsmouth harbour, in lat. 50° 47′ north, will correct the local attraction of a vessel in lat 60° 56′ south; the dip in the former case being 70° north, and in the latter about the same south. In short, it is rendered evident from the experiments made in the Conway, that the method of correction proposed is applicable through all navigable latitudes, from 50° north to the highest approachable southern regions.' (P. 25, 26.)

The observations in the foregoing extract will be recognized as appertaining to the 'important question, relative to this method of correction,' that 'still remained to be decided,' as mentioned in the paragraph which has been already cited from this Report.

As the whole of the experiments and certificates of approbation, which we have hitherto been considering, have resulted from observations made in latitudes south of England, it is a farther source of gratification to find 34 pages of the new Report filled with the particulars of numerous trials, to which the expedient has been submitted during a voyage from England to Spitzbergen. From the whole tenor of these it is conclusively shewn that the mariner's compass, an instrument which nature itself seems to have supplied as an essential auxiliary for promoting the intercourse of distant nations, has been effectually relieved from an imperfection to which it had been always before subject; and which rendered it not only a very doubtful and uncertain dependence, but caused it to become, in high latitudes, rather a *dulce malum pelagi* than the *cynosura petatur sidoniis.*

The 'experiments on board his Majesty's ship Griper, Captain D. C. Clavering, for correcting the local attraction, in a voyage from England to Spitzbergen, in 1823,' are thus introduced:

'As

'As the experiments which had hitherto been made were principally in regions where the local attraction is least considerable, it was desirable that they should be repeated in high northern latitudes, where it had been already ascertained by Captains Ross and Parry, that the disturbance from this cause was very great. An opportunity of making this trial occurred in the recent voyage of his Majesty's ship Griper to Spitzbergen; and the results, I trust, will be found highly important, and fully confirmatory of the general applicability of the method of correction in question. It may be proper to observe, however, that it had occurred to me before the return of the Conway, that the method proposed might be simplified, particularly in high northern latitudes (where it is of most importance), by placing the plate aft of the compass, thereby neutralizing instead of doubling the original effect of the vessel.

'The success of this severe trial of the application of the correcting plate will fully appear from the following letter from Captain Clavering to Mr. Barrow of the Admiralty.

'"Having been directed by their Lordships to make trial of Mr. Barlow's plate, under Mr. Foster's direction, I forward that gentleman's report, which it will be unnecessary for me to comment upon further than to acknowledge the extreme practical utility of it, as found during the whole of the voyage; as when once fixed abaft the compass (thereby neutralizing the effect of the iron on board), nothing further was necessary than to allow the variation of the place.

'"The very great local attraction in this ship is also something remarkable, and as it is now considerably greater than in the former voyage when with Captain Parry, we can only account for it by the addition of the patent capstan, and chain-cables, which can be proved before paying off by trial of the compasses when it is hoisted out. Should this be the case, it will be well for ships to be aware of the liability of this error. Our binnacle-compass has not been of the smallest use, and at present it differs with the ship's head at east and west points' (14° *minus* at east, and 14° *plus* at west) 'besides traversing extremely sluggish."'

The ensuing important remarks occur also in a letter sent by Captain Clavering to Mr. Barlow:

'"You have seen by my report to the Admiralty, that the local attraction of the Griper before we left the Nore was 14° *plus* with the ship's head at west, and 14° *minus* at east, making a difference of 28° before we left England, and which soon after increased to 20° at each of those points, or more, viz. (ultimately to 37°) making in the latter case an extreme difference of about six points. Under such circumstances it is obvious that the compass would have been altogether useless, (as indeed it has always been admitted to be in these high latitudes,) but for your valuable correcting plate, with which, as I have already stated in my report, we found the compass to which the apparatus was attached as serviceable in these latitudes as in any other; for having once neutralized the local effect of the vessel at the Nore, we had only during the

remainder of the voyage to allow for the variation of the place, and were quite unembarrassed with any effect from local attraction.

'"I should also state, that, independently of the latter disturbance, we found all our other compasses so extremely sluggish that they would stand in any direction whatever." ' (P. 28.)

Mr. (now Lieut.) Foster's report, which follows Captain C.'s letters, is minute, copious, and altogether a valuable piece of instruction on the subject of local attraction; and on the practical operations required to be performed previously to departure from port and during a voyage, in order to properly insure, in all cases, the benefits which the correcting-plate is capable of affording. Our object, on this occasion, has been to furnish such a sufficiency of extracts relative to the origin and progress of this valuable invention as may assist in promoting the general adoption of it, and in causing it to be every where duly appreciated; and, though many scientific points are recorded by Mr. Foster concerning its utility, yet we conceive it unnecessary to the purpose before expressed to separate them. We therefore recommend, to those who wish for the fullest information on the subject, an attentive examination of Mr. Barlow's Essay, and of the documents relative to the efficiency of the plan collected in the Report since published.

The theory of Mr. B., on this particular species of magnetic influence, was founded on an hypothesis which resulted from his having discovered the existence of a magnetic equator, to which the dipping-needle was ascertained to be perpendicular in our latitude; and on a supposition that the same reciprocal posture of the dip and magnetic equator was invariably preserved through all other latitudes, he conceived the practicability of furnishing a simple movable apparatus for the purpose which we have been describing, that should possess the faculty of counterbalancing or obviating the whole influence of a cargo of iron on a ship's compass, under all circumstances that might operate in every part of the globe. This great object he has, in a short space of time, succeeded in perfectly achieving; and, from the mathematical vouchers brought forwards to corroborate the guarantee furnished by the several stages of his experimental process, this is the result which we had every reason to anticipate, after our examination of his former publication on the subject: as will be seen by referring to the opinions which we then expressed on the occasion. (See vol. xcii. pp. 18—29.)

The conclusion of the Report to the Lords of the Admiralty, in which the practical proofs of the competency of the

magnetic plates are specified, cannot in justice be here withholden.

'The nature of the observations, and the judicious arrangement which Lieut. Foster has given to the results obtained in the Griper, render it quite unnecessary for me,' says Mr. Barlow, 'to offer any remarks to show the success and utility of the experiments in this case. It is only requisite to state, that the local attraction of this vessel having been so much greater than I had contemplated, (viz. 14° at east and west,) the plate which I sent was not so powerful as it ought to have been; it was therefore necessary to bring it so near the compass as to produce some irregularities with the ship's head near the north and south points, in which position of the vessel there was but little more than four inches between the needle and the plate. This is a circumstance I have mentioned, at page 56. of the first edition of my "Essay on Magnetic Attractions," where it is stated, that when the needle and iron approach near to each other, the general laws of action fail; and to this circumstance, more than to the greatly diminished power of the needle, is (in my opinion) to be attributed the anomalies noticed in the experiments at Spitzbergen, and at the points in question. But, after all, I am convinced that, in the present infant state of the science, the experiments will be deemed as satisfactory as there could be any reason to expect. It appears then, that from latitude 80° N. to 60° 56' S. viz. through the entire range of all the navigable latitudes on the globe, the experiments have (even in the first three trials that have been made) been attended with the most favourable results, and there can be no doubt that further practice would lead to greater accuracy and give a value to the mariner's compass which it never yet possessed, and a degree of accuracy to our magnetic charts which would probably lead to the most interesting deductions relative to the laws of terrestrial magnetism.

'The importance of this principle of correction, even for the purpose of keeping the reckoning at sea, is sufficiently demonstrated in the two cases given by Lieutenants Mudge and Foster (pp. 11. and 39.) where, in the former case, the error by the common compass course was 19 miles in latitude, and 28 miles in longitude; while by the corrected compass course the error was reduced to two miles in latitude, and four miles in longitude; and in the instance furnished by Lieut. Foster, the error in latitude alone was 35 miles, which almost wholly disappeared on the corrected course.

'I am aware that seamen depend very little upon the reckoning by compass, while they can make the requisite astronomical observations, but as it frequently happens that many days may pass without their obtaining such observations, it cannot but be of considerable importance to them, in such cases, to possess the means of approximating the nearest possible to their true place. It is not however at sea that this method is of greatest use, it is in narrow channels, in piloting ships by means of charts and bearings, and in marine surveying, that it finds its most valuable application;

in these instances nothing can supply the place of the compass, and it cannot but be important in such cases that its directive power should be freed from all irregularity.

'Every reader, whether a nautical man or not, must be aware of the great amount of error, and the fatal consequences which might arise in a few hours to a vessel in the Channel, in a dark and blowing night, having for its only guide a compass subject to an error of 14 degrees in opposite directions at east and west, the very course on which she would be endeavouring to steer; and who can say how many of the mysterious wrecks which have taken place in the Channel are to be attributed to this source of error: of which the most recent, that of the Thames, Indiaman, is a serious example. This vessel, besides the usual materials, guns, &c. had a cargo of more than 400 tons of iron and steel, and it may easily be imagined, that such a cargo would produce an effect on the compass at least equal to that of the Griper and Barracouta; and this alone would be quite sufficient to account for the otherwise unaccountable circumstance, that after having Beachy-head in sight at six o'clock in the evening, the vessel should have been wrecked on the same spot at one or two o'clock in the morning, without the least apprehension of being at all near shore.'

Having now followed the author through the subject of local attraction, as far as it regards his plan for nullifying its power to alter the natural direction of the compass, we have next to examine the effects of local influence on another important instrument; which, in its application to maritime purposes particularly, and to the sciences of astronomy and geography generally, is of inestimable utility while its uniformity of action is not deranged: but, when the purity of its mechanism becomes by any cause vitiated, it is liable to lead to serious errors. The public are, therefore, much indebted to Mr. Barlow for investigating such a subject; and he has bestowed much pains and attention in endeavoring to ascertain 'the effects produced in the rates of chronometers by the proximity of masses of iron.'

After having related a series of experiments, the author observes:

'The first general conclusion which may be drawn from these experiments, is, that the rate of a chronometer is undoubtedly altered by its proximity to iron bodies.

'Secondly, it appears that it is by no means a general case, that iron necessarily accelerates the rate of a chronometer, as would appear from Mr. Fisher's observations; for five out of the six chronometers which I have made use of were obviously retarded in every situation in which they were placed. In one instance only, viz. chronometer No. II., there is an indication of acceleration in one situation; but it is more doubtful than the retardation in all the other five.'—

'As

'As a practical conclusion, it is obvious that on ship-board great care ought to be taken to keep the chronometers out of the immediate vicinity of any considerable mass, or surface of iron; on which account they ought not to be kept in the cabins of the gun-room officers, which are on the sides of the vessel; and probably a strong iron knee, or even a gun, will be found at a very inconsiderable distance from the spot where the watch is most likely, in this case, to be deposited.'

A method is then proposed, and explained by reference to a delineation, for preventing the consequences to which the time-pieces on ship-board are liable from the effects of partial attraction; and the chapter concludes with a table in which the difference between the mean land and sea rates of the chronometer used by the Leven, during a voyage to the Cape de Verd islands in 1819, are shewn to have been very considerable, and calling for the attention of those who command ships.

'The relative magnetic power of different descriptions of iron and steel, at different degrees of temperature,' is the subject investigated in the next section; and the experiments, from the accession of new and curious facts with which they have enriched the science of magnetism, will be considered as forming an important step towards a more perfect theory of this part of the philosophy of nature than any which has yet appeared.

The first course of experiments includes eight substances, viz. malleable iron; blistered steel, soft; blistered steel, hard; shear steel, soft; shear steel, hard; cast iron; cast steel, soft; cast steel, hard. Bars of each of these were provided, and each applied in such a manner to the compass, in their cold state, as to enable a determination to be made respecting the proportion of their several magnetic powers, compared with one another; which, in their nearest value to whole numbers, are thus expressed:

Malleable iron -	100	Shear steel, hard	53
Blistered steel, soft -	67	Cast iron - -	48
Blistered steel, hard	53	Cast steel, soft	74
Shear steel, soft -	66	Cast steel, hard	49 (P. 135.)

A variety of experiments follow, to try the relative magnetic power of iron and steel at different degrees of heat, all of which at *a white heat* lose their power on the needle: but, when the iron or steel has acquired the degree of heat termed *blood-red*, its influence in some instances was found much greater on the needle than when cold; and, in all cases, the *blood-red* is the degree of heat which produced the greatest magnetic effect.

A similar deduction follows some experiments on the comparative powers of malleable iron and shear steel at different degrees of heat; after which Mr. B. says,

'I should, therefore, now have concluded my experiments on this subject, but for a circumstance which had been noticed, and which strongly attracted our attention. It had been observed both by Mr. Bonnycastle and myself, in some preceding experiments, and others of which I have not given the results, that between the white heat of iron, when its power was actually zero, and the blood-red heat, at which its action manifested itself so highly, there was an intermediate state of the bar, during which it attracted the needle the contrary way to what it did when cold, viz. if the north end of the needle was attracted in the latter state, the south end was attracted while the heated iron passed through the shades of colour denoted by the workmen the *bright red*, and *red heat*. Our object was, therefore, now to examine this circumstance a little more minutely than we had hitherto done.' (P. 141.)

A great many efforts were made to arrive at a satisfactory reason for the peculiar effect mentioned in the foregoing citation, and a description is given of various other phænomena that appeared in the course of the experiments adopted on this occasion. The author then concludes thus:

'The only explanation which seems to present itself of the cause of this anomalous action, is, that the bar cooling faster at its extremities than in its centre, one part of it becomes magnetic before the other, and hence gives rise to the irregular action above indicated. It must be acknowleged, however, that this explanation does not meet entirely all the phænomena recorded in the preceding table.' (P. 149.)

It ought, perhaps, to have been before signified that Mr. Barlow's 'Essay on Magnetic Attractions' now consists of three parts; the first of which, containing a detail of experiments, has been already explained. The second presents 'a Theoretical Investigation of the Laws of induced and terrestrial Magnetism.' It appears that Mr. C. Bonnycastle, of Woolwich, (son of the late Professor of Mathematics) instituted an inquiry into the laws of the several phænomena which had exhibited themselves in the course of Mr. Barlow's experiments; founding it on the presumed similarity of action between electrified and magnetized bodies; and, employing the principles for establishing the laws of action in the former class of these bodies, as laid down in the volume of the French Institute for 1811, he had succeeded in constituting a partial theory of magnetism, from which the one here proposed differs but in some particulars that tend to make it somewhat more

more general, and which do not confine it to Poisson's electrical principles.

'The hypothesis upon which I shall proceed,' says Mr. Barlow, 'may be thus enunciated:—

'1. Magnetic phænomena are due to the existence of two fluids in a greater or less degree of combination, and such, that the particles of the same fluid repel, and those of an opposite nature attract, each other.

'2. These fluids in iron bodies exist naturally in a state of combination and equilibrium, till that state is disturbed by some exciting cause.

'3. But if a body, already magnetic, *i. e.* one in which these fluids are held in a state of separation, be brought within the vicinity of a mass of iron, such as is supposed above, the concentrated action of each fluid in the magnetized body will act upon the latent fluids in the quiescent body, by repelling those of the same, and attracting those of the contrary kind, and thus impress upon the latter a temporary state of magnetic action, which will remain only while the two bodies maintain their respective situations.

'4. The quantity of action thus impressed upon the iron body will depend, *first*, upon the intensity of the exciting magnet; *secondly*, upon the capacity of the quiescent body for magnetism, or the quantity of those fluids contained in it; and, *thirdly*, upon the cohesive power of the iron; which latter quality determines the depth to which the exciting magnet is able to disengage the two fluids.

'The above embraces every case; viz. of any magnet, natural or artificial, developing the magnetism in any given iron body; but in that to which our attention will be principally directed, namely, the displacement occasioned by the magnetic action of the earth on spheres of iron, we shall find it more limited in its results, and more susceptible of correct mathematical investigation.

'5. In this case, for instance, we may suppose the action to take place on every particle of the mass in lines parallel to each other, and corresponding with the direction of the dipping needle; also that every particle is at the same distance from the centre of the disturbing force, and consequently that the displacement in each particle is equal also; conditions which throw great facilities into the analytical investigation of the laws of action.'

We shall not, in the present place, offer any opinion on the merits of the theory: but we intend to say a few words respecting it when we have examined the whole that is adduced in its favor by the author, and have also gone through the subsequent part of the work, which treats of electro-magnetic laws and experiments.

After a succession of experiments on spherical masses of iron, and on bars, in order to confirm the principles of the theory,

theory, and the analytical deductions instituted to determine the value of the forces acting according to the terms of the hypothesis, this part of the investigation is closed in the following manner:

'Upon the whole, therefore, I conceive that we may be allowed to cite these results as a further proof of the accuracy of the principles upon which our hypothesis is founded, and of the deduction we have made from it; viz. that the action of plain unmagnetized iron on a compass may be referred to two poles indefinitely near to each other in the common centre of attraction of the surface of the body, and, consequently, as a proof of the accuracy of the method proposed for correcting the local attraction of a vessel in all parts of the world.' (P. 188.)

Mr. Barlow now comes to apply the formulæ resulting from the investigation of the hypothesis to estimate the magnetic properties of the earth; and a number of authorities are collected relative to the quantity of the dip and variation of the needle in different parts of the earth, for the purpose of ascertaining by their means (provided that they have been taken correctly) the true place at the present time of the terrestrial magnetic pole, and its periodical motion. The analogy between the earth and an iron ball at this point vanishes; yet, although the inquirer fails in arriving at any positive conclusion, his opinions are of that stamp which commands interest; and we shall, therefore, close our examination of the second part of this volume with such extracts, as include the most popular points in this very peculiar feature of terrestrial magnetism.

'Although in determinations of the dip and variation of the needle we cannot expect the utmost accuracy, yet it is very obvious,' says Mr. Barlow, 'from the preceding results, that the aberrations in the latitude and longitude of the magnetic pole are much greater than can be attributed to errors in observation. It will be seen that the place assigned to it differs in longitude as much as 55° between one set of observations and another, and as much as 10° in latitude. It will also be observed that the more we approach the north, and west, the more westerly we find the place of the pole, and the more easterly the place of observation, the greater is the latitude of the pole. In short, it is evident from the few examples we have taken, that every place has its particular polarizing axis, which probably in all cases falls within the arctic circle, and that this is the narrowest limit we are able to assign.

'Instead, therefore, of the magnetism of the earth possessing that degree of uniformity which appertains to a perfectly formed iron ball, it may be rather said to resemble that species of action which we might expect to find in an irregularly formed mass of iron, approximating in its general character to that of a globe, but

not perfectly such; and if the magnetism of the earth be due to the distribution of iron in its interior, we ought in fact rather to expect *à priori* such a kind of action (as that which is experienced) than that which belongs to a perfectly formed iron sphere.

'It is true that the observations we have used were not made simultaneously, and that a change is perpetually going on in the direction of the axis of polarization, which circumstance alone would give rise to some discrepancies; but not to the amount shown in the preceding table.

'Every place, therefore, appears to have its proper poles; and the only limit we are enabled to assign to their situations is, that as far as observations have yet been carried they appear to fall somewhere within the two frigid zones, but varying through all possible degrees of longitude and latitude within these limits.

'These aberrations being, however, attributed to local inequalities in the distribution of the ferruginous parts of the terrestrial sphere, we ought still to expect a certain degree of uniformity in the annual changes which take place in the situations of the poles of any particular place; supposing these changes to arise from some general cause acting equally on all. Let us then examine the circumstances attending the annual variation of the needle, and ascertain how far this phenomenon is reducible to determinate laws.' (P. 208.)

This inquiry forms the subject of the succeeding pages of this part of the Essay; for the results of which we must necessarily refer to the volume.

Part the third of Mr. Barlow's Essay is divided into three sections, the first of which contains a memoir of the discovery of electro-magnetism by Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen: as also of the progressive expansion of the science in France under the skilful management of MM. Ampère, Biot, and Arago; and in England, aided by the philosophy of Davy, Cummings, and Faraday. The second section is occupied with investigations of the mathematical laws of electro-magnetism; and the third presents a course of electro-magnetic experiments.

A few introductory remarks relate to certain approximations towards the discovery of this science, in the beginning of the present century: which are followed by an account of the several experimental contributions furnished in succession by those who had taken an active interest in the promotion of the new-born science, until the author came forwards to throw into the already rich scale of its tributaries the accession of his talents. His particular object on this occasion will be best given in his own relation:

'Such was the state of this science, when I undertook the experiments reported in the following section, and by which, if I have not deceived myself, the whole of the apparently anomalous actions

actions hitherto observed may not only be explained, as to the general effects, but the disturbance on the needle computed for any determinate position of the compass and wire (meaning the connecting wire of the galvanic battery) in a manner very similar to, but more simple than, that which has been illustrated in reference to the iron ball and magnetic needle.' (P. 231.)

'All the experiments that have been made on the subject of electro-magnetism, since the discovery of that power by Mr. Oersted, seem to indicate a strong affinity, although not a complete identity, between the simply magnetic and the electro-magnetic fluids; or, if the identity be admitted, still a certain difference must be conceived to have place in the modes of action.

'In the preceding parts of this work, I have attempted to reduce the laws of induced magnetism to mathematical principles, and to render the results susceptible of numerical computation, the mass of iron, and its position with respect to the compass being given; and as soon as I heard of Mr. Oersted's discovery, I was desirous to establish, on similar principles, the law of electro-magnetism; but it was some time before I was able to construct an apparatus convenient for the purpose. Having, however, at length effected this necessary preliminary to my satisfaction, I proceeded to make the course of experiments, and to undertake the investigations, which form the subject of the present section.

'My first object was to repeat very carefully all the experiments of Mr. Oersted, MM. Ampère and Arago; of Sir H. Davy and Mr. Faraday, with some others suggested by the results thus obtained; and having attentively considered all the peculiarities of action thus developed, I was led to consider that all the apparently anomalous effects produced on a magnetized needle by the action of a galvanic wire might be explained by the admission of one simple principle; viz. *that every particle of the galvanic fluid in the conducting wire acts on every particle of the magnetic fluid in a magnetized needle, with a force varying inversely as the square of the distance; but that the action of the particles of fluid in the wire is neither to attract nor to repel either poles of a magnetic particle, but a tangential force which has a tendency to place the poles of either fluids at right angles to those of the other; whereby a magnetic particle, supposing it to be under the influence of the wire only, would always place itself at right angles to the line let fall from it perpendicular to the wire, and to the direction of the wire itself at that point.*

'I pretend not to illustrate the mechanical principles by which such an action can be produced; I propose only to show, that if such a force be admitted, all the results obtained from the reciprocal action of a galvanic wire and a magnetized needle may not only be explained but computed, and that the results agree numerically with experiments. (P. 232—234.)

The construction of the apparatus for the experiments, and the mode of conducting them, are next described, and illustrated by plates. With respect to the experiments, instituted

tuted for the sake of confirming the hypothesis, they consisted of three series, first, *To determine the magnetic deviation caused by a galvanic vertical wire at different distances. Length of the vertical wire* 36 *inches.* — Secondly, *To determine the magnetic deviation caused by a vertical galvanic wire; the length being varied, but the distance constantly nine inches.* — Thirdly, *On the deviation of the needle caused by a vertical galvanic wire, at different azimuths, the deviation at the south point being* 16° 30′, *and the standard compass showing always* 25°. — Concerning the comparative equality between the computations and experiments in the several instances, it is sufficient to observe that it is throughout as approximate as it could be required, in a case in which the experiments are so difficult to be performed, and precision in reading off the angles could hardly be expected. The hypothesis, therefore, must be allowed to be altogether rational, and the whole of the critical task to have been performed with great skill and judgment. — Having gone through the inquiry, as far as the proof of the accuracy of his mathematical principles seemed to require, the author concludes:

'I am well aware of the difficulty of conceiving the mechanical principles by which such a tangential force, as is here assumed, can operate; but on the other hand it must, I think, be conceded, that the simple power of attraction is equally difficult to conceive, and that we admit it, not from having any idea of the *modus operandi*, but because we find that it leads to results that are consistent with actual observation; and I have endeavoured to show, in the preceding pages, that the force we have assumed is admissible upon precisely the same ground.' (P. 255.)

It was the diffidence that appeared with regard to the difficulty of explaining the mechanical law, by which such a tangential force as is here required to be granted can act, that called to our recollection the circumstance of Kepler having mathematically demonstrated the laws of planetary motion, nearly a hundred years before Newton discovered and proved *the mechanical law* by which bodies in motion round a centre are influenced, as mentioned in the early part of this article. The action of the mechanical forces employed by nature in many other instances defies detection, although the phænomena that belong to them admit of solution; so that it would be triflingly fastidious in any persons to quarrel with the hypothesis on this account, having at the same time before them the experimental test to which it has been submitted.

The object of the last section, on electro-magnetism, is to shew, by a selection of twenty experiments, that the various facts

facts and phænomena which have been discovered are consistent with the assumed theory. On making our report of M. Ampère's work on this subject (vol. cii. p. 477.), we remarked that an opportunity would soon present itself for giving a description of some of the curious experiments furnished by those who are pursuing this science. Such an opportunity now presents itself, and we should gladly avail ourselves of its ample means, had we any space left for them. Already, however, this article has extended beyond our customary bounds; and we must reluctantly be contented with recommending to our readers Mr. Barlow's details of these interesting investigations, of which we could not offer any abridged analysis that would not occupy many pages. — With regard to the merits of his hypothesis relative to electromagnetism, it will not be necessary to offer many remarks beyond those which have been dropped *in cursu;* yet it will be proper to state that, in almost every experiment throughout the course, he has pointed out how far he considers the several facts to verify the theory.

Circumspection and deliberation are certainly judicious in those who advance new doctrines in philosophy: yet the experience of Mr. B. in the subject of magnetism is unquestionably greater than that of any preceding theorist; and we think that he should not have been afraid of giving rather wider scope to his proposition concerning induced and terrestrial magnetism. If we discern rightly, from the manner in which he speaks, he knows more on this point than he has ventured to say. As far as he has gone, he may be pronounced to have made his footing quite safe: but we shall expect to see him soon advancing a few steps farther. Though we are devoted advocates of mathematical restriction in every inquiry over which its jurisdiction can be justly extended, yet, in the pursuit of so concealed a source as that from which the magnetic effluvium issues, we think that speculation may be allowed to range a little out of the bounds that addition and subtraction prescribe. It is, however, by putting reins on coltish philosophy, that the mathematics find their greatest value: the application of their infallible principles in dissipating fantastical theories, or in reducing them to order by the tether of reason, is probably their most worthy employ; and perhaps they could not have been called into action on a more useful occasion than that of laying the foundation of a science, universal as the light of the sun, in the sound manner in which it has been done. We all know that it is possible for a man to contract a Polyglott of all the dead and living languages into the compass of a little hat-crown, without

without he or the world being one whit the wiser. It is making words subservient to the acquirement and propagation of a knowlege of things that stamps them with worth; and, by parity, the mere mathematician who poses over ratios and series — over sines and tangents — over a plus b, and y minus z, — from his entrance to his exit, adds not a tittle to the funds of intellectual enterprize: nor, though he may be a very innocent creature, can he be ever any thing better than a sheer pedant in algebra, or ever rise to eminence on the list of scientific dignitaries. It is by following the example that Mr. Barlow has set in supplying formulæ for scrutinizing the economy of nature, that the geometrician may secure an honourable niche; and, though we detest any thing like fulsome panegyric, we could not express our conscientious ideas of the importance of the discovery which has been recently made in magnetism without using terms that sound like it, for we feel constrained to say that, taking it altogether, it is one of the most interesting and valuable accessions which science has received during the age in which we live.

Having advanced thus much, we deem it necessary to add that all the theories of magnetism, which have been long prevailing, are but mere editions of that of Æpinus or that of Dr. Halley, both of which are incompatible with known facts. The magnetic *conatus* has at length been extracted from the womb of the earth, and diffused over its surface. A new and pure principle has therefore been now established, and one which seems likely to smooth the way towards the fountain-head, whence the emission of so powerful a stream is secretly and incessantly working. We cannot enter on any thing in the shape of a debate on those pulses of nature, which we call by the names Electricity, — Magnetism, — and Gravitation, — all characterized in cosmology by as near a relationship as those palpitations which circulate life through the veins and arteries of the human frame: but we may take the opportunity of hinting an opinion that all the *visible* substances, which we call Magnetic, are so by induction: — not by induction from the earth; for, by every argument that can be urged, it is said, the magnetism of the earth itself is altogether induced. Even the fossil-loadstone possesses, according to our ideas, no inherent magnetic property: but its virtue is acquired after having been disturbed from its subterranean repose, and brought where it could freely imbibe its fill of that etherial principle which it is peculiarly constituted to admit and retain, and by its constant repletion with which its wonderful faculties are inculcated. These opinions are not, as far as we can see, at variance with the hypothesis which has been proposed

in

in the present essay; and we hope that they contain nothing contrary to the sentiments which its author may be holding in reserve, and to the divulging of which we shall be looking forwards with lively anticipation.

It is with some regret that we observe, in a work of such general merit and importance, that sufficient attention has not been paid to typographical accuracy; by which negligence the sense, in some instances, has been much impaired. In the general enunciation of the theory of terrestrial magnetism, also, if the occasional conditions and observations, instead of being confounded with the clauses of the several propositions, had been subjoined as scholia, it would have been less embarrassed.

We conclude by recording with pleasure a circumstance which will speak very strongly in confirmation of the applause that we have bestowed on the production which has been engaging our attention: viz. that the Board of Longitude has conferred the parliamentary premium of 500*l.* on Mr. Barlow, for his method of correcting the local attraction of vessels. — We hope to see a repetition of such compliments from other quarters.

Art. VI. *Ahasuerus*, the Wanderer: a Dramatic Legend, in Six Parts. By the Author of Sketches in Hindoostan, and other Poems. 8vo. pp. 124. sewed. Whittakers. 1823.

THIS is a poem stamped with some of the prevailing characters of the Byronian school, which is so rapidly increasing. The whole of this poetical manufacture, indeed, is extremely short. It begins in a warm admiration of the manner, comprehending the failings, of a favorite author; and, before the fever of that admiration subsides, a poem is produced as nearly resembling the style and cast of thought that are observable in their prototype, as the mere force of imitative talent can effect. Ahasuerus is palpably a *double* of "Manfred," the wildest and perhaps the sublimest of Lord Byron's creations. To succeed even tolerably in such an undertaking, the author found it absolutely expedient to put himself in the same melancholy humor, which dictated that and indeed most of the graver productions of the noble writer; and thus, having worked himself up into a decent fit of misanthropy, he sat down to produce the same sad-coloured embroidery, in which the most savage figures are always shadowed on the darkest ground. The disciples of the Greek philosopher swallowed *cummin* in order to look as pale as their master; and it is indispensable that Lord Byron's

Byron's scholars should acquire his peculiar state of spirits, before they think of catching his manner. Accordingly, we were not disappointed, at the moment when we opened Ahasuerus, as to the sort of character with whom he had to deal. We found that gentleman seated on the sea-shore, alone, in the evening; — in short, with every aid to a sombre imagination, and all nature admirably in tune with his misanthropy. He therefore exclaims, naturally enough,

> 'Am I a man? would that I did not feel
> An alien to humanity. I love not —
> Nor man nor woman!'

With regard to the legend itself, on which the author has founded his poem, our readers will perceive that it is one of the gloomiest conceptions that ever leaped out of a German imagination.

'"Ahasuerus crept forth from the dark cave of Mount Carmel." Goaded by never-ending restlessness he roves the globe from pole to pole. He is denied the consolation of the grave!

'"Ahasuerus crept forth from the dark cave of Carmel! he shook the dust from his beard, and roared in dreadful accents: They could die; but I, reprobate wretch! alas! I cannot die! Dreadful is the judgment that hangs over me! Jerusalem fell! I crush'd the sucking babe, and precipitated myself into the destructive flames — I cursed the Romans! but alas! alas! the restless curse held me by the hair, and I could not die! Rome, the giantess, fell! I placed myself before the falling statue — she fell, and did not crush me. Nations sprung up, and disappeared before me; but I remained, and did not die. From cloud-encompassed cliffs did I precipitate myself into the ocean; but the foaming billows cast me on the shore, and the burning arrow of existence pierced my cold heart again. A forest was on fire: I darted on wings of fury and despair into the crackling wood! fire dropped on me from the trees, but the flames only singed my limbs — alas! it could not consume them.

'"I now mixed with the butchers of mankind, and plunged into the tempests of the battle. I roared defiance to the infuriate Gaul — I roared defiance to the victorious German, but arrows and spears rebounded in shivers from my body. The Saracen's flaming sword broke upon my skull — balls hissed in vain upon me: the lightning of the battle glared harmless around my limbs! in vain did the elephant trample me — in vain the iron hoof of the wrathful steed. The mine big with destruction burst upon me, and hurled me high in the air! I fell upon heaps of smoking limbs, and was only singed. The steel club rebounded from my body. The executioner's hand could not strangle me. The tiger's tooth could not pierce me, nor could the hungry lion of the circus devour me. I now provoked the fury of tyrants: I said to Nero, Thou art a bloodhound! I said to Muly Ishmael, Thou art a bloodhound! I said to Christiern, Thou art a bloodhound! The tyrants

invented cruel torments, but could not destroy me. Ha! not to be able to die! not to be able to die! not to be permitted to rest after the toils of life! Awful Avenger in heaven! hast thou in all thy armoury of wrath a punishment more dreadful? Then let it thunder upon me! command a hurricane to sweep me to the foot of Carmel; that I may there be extended, may pant, and writhe, and die!"

'Such are some of the reflections that darkened the closing scene in the eventful history of the Wanderer!'

Yet, while we have classed the poem of Ahasuerus among the numerous imitations of Lord Byron, it is by no means one of those vulgar imitations which imply the triumph of skill, not of genius. There are passages in it of which Lord Byron might have been justly proud *; — passages of great power, and, we might add, sublimity. Ahasuerus is one of those beings, who, to use Swift's phrase, are "supremely cursed with immortality;" or at least with a life destined to extend far beyond the usual limits of mortal existence. Like the Prometheus of Æschylus, he sees no approaching termination to his misery; —

πῆ ποτέ μόχθων
Χρη τέρματα των δ' ἐπιτεῖλαι;

a conception by no means new, for it is that which produced Faustus, St. Leon, and Manfred. In lyrical passages like the following, the author most resembles his prototype: but he resembles him as a disciple of Rafaelle resembles his great model, — by producing works worthy of his pencil.

'On! Wanderer, on! thy bark bounds fleet,
But oh! the burthen it bears is sweet.
The meteors blaze bright
On thy nuptial night,
And the dæmons who dance on the tossing tide
Are out, to gaze on the Wanderer's bride.
On! Wanderer, on! thou may'st not stay!
Over the waves — away! away!
Each spot must be
Alike to thee, —
Over the waves! away! away!

'A boat is on the water! a boat is on the water! —
Who are the two
That form her crew?
Like Grief and his young daughter!
Like Grief and Hope! it may not be
A being beautiful as she
Should take her couch in the cold sea.

* While this article was passing through the press, the news of the death of that singular but highly endowed nobleman has reached this country.

She

She looks through the night
A single star,
So blessed and bright
Her beauties are:
But who is the other? he looks not so —
Is it the weight of weariless woe
Which on that forehead has stamp'd the mark
That tells the spirit within is so dark?

'How suits the drunken waves' excess
With yon meek child of gentleness?
It is but some few hours ago
She had not even dream'd of woe;
Would tell her beads, and bless her God
That vain man's footstep never trod
The sacred threshold of a cell
Where only holy peace might dwell;
Yes, she was pure, and bright, and fair,
If ever thing created were!'

From the dialogue between Ahasuerus and Eda we make the succeeding extract; and who that peruses it can deny that the author has extraordinary powers? — She reminds the Wanderer that he had perpetual youth, health, and inexhaustible riches; to which he replies:

'Vain gifts!
To me refinement brought no luxury,
And merriment no mirth! joy offered no
Zest for enjoyment, but the more I felt
An icy barrier twixt my kind and me,
How did I curse my being, curse the lot
That made me human, yet distinct from all
Man prizes in humanity! with wants
Ungratified and infinite — a thirst
Of knowledge inextinguishable — wishes,
That tortured with excess — desires that knew
No source of pleasure whence to sate them — youth
To give them all their ardour — and a love
Of novelty, that had excitement none
To cheat life of its dull monotony —
In rest still longing after action, and
In action languishing for rest — for ever
Busy, and yet unoccupied — and jaded
With one long chase of happiness, whose goal
Grew more and more removed, deluding still
With a false apparition, kept in view
To lure me onward in the vain pursuit —
As unattainable and distant still,
Yet ever in perspective, till the hope
That comes to all no longer came to me.

'*Eda.* (I fear to question further.) 'Tis a scene
Your mind alone has colour'd. Say, with man,
Held you what fellowship, in good or evil?
'*Ahasuerus.* For years, long years, after that fatal day,
I had no interchange of interests
Or sensibilities with them; and if
I mixed in their detested intercourse,
A cold electric chill would creep upon them —
A shuddering sense of horror unexplain'd,
And undefinable; when each would turn
His blank eyes on the other, as to read
The thoughts he fear'd were mirror'd in his own,
And leave me to the frightful solitude
Of my own uncompanionable breast!
'*Eda.* Why did they shrink from thee? whence came
their awe?
'*Ahasuerus.* They saw my woe in its external form.
There were who met the glance of my wild eye
And never smiled again; some fled from me
As from a pestilence — but this endured not;
For soon I learn'd to mask my face with smiles,
And by Arabian art to hide the scars
Misery and guilt had graven there. I sought
By potent drugs, and crucibles, and spells,
For youth, when nought could waken a new spring
In my decay'd affections. No! the blight
Of age, that, like the canker, preys unseen
Upon the core of the tree's life, had work'd
Its paralysing way into my heart,
And wither'd it for ever in its springs!'

The mountains and excavations in India, probably those of Elephanta, are the subjects of the ensuing gorgeous description:

'Can I forget that I had wander'd
Over the Indian Appennines — those Ghauts,
Whose summits, inaccessibly secure,
Are pinnacled with fortresses that frown
The stern defiance of the mountaineer!
Lo! where the pass winds onward through ravines
That clothe their perpendicular sides with trees,
And thousand odorous shrubs, and plants, and flowers,
Unnumber'd in degree; and parasites,
Of every shape and hue, that, as a web
Of the most intricate texture, weave their folds
About the trunks; that like Bacchantes, stretch
From bough to bough their garlands evergreen
Festooning; whilst in the far gulf below
Voices of many cataracts roar unseen:
Over that blossomy wilderness — What power
Was here to lure me from the path — whose thorns

Of

Of anguish and despair goaded me on
My ever-weary way! But what are these,
Unlike the fabrics of man's art, these temples,
Buried in subterranean solitude,
And silence awful as the grave? Some, deep
And dank, and dimly seen athwart the gloom
Cast by the shadows of the massy pillars
That bear a roof of mountains in their arms!
Some were as things of wonder, and did seem
To move towards me, on the backs upraised
Of tigers and of hippogriffs! and some,
Tier above tier, on fretted galleries piled,
Until they glitter'd in the vault of heaven!
Whilst others in the fathomless abyss
Of crags, that toppled as to overwhelm,
Stood islanded! On all sides I beheld
The delicatest sculpture; and within
The vast and desolate courts, with grass o'ergrown,
Sphynxes, and elephants, and obelisks,
And columns fairer than Ionic, rose!
And who are they, that in these countless caves,
Of unimaginable shapes, and arm'd
With strange and mystic implements of death
And torture, in admixtures stranger still
Of men and beasts of prey, deformity
Brute-like nor human — the distemperature
Of Fancy in her most distorted dreams,
Stand ranged along the empty corridores?
Are they of other worlds, or beings such
As ruled in this before the mighty flood
Swept all things else in undistinguish'd wreck!
And spared it, in its devastating course,
This work of giant hands, this monument,
Eternal as myself?'

Julian dies for love of Eda, ignorant of the secret of her birth, for she was his sister! — We must close our citations with these lines, in which the result of their ill-fated tenderness is described.

'And from that time of sorrow Eda pined
As with a secret spell! whether it were
Pity for Julian's fate — who died for her!
A brother known too late — and lost when known!
Or that the immedicable grief of one
She loved beyond all power of mortal love,
Wither'd her heart! she pined — and day by day,
Grew lovelier, as more weak, till her fair earth
Seem'd a fit shrine for spirit! and oft a hue,
A hectic flush, like that which paints the rose,
And destin'd, as that flower, too soon to fade —

The fate of all things best and heavenliest here!
Burn'd in her cheek, and told how fierce within
The fever prey'd! and as a taper's flame
Blazes at times with brightness scarce its own
Upon the verge of darkness, heralded
By that unnatural light, the life-blood thus
Flicker'd at times within her wasting frame,
As through an urn of purest crystal flowing!
'It was a lovely evening! all the birds
Were still — all nature hush'd to rest; and, save
The chirping of the grasshopper, that thing
Of joy that mocks our sorrow, and that made
The silentness more felt, no sound was there!
The sun had made a bright and azure course;
And as he linger'd over the western wave,
She gazed upon its disk, about to set
Below the golden-fringed clouds, that told
Of a bright journey on the morrow; gazed,
And knew she ne'er should see that orb again!
But as it sunk, her being flow'd away,
And ebb'd as slowly — not a pang was seen
To speak of dissolution! She became
Faint and more faint! and still her closing eye
Rested on Ahasuerus — fix'd on him
With all the intense affection of her soul
'Twas kindled for a moment! Oh what words —
What tongue or language but had fail'd to paint
The meaning fraught in that one look, that said,
"Oh! not to die is painful! not to quit
This world — but thus to part, and go, alas!
Where thou canst never follow! thus to die,
And meet no more hereafter — this is death!"
'Twas but a moment — and the spark was fled
That gave that look its being! but a smile
Yet linger'd on her lips, an angel smile —
Pure and ethereal, such as when the soul
Is of its dross divested, and the links
Of that mysterious chain that binds on earth
Essence with matter, are for ever burst!
There was a calm upon her features shed
In that last sleep, a sweet serenity
Left by her parting spirit, ere it wing'd
Its flight to regions of the blest, that gave
A certain earnest of its joys above.
'Now the short turf grows greenly where she lies,
And the sweet flower she loved, whose darker hue
Seem'd borrow'd from her eyes — the violet,
Fit emblem of her innocence and fate,
Blooms on her grave — her tomb is in his heart!'

We

We have unreluctantly done homage to the great talents of this author: but we wish that they had been employed on subjects more befitting them. To select, with a gloomy predilection for wretchedness, the storms and whirlwinds of the moral world, — the tossings and agitations of guilt, — the dead and icy despair, from which, whether in real or in pictured life, we instinctively shrink with affright, — narrows the domain of imagination; and the fidelity of the picture is a miserable compensation for the gloominess of the scene. The poet's fancy was not given for the embellishment of themes like these, but was destined to *wander* in brighter regions; — those of exalted sentiment, — of pure and virtuous emotion, — of the gentler charities of life, — friendship, love, and affection; — not to hover over the charnel-house and the sepulchre, wasting its powers on all that is terrific and loathsome.

ART. VII. *Sylva Florifera:* the Shrubbery historically and botanically treated; with Observations on the Formation of Ornamental Plantations, and Picturesque Scenery. By Henry Phillips, F.H.S., Author of *Pomarium Britannicum*, and *History of cultivated Vegetables*. 2 Vols. 8vo. About 340 Pages in each. Price 1*l*. 1*s*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1823.

WE have already sauntered with Mr. Phillips through the orchard (vol. xcv. p. 136.) and the kitchen-garden (vol. ci. p. 35.); and we have now to accompany him in the walks of the shrubbery and ornamental plantation. He justly reminds us that these pleasing and elegant embellishments of the villa are of genuine British origin; and that they are still most successfully cultivated in our island, where the diffusion of wealth and of good taste happily combines with the durable verdure of the turf and the superior qualities of the gravel, to maintain the attractions of our artificial groves. Some of the principles of this peculiar style of gardening are stated generally, and rather loosely, in the introduction to the present publication; and some of the more common errors are at the same time pointed out. Thus, we are warned against planting too close to a dwelling-house: 'Although such a plantation may have a pretty appearance in the infant state, a few years' growth will cause it to cast a gloom over the apartments, and keep off a free circulation of air. Besides, as plants give out noxious air in the evening, it should be more particularly guarded against in this moist atmosphere.

'The training of trees to the walls of houses is also objectionable, as they cause damps, harbour insects, and collect

leaves and other substances that become offensive by their putrefaction, whilst the view of the plants themselves cannot be enjoyed from the windows. However, all offices, out-houses, and unsightly buildings, may be covered with vines and ornamental climbers.'

As in the two former productions by the same writer, the species selected for discussion are here again arranged in the order of the alphabet; and they are treated rather in a popular than a profound manner, the text being duly besprinkled with poetical allusions. The first article, *Acacia*, or *Robinia Acacia*, is the identical *Locust-tree*, of which we have of late heard so much in the public prints. In this country, it should be raised from the seed, and transplanted early into a sheltered situation, in loose sandy soil. Its elegant foliage appears late in the spring, and fades early in autumn: but, whether in a fresh or a dried state, it affords excellent fodder for cattle, although the bark has been found poisonous for horses. The wood may, even when recently felled, be used for fuel: but it possesses other and more valuable properties; since, besides those that are enumerated in the text, it resists corruption either in air or water, is seldom attacked by insects, and is well adapted for hop-poles and vine-props. The variety which some botanists denominate *spectabilis* might have been likewise noticed; for it is more shewy and majestic, and grows more rapidly, shooting up to twelve or even fifteen feet in one year. It requires, however, to be grafted on a stock of the common kind that is two or three years old. The *Mitis*, or spineless sort, is also deserving of attention: because, though it rarely blossoms, it quickly produces a dense shade, and has a most picturesque aspect, besides that its profusion of sweet leaves yields most nourishing food for cattle.

The *Alder* and the *Arbutus* are both discussed at considerable length. Under the latter, mention might have been made of *A. andrachne*, which is tall and stately, but more impatient of cold than the *unedo*. Both sugar and wine may be obtained from the fruit of the latter; though, from the unequal manner in which the fruit is matured, neither of these products could be realized on a large scale without much trouble and expence.

Mr. Phillips is diffuse and even witty on the *Ash*. His notices of the extraordinary dimensions of some individuals of this species will be perused with interest; and we trust that the ensuing suggestion will not be penned in vain:

'Nature, which provides the Greenland bear with its shaggy coat, and adapts the plumage of the feathered race to the height they

they are destined to soar in the air, has not with less wisdom clothed the vegetable creation with a foliage suitable to their natural destinations. Thus the ash, which was allotted to cover the barren spils of the most bleak and exposed situations, securely locks up its winged foliage and its loose flowers within its black buds, until Boreas has exhausted his March winds; and the early retiring of its sap in autumn leaves the branches disengaged of their pinnated foliage, before the arrival of the equinoctial gales, thus leaving the trunk and branches too poor for the hurricane to vent its vengeance on. It is therefore well calculated for plantations on those exposed situations on the sea-coast, where but few other trees will prosper; and the planting of those few in such situations is often too much neglected, as the dreariness of the downs in the vicinity of Brighton so conspicuously exemplifies, where, if a few patches of ground were ploughed up and sown with ash keys, holly berries, and furze seed, as happy a combination would spring up, as the greatest admirers of light and shade could wish. We make this observation on a September day on a spot with such scenery before us, where the thinly-scattered but elegant pinnated leaves of the pale ash, and its light hanging bunches of keys, bend with every breeze over the immoveable holly, whose dark shining spiny foliage reflects the vermilion berries which crowd its spiral branches; whilst the approach to their trunks is defended by the chevaux de frize of the gaily yellow and sweetly perfumed furze.'

M. Bosc's memoir on this genus might have furnished some valuable information, especially with regard to some of the less known species.

That the name of the *Birch* is of similar pronunciation in all the European languages is, obviously, a mistake; for in French it is *Bouleau*, in Italian *Betulla*, &c. Besides the common, such of the American species as are suited to our climate might have been noticed. Thus, the *B. papyrifera* of Michaux, and the *B. pumila* of Linné, have been successfully cultivated in Europe, either from the seed or by grafting. The latter, by the way, has been improperly denominated, since it will rise to the height of forty feet; and, when detached at some distance from clumps, it produces a fine effect in landscape gardening.

When adverting to the *Spanish Broom* (*Spartium junceum*), the author might have referred to the *Journal de Physique* for April, 1787, for an account of its culture in the environs of Lodève; where it is manufactured into cordage and a sort of coarse cloth, and where it supplies a very seasonable winter-food for the cattle. On some of our sandy and waste soils, it might possibly be raised for the same purposes.

Cedar forms an extended and rather interesting article; and it is curious to reflect that the Cedar of Lebanon is now more multiplied in England than on Mount Libanus.

Among

Among the many particulars related of the *Elm*, its astonishing fecundity should not be overlooked; for it has been ascertained to live a century and a half, and may yield from 25,000 to 30,000 seeds annually, or four millions and a half in the course of its life: so that, if all were to reach perfection, the earth would be speedily overshadowed by them. We may add that the growth of this tree is very rapid; and that the seed, if thrown on the ground as soon as ripe, will shoot up in five or six days, the stem attaining to upwards of a foot in height by the month of November. The best trees are those which are raised from the seed. 'We have lately,' says Mr. P., 'seen elms of a considerable size transplanted, but they seldom make much new wood; and younger trees soon produce a better shade, and outrun the older plants, particularly if little trenches be dug near the roots to hold the rain-water, that will greatly facilitate their growing in dry summers, and retain their verdure much longer. We observed this practice and its advantages in many new formed boulevards and plantations of elms in the vicinity of Paris, where this tree is not less a favourite than in the environs of London,' &c.—From the circumstance of the elm having been so often raised from seed, and from the half-domesticated treatment which it has received in most civilized countries, numerous varieties have resulted, which some botanists range under separate species, and others regard as only modifications of the parent-stock. The quantity of mucilage contained in the leaves renders them no despicable nourishment for cattle in times of scarcity; and pigs have been observed to devour them with avidity.

The maritime variety of *Pinus sylvestris* was worthy of distinct consideration; as it is one of the few trees which will thrive on barren sand, and close by the sea-shore. It is, consequently, also well adapted for screening young plantations in maritime districts; and hence it has long been cultivated, on a large scale, both in Guienne and Brittany.

The account of the *Furze*, which is not devoid of interest, involves one of those little digressions that relieve the didactic details, and bespeak at once the soundness of the author's judgment and the goodness of his heart.

'During the height of agricultural prosperity,' says he, 'it was principally sown as a cover for game, for which it is admirably adapted; and it is with great pleasure we see it employed for this purpose in poor lands, as we are no less an advocate for the increase and preservation of game, than we are desirous to see the game-laws new modelled and justly administered; for surely what a gentleman rears with expence, and preserves with care on his own estates,

estates, ought to be as decidedly his own as the deer in his park, or the poultry in his yard. But at present it is his to shoot, but not his to dispose of; he dares not send it to the open market to benefit himself, or to gratify the public, who do, and ever will, esteem it hard that laws should forbid them to eat such wholesome food as they have a desire for, and money to purchase. We admit that a qualified person is allowed to make presents of game, but we cannot ask our licensed friends for a brace of birds without giving them the idea that we think ourselves neglected; and few would wish to give, or conceive such an idea.

'It is not long since the physicians of Paris forbad a most interesting invalid of our family to take any animal food excepting partridges, which were recommended as a daily diet. These were easily obtained, so long as we remained not only in that city, but in all the country-towns likewise; but the moment we arrived in an English town, this comfort was forbidden, unless we would either condescend to beg, or risk the penalty of offended laws.

'We feel satisfied that if game were allowed to be as publicly sold as venison, we should in a few years hear no more of poachers than we now hear of deer-stealers.

'The number of poachers, who, at the present time, fill our prisons, is a national disgrace, whilst their terrible boldness and infamous acts would be revolting to the most uncivilized nations; but as long as luxury demands, and the laws forbid, the regular supply of this kind of food, so long will there be found men to pursue the nefarious trade of poachers. We hear of no poachers on the Continent, where game is publicly sold; and it would be hardly more unreasonable to banish mutton from our shambles for fear of creating sheep-stealers.

'At the time when the luxury of the patricians was undermining the safety of the Roman empire, the plebeians were prohibited by law from eating artichokes, which were then considered a dainty for man, although Pliny considered it the natural food of the ass.'

The history and properties of the *Hawthorn* are well detailed: but the alleged import of its French appellation, *Aubépine, the morning of the year*, is more poetical than correct, the term being a corruption of *Alba spina*, and denoting neither more nor less than *White-thorn*. — The fitness of the *Holly* for a hedge is well illustrated by the following *imperial* anecdote:

'Evelyn tells us, that his garden at Say's Court was surrounded with an impregnable hedge of about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five in diameter: "it mocks," says this worthy author, "the rudest assaults of the weather, beasts, or hedge-breakers;" and it was almost the only thing belonging to his garden that was not destroyed by the Czar of Muscovy. Mr. Evelyn had lent his house to Peter the Great, in order that he might be near the Dock-yard at Deptford, during his stay in Eng-

England; and we are told that this imperial shipwright was so fond of being driven in a wheelbarrow over the box edgings and the parterres of the author of the Sylva, that they were entirely destroyed; "which," says he, "I can shew in my now ruined gardens at Say's Court (thanks to the Czar)."

'Mr. Evelyn was evidently a good Christian, but he appears to have overlooked the passage in Scripture, which says,

'"Put not your faith in princes;"

for it does not appear that the Emperor of Russia made him the least recompence for the devastation he committed, both in the garden and the mansion; and he certainly was an unrewarded slave to Charles the Second.'

With respect to the *Hornbeam*, it has perhaps been too hastily proscribed from many of our plantations; for, though we can no longer tolerate the trim and precise alleys and arbours of our forefathers, the pleasing green of its foliage, which appears early in spring, and continues till the winter has advanced, so as to afford shelter to birds and delicate plants, ought to secure for it a place in the wilderness or extended shrubbery. Its timber, also, is very compact, and not only furnishes a superior fuel, but has been found to yield the best charcoal for the manufacture of gun-powder.

Cytisus Alpinus of Willdenow, and *C. laburnum* of Linné, though often confounded, are really distinct; the former attaining to a greater size, the leaves being placed on longer foot-stalks, and its pendant blossoms being not only more numerous but fragrant. It grows spontaneously on the Swiss Alps, and on elevated situations in the south of France. Its hard, flexible, and very elastic wood, is scarcely less valuable than that of the Chesnut; and, in the district of Maconnais, it is used for bows, which retain their strength and springiness for half a century. Though a native of cold mountains, it readily accommodates itself to almost every situation and soil, grows rapidly, and is easily propagated either by seed or by cuttings. The *C. laburnum*, on the contrary, which most frequently occurs in our gardens and shrubberies, has its leaflets slightly hairy and elongated, its blossoms smaller, more precocious and scentless, and its pods less flattened. It possesses most of the properties of the former, but in an inferior degree; and, having been imported from Italy, it is liable to be affected by frost in the spring.

The *Larch* forms the subject of an instructive and entertaining article, but without exhausting the circumstances connected with its natural and economical history. For instance; it might have been mentioned that Saussure observed it on Saint Bernard, at the height of of 823 toises above the level

of

of the sea, and that Fenille attests its healthy vegetation in the plains of Bresse: but that, in a hot southern exposure, its leaves become yellow and shrivelled. Although Miller and others have regarded the Siberian and the Black American as only varieties of the European Larch, yet the first is uniformly distinguished by longer leaves and larger cones, and the second by small lax cones.

Mr. Phillips very properly enters his protest against the use of *Lauro-cerasus* in cookery.

'It was formerly,' he says, 'much used in this country to give a flavour to puddings and custards, &c.; but this practice is much less frequent since it has been ascertained to be a deadly poison. We should therefore caution all persons against its use, and particularly cooks; for in case of accident, they would be tried for the murder of the sufferer as much as if they had used any other poisonous drug. Dr. Darwin says, "The distilled water from laurel leaves is, perhaps, the most sudden poison we are acquainted with in this country. I have seen about two spoonfuls of it destroy a large pointer dog in less than ten minutes. In a small dose it is said to promote intoxication. On this account there is reason to believe it acts in the same manner as opium and vinous spirit; but that the dose is not so well ascertained." As our shrubbery is meant to amuse, we forbear mentioning the dreadful consequences that have ensued from the baneful juice of this leaf; but we feel it a duty to caution those who may have been in the habit of using it, particularly as custards and puddings are generally eaten by children, whose constitutions may suffer through life from the injury done them by this mode of giving a relish to their diet.'

In his enumeration of large *Linden-trees*, the author might have included that which still exists in the court-yard of the castle of Chaille, near Melle, in Poitou. Its stem, which is hollow from age, measures about 45 feet in circumference, and bears six perfectly horizontal branches; of which the respective diameters, at the base, are little short of four feet. These branches, which would long since have given way but for the strong props on which they rest, are 43 feet long, and sustain sixteen upright boughs, above 46 feet high, and of proportionate thickness, each forming as it were a large tree. The total height is 60 feet, and the entire circumference of the branches not less than 300 feet.

Passiflora racemosa, or the *Bunch-flowered Passion-flower*, is thus described:

'The petals of this species are of a fine crimson, and the rays of the crown purple, springing from a ring of a dark puce, regularly spotted with white, that has the appearance of a circle of pearls. The converging crown that covers the nectary is of a fine green.

green. The corolla, before it expands, has the form of a balloon-purse; and as the extremity of the branches hang loaded with the buds in a progressive state, it has a most lovely effect.

'This species of passion-flower was observed by the late Mr. E. J. A. Woodford, growing wild in the shade of the woods, near the shore, about three miles from the city of Rio Janeiro. Mr. Woodford conveyed it to Lisbon, where he cultivated it with success. In its native country, it blossoms in November and December, producing generally two stems from the same stock, one of which proves fertile, and is without leaves, while in that state; the other remains barren and in leaf, but becomes fertile in its turn the succeeding year. It was thought that this beautiful plant could only be made to thrive in the stove; but we saw, in the summer of 1821, a fine plant of this kind in full flower, in a conservatory belonging to the Earl of Egremont, at Petworth. The petals of these flowers are keel-shaped, and when fully expanded each blossom measures from four to five inches in diameter, and it is perfectly without scent.'

Among the *Poplars* cultivated in this country, the *balsamifere* of Linné, or *Tacmahac*, was deserving of a place, both because it puts forth its leaves so early in spring, and because it is so readily confounded with the *P. candicans* of Bosc: but the latter attains to a greater height, and has the under surface of the leaves of a glossy white, with the buds less gummy.

The *Rose*, and its innumerable varieties originating in domestic culture, are treated in Mr. Phillips's discursive manner, but still with laudable discretion; for the subject, if prosecuted in all its details, might occupy volumes.

The intimate alliance between *Rhododendron* and *Azalea* is proved by the experiments of Mr. Herbert, of Spofforth, near Wetherby, who has succeeded in raising a new plant by scattering the pollen from the anthers of rhododendron, *maximum*, over the stigma of the common white glaucous-leaved azalea, from which seed have been raised mule plants, which partake of the nature of both parents. It takes after the rhododendron in its coriaceous evergreen foliage, the number of its stamens, the redness and expansion of the limb of the corolla; after the azalea in the blueness of the leaves, the tapering of these towards each end, in the cylindrical elongation and whiteness of the tube of the corolla, &c.'

Of the different species of *Sumach*, or *Rhus*, notice might have been taken with more discrimination. The *toxicodendron* and the *radicans* of Linné seem to differ only in the leaflets; and the shrub, which Rafinesque has denominated *Philostemon*, hardly required to be disjoined from them. The milky juice, that flows from the footstalk of a leaf torn from one of these

shrubs, is, when taken internally, highly deleterious; and, if applied to the skin, it will excite inflammation. Even the exhalations from the *toxicodendron*, in hot weather, are said to be sensibly noxious. Dr. Dupenoy, of Valenciennes, has, however, obtained from this poisonous plant an extract which he has exhibited with success in cases of impetiginous affections, and paralysis of the lower limbs. — Some of the properties of *Clematis vitalba*, or *Common Virgin's Bower*, may in like manner be little known to the British reader: but, in Italy, its tender shoots are substituted for asparagus, their deleterious qualities being rendered inert by boiling. Knavish mendicants, too, employ the leaves to produce extensive excoriations, and thus excite the compassion of the spectator; whence the French call it *Herbe aux gueux.* — The *Tamarisk*, again, besides displaying its graceful airs in the shrubbery, contributes to impart fertility to the wastes on sea-shores, and the borders of the salt lakes of Siberia; for it decomposes the muriate of soda more effectually than glass-wort, barilla, or the fuci; and it yields, by incineration, a greater proportion of mineral alkali. Accordingly, the *T. gallica* is extensively cultivated on the shores of Languedoc, where it is cut every second year, and uprooted every tenth; having then decomposed the marine salt of the soil, and rendered it fit for the reception of corn. At a distance from salt water, the Tamarisk yields only *vegetable* alkali.

Before we dismiss these volumes, we have to remark that they are composed on the same plan, and nearly in the same style and manner, with the author's two former publications; of which, indeed, they may be regarded as the sequel and the complement. In many cases, the history of the several trees and shrubs, and particularly their introduction into this country, have been traced with more or less success. As the whole is better calculated for reference than for continuous perusal, the comments might, by the adoption of a smaller type, have been considerably extended, without adding to the size of the work; and room might have been thus left for noting the respective specific gravities of the different kinds of wood, the insects which haunt them, and various other particulars which are either wholly or partially omitted. We perceive, however, fewer symptoms of a credulous propensity than heretofore, and less frequent deviations from the ordinary rules of good writing. Yet the style would admit of polish and correction; and, in a second edition, it would be desirable to avoid some unsightly slips both of the pen and of the press.

ART.

ART. VIII. *Essay on Liberalism*; being an Examination of the Nature and Tendency of the Liberal Opinions: with a View of the State of Parties on the Continent of Europe. By the Author of "Italy and the Italians in the Nineteenth Century." 8vo. pp. 238. Pewtress. 1823.

THIS is the production of a foreigner, who, having made himself a tolerable proficient in our language, has undertaken to enlighten us on the great conflict that has been for some time proceeding in Europe between the two political classes which divide it. * It was written before the late unprincipled invasion of Spain by a French army, for the undisguised purpose of putting down a popular constitution, and restoring the government which existed in that country previously to its reformation. The author is a decided foe to liberalism; anathematizes every attempt to correct the abuses of despotic power; and, whether they are Carbonari in Italy, Illuminati in Germany, or Liberals in France, who write or speak or act in defence of popular rights, he condemns the whole in a mass as forming one sect, arrayed in hostility to the repose and welfare of society. His Essay is a sort of manifesto, therefore, in favor of the principles of that "Holy Alliance," which seems to have sworn destruction to every political institution that emanates from the only legitimate source of government, the collective will of the people.—When the author composed his diatribe, the Spanish constitution was in a state of settlement and repose; and he could not even dream of its being so soon overthrown by a party acting on his own political principles, but unfortunately enabled to force those principles on an independent country by the irresistible argument of the bayonet. He has, consequently, excepted the case of Spain from the scope of his reasoning: but his argument on that country is a complete refutation of his book, for it shews incontestably that the danger which at present menaces Europe is not likely to be derived from liberalism, or popular commotion, but from a species of monarchical fanaticism quite new to the world, and intent on stirring up an unholy crusade against liberty, wherever it exists or is desired. We shall quote the passage entire,—this one paragraph of five pages:

'We must not overlook a country where great events have recently occurred, effected, at least in appearance, by a spirit of Liberalism, which however materially differs in its origin from that of France and Italy, being peculiarly modified by local and other

* We spoke of his work on Italy, which was avowed to be the production of "A Foreign Officer," in vol. xcv. No. for June, 1821.

circumstances. Any person acquainted with the state of Spain for the last fifteen years, and more particularly during the six years which followed the restoration, must be fully aware of the difficulties in which that country was placed, and of the national causes which have decided its revolution. We ought to discriminate, and not to imitate the liberal school in their favourite system of generalizing; we must deplore the misfortunes of that ancient kingdom, of that brave though stern nation, which has shone with splendour in the history of modern Europe, and which has been impelled by a succession of fatal circumstances to the present crisis. The Spaniards having crossed the Rubicon, must now proceed in their course and abide the consequences. Spain is trying another solution of the problem of a monarchy unsupported by aristocracy: precedents are not in her favour; but whatever be the ultimate result of her trial, her example will afford an additional warning against rash political experiments in other countries; for even if she succeeds, it will be at the price of such enormous sacrifices, as ought to deter every other nation from running the same chance, especially as no other nation is, or is likely to be, placed in the same predicament in which Spain was in 1819. We must recollect also that the first seeds of discord in that unfortunate country had been sown many years before by the French revolutionists, who involved it in ruinous and anti-national measures, who exhausted its finances, humbled its rank, and caused the destruction of its navy; that afterwards Bonaparte seeing the country reduced to a state of debility and apparent inanition, availing himself of domestic dissensions, overthrew the government. To oppose that unprincipled aggression, the energies of a susceptible people were roused and perhaps over-excited; it was during the din of battle, by the smoke of their burning villages, passing over the bodies of their slain countrymen, that some patriots assembled and agreed upon the necessity of framing a government in the forced absence of their sovereign, and it was within the walls of Cadiz, besieged and bombarded by a French army, that the Spanish deputies compiled a constitution, which they hoped would unite all Spaniards, little foreseeing that it would one day be the pretence for civil strife and bloodshed. It was not in opposition to the monarchy but in support of it, that the constitution was framed; whatever its faults and imperfections may be, they did not proceed from a revolutionary spirit, but from the hurry of the moment and the extremely critical circumstances of the country. *Viva el Rey* was the watch-word of the defenders of Saragoza, of the conquerors of Baylen, of the victims of Tarragona; it was echoed from one extremity of the kingdom to the other, from the mountains of Asturias to the Sierra Morena; it was the cry of priest and layman, of noble and plebeian, of soldier and peasant, and even of the smuggler and the muleteer. In the course of a long and arduous struggle against the common enemy, the people of Spain had not much time to discuss the theory of political rights, but from the very distracted state of their country they became accustomed to live in a sort of wild

freedom; the intercourse with their English allies also gave rise to comparisons and reflections not always favorable to the old system by which they had been ruled. And if, after the successful and glorious end of the war, an opportunity was lost of reconciling the new ideas with the old forms, let it be remembered that those sovereigns of Europe who are now supposed to be so hostile to freedom, repeatedly urged the cabinet of Madrid to adopt a representative form of government, to assemble the ancient cortes of the kingdom with the modifications required by the state of the public mind; to depart, in short, from the mistaken system which has since led to the revolution. If prejudices, or perhaps national vanity prevented the Spanish ministry from listening to foreign advices, the allies at least discharged at that time a disinterested duty; and these allies are now accused by the Liberals of wishing for the re-establishment of the Inquisition and absolute despotism! I have made this disgression merely to shew that the spirit of the Spanish constitution does not proceed from the same origin as the former republicanism and the actual liberalism of France and Italy. Another distinguishing character is that the defenders of constitutional and monarchical Spain against the legions of the conqueror of Europe were also the defenders of religion and of its ministers against the jacobinical infidelity of the invaders. That there has since arisen, from various causes, another spirit in that country, that there is now a party of Ultra Liberals, who profess the same principles as their French and Italian brethren, who are not satisfied even with the present government, because they think it not yet popular or philosophical enough; this is the natural progress of every revolution, and does not militate against my assertion, that the source of Spanish patriotism was originally much purer than that of jacobinism or even of liberalism. Much may be hoped from the steady character of the Spanish people, something also from the lesson of France, which must be present to their recollection; should they choose to follow the steps of the latter, they might occasion incalculable mischief to all Europe, but they and their children would be at the end the principal sufferers, and they would draw upon themselves the curses of millions. Let us hope better things of Spain; that country is, at the moment I am writing, yet a monarchy, though perhaps verging towards the outward extremity of the monarchical system, but still a monarchy; how long it can possibly remain so, is a matter of speculative doubt; how long it will, events will prove. The legislators and the ministers of Spain stand as yet upon neutral ground, they have not imitated the Legislative Assembly of 92 in its excesses, but they must beware of the violent Liberals, for should these obtain much influence in the councils of government, they will prove more dangerous to the constitution and to the country than the army of La Fé. One excess, one act of injustice, does not justify another; a new government should take care that the people do not draw comparisons favorable to the old one; men are already but too much disposed to this mental infidelity, and if unnecessarily vexed and

 personally

personally injured, they may be brought to regret *even the Inquisition.* And really if men are to be arrested in the dead of night, exposed to the fury of the mob, thrown into prison, or exiled without trial, and their property sequestrated, it signifies little whether it is by the *familiares* of the holy office, or by those of a patriotic municipality. Conciliatory measures might yet do much good in Spain; her situation is extremely difficult; but unnecessary violence and obstinacy will only increase her difficulties.'

The fact is that the division of mankind into Whig or Tory, Liberals or Anti-liberals, must in the nature of things exist. Power, wherever lodged, manifests as natural and necessary a tendency to abuse, as matter to gravitation; and there must always be an effort, on the part of those who are exposed to its oppressions, to coerce and control it. The struggle that now exists was carried on between patricians and plebeians two thousand years ago; and under new names and designations the same contest will probably long continue: but as to the cause that will ultimately triumph, reason and philosophy teach us to hope that Providence has not destined the overthrow and extinction of truth, liberty, and justice.

ART. IX. *Cœur de Lion;* or, the Third Crusade: a Poem, in Sixteen Books. By Eleanor Anne Porden, Author of "The Veils," "The Arctic Expeditions," and other Poems. 2 Vols 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* Boards. Whittakers.

WE reviewed the former productions of this ingenious lady so much in detail, that our readers can be no strangers to her merits and her style; and we cannot now be required to characterize either. The present poem fully supports the character which the fair author had previously acquired, for it displays much ease in the general cast of its language, and occasional dignity and vigor in its versification. It is perhaps to be regretted, however, that Miss Porden * has chosen a subject of such remote antiquity; which, at the same time that the events and the principal characters are familiar to the generality of readers, affords little opportunity for that vivid representation of the minuter parts, or those picturesque delineations, which are the life and soul of poetry. An epic in sixteen books is indeed a very arduous undertaking.

We extract with pleasure the following passage as a specimen of the author's powers; in which, after having explored

* If we are rightly informed, this lady has forfeited her title to the maiden appellation which we have now given her, by "entering the holy state of matrimony" since the publication of the volumes before us.

a desolate country, Pardo finds himself at length in the cavern of the Prince of the Assassins.

'What odours from a thousand glowing flowers,
Fair as the bloom of Irem's fabled bowers!
What strains from birds all glorious to behold,
With wings of purple, emerald, and gold,
All strange to Europe's niggard summers, borne
Round the young sleeper, speak th' awakening morn.
Again the wood his hasty meal supplied,
Again his steps the frequent footprints guide;
Here stately trees obstruct the cheerful day,
Here time-bow'd veterans bar the weary way;
Here rocks arise or narrow lawns are spread,
Here tangled brushwood closes all the shade.
And now he reached a stream; through narrow space
The sunbeams break upon its crystal face;
Th' acacia with its tufts of golden hair,
And taller trees, and flowers more fresh and fair
Hang o'er its waves, to view their image there;
Save where the lotos, as in wanton pride,
Spreads her broad leaves, and veils the lucid tide.
'Scarce mark'd the wanderer that the forest grew
Thin and more thin, and now retired from view;
For still, to screen him from the noontide beam,
A belt of verdure clothed the winding stream.
Till now a moss-grown arch contracts the wave,
In darkness chafing through the echoing cave;
And by a wall where clustering ivy twined,
Still veiled in wood, the devious path declined.
It reach'd a narrow gate; the iron pin
Yields to the warrior's hand, — he ventures in.
It was a garden, such as Arabs love,
Half art, half nature, wilderness and grove.
Myrtle and orange here, and cassia grows,
The dusky olive, and the glowing rose;
Here the lost stream, in mazy channels led,
Cools the hot breeze, and visits every shade;
The thick-wove foliage of the laurel bower,
And the pale star of sad Amina's flower.
But all was lonely, not a living sound —
And now he ventures on forbidden ground;
The Haram walls, as infant, maid, or wife,
Where Moslem beauty wastes her captive life.
'Twas not the thought that death might wait him there,
That with a strange oppression loads the air;
That stole its freshness from each fount that falls
In diamond showers within the glittering halls,
Where eastern luxury all her pride displays,
In many a lamp of gold and sculptured vase,
Or made the gay kitarr and amorous lute,
E'en to a lover's active fancy, mute.

The bath, whose waves a costly scent diffuse,
And shine o'er marble of a thousand hues;
Where roseate curtains shed voluptuous light,
And silken seats the weary limbs invite;
Charm'd not the warrior's free-born sense, nor stole
One softer feeling through his kindling soul.
" No!" he exclaim'd, " a purer stream I quaff'd,
This Circe's cup has poison in the draught;
The bird within its gilded cage may sing,
That never knew through azure fields to spring;
And beauty may be idly happy here,
Nor dream that heaven had will'd a higher sphere;
That she has sweeter duties, nobler powers,
Or soul more lasting than those birds and flowers.
And yet I love an Arab maid! — but why?
Because her spirit sparkles in her eye,
And inborn greatness lifts her far above
These idle triflings that her sisters love."
' Swift through the gloomy passages he ran,
That join the Haram to the halls of man.
But could a despot's lone abode impart
A sense more grateful to a Christian's heart,
Without one spell the hateful truth to hide,
They spoke of rapine, cruelty, and pride.
The cells where many a wretched, hopeless slave
Toils, bleeds, and sinks unpitied to the grave;
The long divan in Persian silks array'd,
The curtain'd galleries round the chamber spread,
Or those beneath, where day shall never come,
Where martial spoils are shrouded in the gloom,
Or murder hides the victim and the tomb;
Shuddering he saw; but all was lonely there,
And forth he rush'd to breathe a freer air.
He reached the court, where still in Arab state,
Chain'd by the foot, two harness'd coursers wait. *
One dark as stormy clouds or wintry night,
One as the lily's spotless blossom, white.
' " Wide is the plain, and hot the noontide ray,
No branches now will check a horseman's way;
Fortune, I take thy proffer'd gift — Oh! speed
My anxious wandering, as thou send'st the steed; —
For thee, thou raven beast, my cause is slight
To love thy dusky hue, — I choose the white."
' But little use he found of spur or rein,
For like an arrow glancing o'er the plain,
As with his freedom pleas'd, th' unfetter'd steed
Holds on his course with more than mortal speed.

' * It is a piece of Arab state to have one or more horses, ready saddled and bridled, chained by the foot in the court-yard of the house.'

Soon has he left each cultured scene behind,
He skims the sand, he snuffs the desert wind;
Bounds where th' enduring camel moves with pain,
And the red waves are like the stormy main.
The warrior faints beneath the noontide heat,
'Gainst the hot casque his painful temples beat,
Yet o'er the waste, with unabating force,
The wondrous *courser* holds his arrowy *course*.

'At last, 'twas at the sunset hour, he staid
Where fruitful palms a desert fountain shade;
And cooler gales its belt of herbage fann'd,
A verdant island in that sea of sand.
With joy the wanderer quits his wilful guide,
Culls the ripe dates, and drinks the cooling tide,
And slept — till with the morn beside him stood
The wondrous horse, and seem'd to court his load.

'"Methinks, if once from this waste region freed,
The sluggish ass shall be my battle steed;
I well deserve to lunar wilds to soar,
If, black or white, I trust in palfrey more!
Who knows the treason should the traitor fly?—
But sands surround me, I must mount or die."

'Thus still the Knight o'er desert realms was borne,
While swelling Cynthia fill'd her silver horn;
Nor man he saw, nor aught of living kind,
Save the vast ostrich, running with the wind;
Or the swift pelican, that flies to bring
Her nestlings water from the distant spring,
While still the courser stopp'd, as evening fell,
Where clustering palm-trees shade the lonely well,
And welcome sleep the wanderer's strength renew'd,
The spring his beverage, and the date his food.
At length more wild the barren region grows,
Near the hot desert snow-crown'd mountains rose;
The dews fell thick, the evening gale blew chill,
As rush'd the steed up many a rugged hill.
Each glen seem'd ruder, keener every blast,
And each steep ridge was loftier than the last.
And now he reach'd a height — one well might deem
The moon shed coldness in her piercing beam,
On naked peaks and brows for ever white,
And azure glaciers, glittering in the light.
But still by many a torrent's dangerous edge,
By many a precipice, whose slippery ledge
The mule might fear, with unabated speed,
And surer footing bounds th' unwearied steed.

'From a broad arch of undissolving snow
A rushing torrent sought the dell below;
Undazzled by the foam, or glittering light
Of pendant ice that fringed that vault of white,
The steed plunged in, where not a straggling beam
Shew'd the dark cradle of the roaring stream.

Onward

Onward he holds, nor heeds the dashing spray,
Nor fails his footing on that dangerous way;
The dread abyss might seem the path of hell,
Till opening on a rock-encircled dell,
Whose smooth steep sides shake off the feathery snow,
And shut the moonbeams from the depth below;
Save where one fallen peak with ruin strew'd
The rocky bottom, fragments vast and rude;
And, through the chasm, one silver ray was flung,
Where on the adverse wall a bugle hung.
'Its ample round the youth with music fills,
And wakes the echoes of a thousand hills;
When lo! the flinty barrier rolls away,
And unseen doors a lamp-lit cave display.
"Almighty Power! what now thy will?" he cried,
"But be thou yet my guardian and my guide."
'He quits his steed, which started off agen,
Draws his bright sword, and plunges in the den.
Again the valves have closed, the walls repeat
Nought save the echoes of his rapid feet;
Shew nought but rocks with tawny moss o'ergrown,
Or where the snow-damps filter through the stone;
The half-froze drop that caught the flickering light,
White clustering spar, and pendant stalactite.
'"Oft have I heard, in Arab story told,
How scaly dragons guard the cavern'd gold,
And fain would court such bold emprize: but fear
Aladdin's glittering garden shines not here;
And though I rubb'd yon rusty cressets bright,
They would not bring one giant friend to light;
Else should his lips a monarch's story tell.—
Alas! my own is doubtful! who can dwell
In scenes like these, whose savage gloom would fright
The holiest sage, the sternest Eremite?
My living dungeon, and perchance my grave!
But lo! where yon white veil divides the cave."—
'Twas but a bound,—he long'd to know his doom,
He drew it back, and stood within a room,
Shewn by a single lamp, half glare, half gloom.
Its lustre fell upon a plain divan,
Where sate in robes of white an aged man.'

Much spirit, we think, is manifested in the execution of this scene. The characters of Saladin and Richard, also, are throughout the poem well sustained; and, if the reader be not always interested, it is perhaps more just to attribute his languor to the nature of the subject than to any deficiency in the poet. If we may be permitted, we should recommend it to this lady to engage her talents in compositions of a less formidable length, and to undertake some task in which her poetic powers may be concentrated, rather than diffused over so large a space.

ART. X. *Memorials of Columbus;* or, a Collection of authentic Documents of that celebrated Navigator, now first published from the original Manuscripts, by Order of the Decurions of Genoa; — preceded by a Memoir of his Life and Discoveries. Translated from the Spanish and Italian. 8vo. pp. 251. 18*s*. Boards. Treuttel and Co. 1823.

THE claims of this work to public notice would appear chiefly to consist, as above stated, in some newly discovered MSS. in the hand-writing of the celebrated navigator, intrusted by him during his life to the care of one of his friends, and afterward to be deposited in the archives at Genoa. The copy, thus sent to his countrymen, he seems to have made from fear of any loss or suppression of the original documents; which are still, however, preserved entire in a monastery in Spain. The collection before us consists of two parts; viz. copies of instruments written on parchment, and of letters written on paper; besides grants and privileges, notes, and other documents: — but the volume has the farther recommendation of an introductory memoir of the Life of Columbus, translated from the Italian of Gio. Batista Spotorno, Professor of Eloquence, Director of the Public Schools, and Doctor of Philosophy and the Arts in the Royal University of Genoa. Incapable as we have here shewn ourselves of depriving the Signor of his just titles, yet, in fairness to his predecessor Bossi, who published nearly the whole of the same documents, with a very able and interesting memoir, we cannot admit Professor Spotorno's claim to complete originality in his labors. Indeed, Bossi's production abounded with excellent notes and illustrations, few of which appear in the present life; and any follower of that writer must have had a comparatively smooth career opened before him, though Sig. Spotorno does not appear to have taken undue advantage of the materials thus afforded him. If his memoir, however, is less copious and learned, it is scarcely inferior in point of interest and arrangement to that of the Chevalier Bossi; though not so valuable, perhaps, in the eyes of scientific and inquisitive readers.

Without farther pursuing a comparison, we may freely admit that the historical memoir, prefixed to these documents, adds very considerably to their value: for, however curious they may be as relating particulars connected with the history of so celebrated a character, they are seldom, with the exception of his own letters, of an interesting nature, and are calculated to prove attractive only when developed in the form of history. To men of science and enterprize, indeed, professionally interested in the subject, they may prove very accept-

acceptable for their own sake; feeling, as they must do, an interest in every thing relative to the name of the most daring and successful of adventurers: but, for the world in general, the subject must be thrown into a popular or poetical dress before it can fairly arrest their attention; and with this view it is, we presume, that, inspired with the magnitude and heroism of the exploit, so many poets have made it the theme of their praises. Besides our English bards, a French writer has written an epic poem intitled *Christophe Colomb;* and the Cavalier Stigliani boasts another, on "*Il Mondo Nuovo,*" dedicated to Ranuccio, the sovereign of Placentia.

It is not a little strange, therefore, that, having been treated in such a variety of popular forms, — in poems, voyages, and histories, — and calculated as so glorious an enterprize must be to expand and awaken the mind, — nearly the whole of these works should have been consigned to comparative neglect and oblivion; works which, had they appeared a few centuries back, would have been read with the utmost eagerness and avidity. Perhaps we have no stronger instance on record of the indifference with which things long known and familiar are apt to be viewed, whatever be their extent or importance. Though we may acknowlege them, we cannot bring ourselves to feel them in all the impressive power and grandeur which they assumed in the eyes of our ancestors: — we can scarcely imagine how the Spaniards felt on the first return of the world's great discoverer: — the freshness, the wonder, and the joy, have all died away as it were for ever; — and though we try to contemplate such an exploit with all due sensibility, it is grown old and dateless, and we have more sincere interest in the new adventures of a modern navigator, than in all the important voyages of Columbus.

Sensible, we imagine, of this truth, the author of the memoir before us has attempted by some little oratorical display, and studied announcement of the newly acquired documents, to rouse the attention of his readers; and to renew the feeling of admiration and the glow of adventure. However well adapted to a foreign taste his manner of doing this may be, it is somewhat too florid and ornamental for the sobriety of our English feelings; and when we read of the illustrious Decurions of Genoa publishing the *Codex Diplomaticus* of the immortal discoverer of America, compared with the old Athenians decreeing the painting of Miltiades in the Peciles, in the act of giving the signal for his memorable combat, we feel at least as much inclination to smile as to indulge lofty and proud emotions. It is but just to observe, however, that this tone of exaggeration is not found to run through the ensuing pages of

of the work; which, though sufficiently elevated and oratorical, seldom betray a false and inflated style.

We see no reason, moreover, to question the facts, or to doubt the genuine character of the documents recently brought to light, and committed by 'the most illustrious Decurions of Genoa' into the hands of the author for publication. The original papers, embracing the whole of the transactions between Columbus and the Spanish court, are still to be seen in the monastery of Santa Maria de las Cuevas in Seville; and, besides the copy which the celebrated subject of them had the precaution to send to Genoa, another was deposited with the originals, and one taken in the year 1502, preserved by Carvajal, duly signed and legalized in the Indies. Collating, then, these documents with some of those in Bossi, with the copies, and the original MSS., there will be little difficulty in deciding the long contested question, relative to the real descent and birth-place of Columbus, which has of late been so warmly disputed by different cities and families in Italy.

After all the arguments in which modern Italian biographers and genealogists, almost in the face of facts, have been pleased to indulge, it is at length clearly established by the additional evidence of these documents, (and it was before made sufficiently apparent, as we think,) that to Genoa alone belongs the honor of having produced the discoverer of a new world. Yet the point is brought forwards and argued as much at length, with a due consideration and balance of rival claims, in the memoir before us, as if it were now for the first time debated: a circumstance tending to give us a high opinion of the author's powers of supererogation. Conceiving it, no doubt, to be a parallel case with that of Homer, he deemed it no very short and easy task to adjust the weighty differences of a hundred cities; whose claims, we humbly trust, however, are now set at rest for ever; and, in spite of noble families, who are so willing to adopt him, may the world's great navigator be permitted in future to trace his undisputed origin to a poor Genoese wool-carder!

Christopher was the eldest of three sons, and was born in the year 1446 or 1447. He went to sea at the age of 14, and visited all parts of the Mediterranean, with the Greek islands, &c., and made several voyages to the northern seas. When not more than 25, he became captain of a ship of war, in the service of Réné d'Anjou, Lord of Provence, and King of Naples; in which, with the assistance of the Genoese, he undertook an expedition to Tunis, about the year 1473.—At the age of 29, he commanded a squadron of Genoese ships and galleys, with which he passed in the face of the Venetian

Venetian ships that were sent to protect the island of Cyprus; and calling out "St. George for ever!" he sailed on without being molested. For this fact, we perceive, the present editor is indebted to the learned Bossi, who ascertained it in the course of examining the public archives at Milan.—Harassed with the civil faction at Genoa, Columbus was soon compelled to seek employment at the court of Lisbon; whence in 1477 'he set out on a very arduous voyage, during which he reached as far as the 73d degree of north latitude; or, as he himself expresses it, 100 leagues beyond the Thule of Ptolemy, then called Friesland, and by the moderns Iceland.'—It is also supposed that he went as far as the coast of Greenland; 'and thus, without being aware of it, found himself in that new world, which he afterwards discovered with so much courage and good fortune.'

'He undertook several other voyages, especially to Guinea, to England, and to the islands possessed by Spain and Portugal in the Western Ocean; and these voyages were, no doubt, a real school to this great man. He took notes of every thing he saw; compared them with books of voyages and cosmography, and with the generally received opinions; made himself master also of the slight stock of astronomy and mathematics which could then be acquired; and was a willing student of history, philosophy, and religious subjects. He drew maps, and made globes; and, in proportion to the number of his acquirements, his thirst for every thing extraordinary gained strength. To the activity of his enthusiastic mind, the ancient hemisphere appeared too narrow, and the navigators of his own time too timid.' (P. 21, 22.)

While taking a hasty glance at some of the leading incidents and exploits of this great navigator's life, the few extracts which we can afford may serve also to convey an idea of the style and manner of the biographer:—for, with regard to the accompanying documents, excepting one or two of Columbus's own letters, they are little calculated to attract attention, and are rather curious and useful than entertaining. It will still, therefore, be more desirable to follow the great navigator of unknown seas through a part of his adventures and discoveries, his toils and his sufferings, than to enter into a detail of dryer matters, comparatively interesting to so very few. With regard to his principal undertaking, so vast in its conception and so astonishing in its results, it is remarkable that it had nearly, by mere chance, been before accomplished: for it is certain that, while the court of Lisbon affected to ridicule his views, and rejected his proposals as chimerical, an expedition was sent out in exact pursuance of the plans which he had developed, in order to ascertain their truth;

truth; and thus to snatch the wreath of glory from the brows of him to whom the sole merit was due. Owing, however, to the want of skill with which it was conducted, this enterprize failed; and Columbus, incensed at the repeated insults and opposition which he experienced, abandoned an ungrateful court, to offer his services elsewhere. Still he was doomed to meet with the same objections, and the same disappointment, from England and France, as well as from his native city of Genoa; to which, with the affection of an attached subject, he had more than once offered the possession of a new world. Yet, though his proposals for a voyage of discovery were thus declined by different governments, it is not less true that, before his final arrangements with the Spanish court, they repeatedly invited him back, farther to explain his views; and, though he refused to comply, he commissioned his brother Bartholomew to visit England for the purpose of ascertaining how far the intentions of King Henry VII. were in this respect sincere. Before a treaty could be made, however, Isabella had been induced to secure his services for the court of Spain, on condition that Columbus was to defray the expences of one of the three vessels destined for the enterprize. This arrangement excited the liveliest regret at the English court; and, had it been delayed only a few weeks, in all probability the glory of this great achievement might have fallen to the share of this country, and its hero, as well as the other victims of the cruel policy of the Spaniards, might have been spared a portion of the unmerited treatment which they were doomed to suffer.

It is impossible, indeed, to contemplate, without feelings of the strongest indignation, the series of sufferings and insults that were heaped on a man whose repeated voyages of successful discovery conferred such benefits on the country which employed him; and in which he was reduced to poverty, and finally died of a broken heart. All this, too, after having been hailed by applauding nations on his return, having received the royal thanks, seated at the side of princes, in the presence of a whole court, and having acquired the titles of Viceroy of the Indies, Admiral of the Ocean, &c., with the grant of an integral share in the produce of those realms. He was seized like a common felon in the New World to which he first led the way,

"*E di grand arma il Nuovo Mondo imprima :*"

he was there consigned to the hold of a vessel, and sent home in chains, without a crime as without a trial, at the instigation of

of a few mercenary wretches, to answer charges which, on his arrival, were never preferred!

In this collection of documents, we meet with a letter written by him soon after his arrival as a prisoner in the year 1500, in which he alludes to the subject. It is addressed to the nurse of the Prince Don John, and must be considered every way interesting and valuable, as expressing the undisguised sentiments of an injured yet magnanimous spirit. Its length, however, is such, that we can give only a few fragments of it.

'*Copy of a Letter written by the Admiral to the Nurse of the Prince Don John, (to whom be glory,) in the Year* 1500, *on his Arrival from the Indies, as a Prisoner.*

'Most honourable Madam,

'If my complaint against the world is new, its custom of ill treating me is old. A thousand combats I have had with it, and in all have resisted successfully until the present, in which neither arms nor prudence have availed me: it keeps me cruelly overwhelmed. My trust in Him who created all, alone supports me; His assistance I have ever found near at hand. It is not long since, feeling myself very much depressed, He raised me with His divine hand; saying, "Arise, thou man of little faith, it is I, fear not."

'I entered with the most sincere affection into the service of their Highnesses, and I have rendered them such service as was never seen or heard of before.

'Of the new firmament and land, which the Lord made, as Saint John writes in the Apocalypse, (after what had been said by the mouth of Isaiah,) He made me His messenger, and pointed out the way to me. All were incredulous. He inspired the Queen, my Lady, His dearly beloved daughter, with the spirit of intelligence, and great strength of mind, to give credit to me. I was to take possession of the whole in her royal name. The ignorance of all of them led them to display their lack of knowledge in magnifying the dangers and expences of the undertaking. Her Highness on the contrary approved of it, and supported it with all her might.

'Seven years were passed in treaty, and nine in execution. Most extraordinary and memorable events took place during that time, of which you can have no conception. I declare upon my honour, that there is not one being, however low, who has not tried to insult and degrade me. Thank Heaven! there are some persons who disapprove of it.

'Had I robbed the Indies, or the land contiguous to it, and which . . . . . is now talked of at the altar of Saint Peter, and given them to the Moors, they could not have shewn greater enmity in Spain against me. Who would have believed this of a country, which has always been so renowned for its generosity?

'I could have wished much to have freed myself from this affair, if I could have done it with honour towards the Queen.

My

My confidence in God and her Highness enabled me to persevere; and to alleviate, in some measure, the grief into which she was plunged by the death of her son, I undertook another voyage to the new heaven and earth, which had, till then, remained concealed. And if here the same importance is not attached to it, as to my former *voyages* to the Indies, it is not to be wondered at; as it served to make my exertions more conspicuous.

'The Holy Ghost inflamed Saint Peter, and twelve others with him; all fought then; our sufferings and fatigues were great: at last, however, we were victorious over every thing. This voyage of Paria, I think, might somewhat appease them, on account of the discovery of pearls and gold in Hispaniola. The pearls which were collected by the people, whom I ordered to go and fish for them, and with whom I agreed to return, may, I think, amount to half a bushel: the reason of my not writing to their Highnesses about it was, that I wished to have done the same previously with respect to the gold. As I was equally successful in this as in many other things, I ought not to lose them nor my honour, even if I consulted my own advantage; or were I to suffer Hispaniola to be abandoned; and if my privileges and agreements were preserved; and the same remark applies to the gold I have collected there. All which, at the expence of many lives and great sufferings, I have, through Divine Providence, brought to a happy issue. On my return from Paria, I found almost half the people in Hispaniola in a state of insurrection; they have waged war against me even till now, as if I were a Moor, and for other causes the Indians were a grievous source of annoyance. Just then came Fojeda, and attempted to crown all. He pretended that their Highnesses had sent him with promises of gifts, franchises, and liberal pay; he collected together a numerous band, as in the island of Hispaniola there are few who are not vagabonds; and not one with a wife and children. This Fojeda gave me much uneasiness. He was obliged to depart; and he left word that he would soon return with several vessels and people; and that he had left the Queen on her death-bed. Shortly afterwards, Vincent Agnes arrived with four caravels; which occasioned some tumult and alarm, but no mischief. The Indians reported that several others were arrived at the Cannibals and in Paria; and afterwards that six more caravels, bringing a brother of the alcalde, were arrived. But this was with a malicious intention. This at last took place, when almost all hope was abandoned of their Highnesses sending any more vessels to the Indies, nor did we any longer expect it, and it was commonly reported that her Highness was dead.'

After an enumeration of numerous other grievances with which he had to contend, secret conspiracies and open attacks, and his toils in amassing the due amount of pearls and gold, he thus continues, in a tone which seems to scorn the supposition that the insults inflicted on him could possibly proceed from the hand of a prince.

'If

'If their Highnesses were to give orders for a general inquiry here, I assure you it would discover such things as to make it wonderful that the island was not swallowed up.

'I think you will remember, Madam, that when I was driven by a storm into Lisbon, with not a sail remaining, I was falsely accused of going there to the King, in order to deliver up the Indies to him. Their Highnesses soon knew the contrary, and that it was all said through malice.

'However ignorant I may be, nobody can suppose me so ignorant as not to know, that if the Indies were mine, I should not be able to keep possession of them without the assistance of a prince. Such being the case, where could I find greater support, and more certainty of not being entirely driven from them, than in the King and Queen, our Lords, who from nothing have raised me to such high honour, and who by sea and land are the greatest princes in the world? Who look upon themselves as indebted to me, and preserve to me the privileges and favours they have granted me; and if any one seeks to diminish them, their Highnesses enlarge them still more, (as may be seen in the affair of Juan Aguado,) and order great honour to be shewn to me; and, as I have already told you, Madam, acknowledge my services, and have made my children their servants: none of which things I could expect from any other prince; for where there is no affection, all the rest is as nothing.

'What I have now unwillingly stated, is merely to refute a malicious calumny, which I should rather wish to banish from my memory, as the behaviour and actions of the Commander Bovadilla would maliciously give another colour to it: but I shall be able to prove that his ignorance, extreme cowardice, and immoderate cupidity, have been the causes of all that has happened.

'I have already mentioned, that I wrote to him and to the friars; I immediately departed alone, as I had written to him, as the troops were with the Prefect, and likewise to remove his suspicions. As soon as he heard of that, he seized Don Diego, and sent him on board a caravel loaded with fetters; he did the same to me on my arrival, as well as to the Prefect when he came. He neither spoke to me himself nor permitted any one else to speak to me until now; and upon my oath I declare to you, that I have no idea why I am imprisoned.

'His first step was to take all the gold that was found, without either measuring or weighing it; and as I was absent, he said that he would pay the people with it; and according to what I have heard, he took the first part for himself, and appointed new collectors for the ransoms. I had put aside, as specimens of the gold, a number of pieces, some as large as a goose's egg, others as a hen's or pullet's egg, and of various other shapes, collected by different persons in a short time, in order to please their Highnesses, and to enable them thereby to judge of the value of the enterprize, together with a considerable quantity of large stones full of gold. These were the first things he gave away maliciously; in order that their Highnesses might look upon the matter as of no trifling import-

importance, until he had feathered his nest, which he takes every method of doing quickly.

'The gold which has to be melted, loses in the process. Chains which would weigh as much as twenty marks, are no longer to be seen. I have suffered greater loss with respect to the gold than the pearls, because I have not brought it with me to their Highnesses.

'The Commander immediately employed every means that he could think of to injure me. I have already mentioned that with six hundred thousand maravedis I would have paid every body, without injuring any person, and that I possessed more than four millions of tenths in the Alguazilat, without touching the gold. He bestowed such largesses as excited the laughter of every body; although, I believe, he began by taking the best part for himself. Their Highnesses will be satisfied of this when they order an account to be taken, and especially if I should be present. He is continually reporting that there is a large debt owing, but it is not so great as I said it was. I have suffered great injury by their having sent out an Inquisitor over me, who knew that if he could substantiate any heavy charge against me, the government would be conferred upon him.

'Would to God that their Highnesses had sent out him, or any other person, two years ago; because I should now be freed from this scandal and infamy, nor should I lose or be deprived of my honour. God is just, and will make manifest the why and the wherefore. There they judge me, as if I were a governor of Sicily, or of a city or town placed under regular government; and where the laws could be strictly executed, without fear of the consequences. This I consider as very unfair towards me.

'I ought to be judged as a captain, who went from Spain to the Indies to conquer a numerous and warlike people, whose customs and ideas are entirely different from ours, inhabiting a rugged and mountainous country, without any regular towns like our own; by God's blessing I have already brought under the dominion of the King and Queen, our Lords, another world; by which Spain, which was looked upon as poor, is become very rich.'

Such were the unredressed complaints which he poured out in the bitterness of a wounded spirit, and not very long before his decease. In the royal letters accompanying his recall, he was stripped of the governorship of the Indies, an insolent and ignorant upstart being ordered to replace him; and for some time after his return he lived in great poverty with his family, as we learn from another letter written by him, and given by Bossi (page 211.): in which he says that he had no house of his own, and when he wished to dine, to sup, or to sleep, he had no place to receive him except an inn, at which very frequently he had not money sufficient to pay his reckoning. The contempt and ingratitude which he experienced

rienced from the court were but too speedily imitated by all ranks: yet no severer reflections than such as we have noticed appear ever to have escaped his lips; for he preferred, like the great Camoëns, — his only equal, perhaps, in genius, in adventure, and in misfortune, — to bear his lot with a firm and uncomplaining soul. Will it be believed that the same court, which thus rewarded his long services, had the meanness to invite him, after three harassing voyages, when he was broken by toils and sufferings, to undertake a fourth, with which the inextinguishable ardor of a great and adventurous mind induced him to comply? It was as meanly stipulated that he was not to touch at Hispaniola during his voyage, except in case of the utmost stress and necessity on his return. — In this his last voyage, he took with him his son Ferdinand, a boy of 12 years of age, who afterward wrote his father's memoirs. His squadron consisted of four vessels, one of which was nearly disabled, and with these he set sail from Cadiz on the 9th of May, 1502. On approaching St. Domingo, foreseeing a dreadful hurricane, he was desirous of putting in there, and of exchanging one of his vessels: — but De Lares, the commander, would not permit him. Notwithstanding this cruel insult, the noble-minded navigator advised De Lares to delay the sailing of a large convoy of 28 vessels, that were about to return to Europe: but the warning was disregarded. On board of them were Bovadilla and the other conspirators who had usurped his rightful government, with the whole of the treasures of which they had despoiled the unfortunate natives and him; and not fewer than 24 of these ships, in which were the conspirators, went to the bottom; while it is a singular fact that, though exposed to incredible dangers, not one of the vessels of Columbus was lost.

On returning from a fourth and successful voyage, having undergone the severest perils and privations, Columbus had the sorrow of finding his patroness Queen Isabella already deceased: — while Ferdinand, having before consigned him to neglect and poverty, now meditated a revocation of all his privileges. He granted liberty to all new adventurers to proceed on the discovery, and possess themselves of the command of other territories in the Indies.

'Overcome by the feeling of the ingratitude he had experienced, his constitution worn out by the gout and his past fatigues, and dejected in his mind at seeing himself thus poor and abandoned, after having opened the new hemisphere to the Spanish nation, this great man departed this life, with sentiments of the greatest devotion, on the 20th of May, 1506, at Valladolid. His

corpse was removed to Seville, and buried in the great church of that city with great funeral pomp; and, by order of King Ferdinand, whose jealousy his death had extinguished, was honoured with a marble monument with the following epitaph engraved upon it:

'A CASTILLA Y A LEON
NUEVO MONDO DIO COLON.

'(To Castille and to Leon a new world gave Colon.)

'This is the only inscription worthy of the immortal discoverer of the New World. The glory of the Genoese hero will be always unparalleled. A conqueror may arise to surpass Alexander; a poet to excel Virgil: but no one can ever rival Columbus, because *no new hemisphere remains to be discovered.*—(Bossi.)'

A portrait of Columbus is prefixed to the volume; and it contains also some *fac-simile* copies of letters from him, so written that we should be very sorry to be obliged to read and explain them.

ART. XI. *Alasco;* a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Martin Archer Shee, Esq. R. A. Excluded from the Stage by the Authority of the Lord Chamberlain. 8vo. pp. 230. 7*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Sherwood and Co. 1824.

HAD the interests of the drama only been affected by the extraordinary proceeding which has rendered Mr. Shee's tragedy the object of general attention, indignant as we should have felt at the vexatious exertion of a very odious power, we should yet have regarded the conduct of the licenser with different feelings from those with which we are disposed to view it in reference to other considerations. The licensing of the stage bears so close an affinity to the licensing of the press, that we cannot but observe with the utmost jealousy any disposition, on the part of persons in authority, to support and extend a power which has already appeared to us decidedly at variance with the spirit of our free institutions. If, indeed, this power be recognized by our law, as it yet stands, and by custom as it has hitherto been in operation, the principle or rule on which the Examiner has here been guided is unknown and foreign to our constitution, our practice, and our feelings. He seems to have acted under instructions from the "Holy Alliance," rather than in concurrence with the wishes of a British ministry; and in fear of the frowns of some cruel continental despot, rather than in hopes of the smiles of a constitutional English monarch. He ought to have had a greater apprehension of the judgment of a British public; and he might have placed more confidence in the decision of a London

London audience, than which a better tribunal cannot easily be found.

Nearly a century and a half have now passed since the expiration of that odious series of statutes which imposed a censorship on the press; and it is much to be lamented that so long a period has been suffered to elapse without an attempt to render the stage equally unshackled and independent. The origin of the power claimed by the crown was in both cases the same, — a mistaken idea of the extent of its own prerogative, and of the nature of the public safety. In both cases, also, that prerogative was gratuitously and arbitrarily assumed, unsupported by law and unrecognized by reason; and although, in the worst periods of our history, judges were found to sanction the doctrine, yet it was deemed necessary to legalize these usurpations by positive enactments.

The control of the press appears to have been assumed by government from the earliest period of the introduction of printing: but the censorship of the drama would seem not to have taken its rise until the reign of Elizabeth, at which epoch three examiners or licensers were appointed merely by the royal authority, to whom all dramas were to be submitted. On the Restoration, the censorship of the press was *legally* established, and continued by a series of statutes, the last of which expired in the reign of William III.: but the censorship of the stage remained for many years afterward unsanctioned by the legislature. At length, in the year 1737, on occasion (as it is said) of a scurrilous farce reflecting on the court being presented to one of the theatres, a bill was brought into parliament to invest the Lord Chamberlain with the powers which he at present possesses; and, although it was ably opposed, especially in the House of Peers by Lord Chesterfield, whose celebrated speech on this subject is well known, it passed into a law. By this statute, (10 Geo. II. c. 28. §. 4.) persons acting any play contrary to the prohibition of the Lord Chamberlain shall forfeit the sum of 50*l.*, and their licence.

A proper regard to public opinion, and the good sense of the individuals in whose hands this power has been lodged, have hitherto permitted this obnoxious statute to rest unmolested, amid a variety of other enactments which have long shunned the light. In one or two instances, indeed, the Lord Chamberlain has been known to exercise his authority: but of late years the statute has been regarded, though the practice of examination has continued, nearly in the same light as those obsolete penal laws which give so gloomy a tinge to our Statute-book, and which, if brought into operation, as

in the late case of the statute of Elizabeth enforcing an attendance on Divine worship, must necessarily be repealed. For our own part, mildly as the authority has been exercised, we have always regarded even the passive existence of it with dislike and suspicion. We could not place much faith in the adage of Claudian, "*Nunquam libertas gratior extat, quam sub rege pio,*" nor suppose that the freedom of the stage is never more secure than under a discreet licenser. On the contrary, we believe that the imprudence of the present functionary has done more towards securing the ultimate independence of the drama, than could have been accomplished by twenty of the mildest administrators of his office: for the public are now furnished with a most excellent practical illustration of the effects to be produced by a censorship; and we hope that the opinion, which cannot but be formed on this subject, will be freely and loudly expressed. "*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat;*" and the singular fatuity of the new licenser's conduct in this case must be regarded as a symptom of the approaching dissolution of his powers. Had the bitterest enemy of the dramatic censorship exerted all his ingenuity in devising a plan for its destruction, it would have been impossible for him to have effected half so much as the examiner has now done; and, whether we consider the period of time which he has selected for the commencement of his operations, the merits of the drama, or the character of the author, it will appear that he could not have seized a more favorable opportunity for bringing his official duties into contempt and disgust. If the country had been in a state of discontent and irritation, with the Habeas-Corpus-act suspended, and the yeomanry cavalry on the alert, — had Thistlewood been alive, — and had pike-heads been seen peeping out from every corner, — we should yet have marvelled at the suppression of a drama like Alasco; in which no allusion whatever is to be found to the state of political affairs in this country; and which inculcates only those honest sentiments of patriotism, of which no good Englishman would willingly confess himself devoid. Again, had Mr. Shee been one of our most democratical writers, and instead of residing in his handsome mansion in Cavendish-Square had inhabited some cold and comfortless garret, the misery of which might incite a man to any deed by which he could possibly be benefited, we should still have felt no inconsiderable surprize at this official denunciation of his drama: but, when we consider all the real circumstances of the case, we cannot but attribute the extraordinary conduct of the licenser to that portentous aberration of judgment to which we have already alluded.

Mr. Shee

Mr. Shee having completed his tragedy, which was written expressly with a view to representation, submitted it to Mr. Charles Kemble; and a copy of it was subsequently forwarded to the Lord Chamberlain's office, according to the requisitions of the act. To the infinite surprize of the author, it was returned under the marks of an expurgatory operation of no ordinary severity; and the nature of the passages thus considered as obnoxious we shall speedily proceed to shew. Justly indignant at a proceeding which necessarily cast a reflection either on his character as a citizen or on his good taste as an author, if not on both, Mr. Shee immediately addressed a respectful but spirited remonstrance to the Duke of Montrose, the Lord Chamberlain: protesting against the manner in which his Grace's deputy had been pleased to exercise the authority with which he was intrusted. In this letter, Mr. Shee with great truth assured the Lord Chamberlain that, if he perused Alasco, he would find it "a production in which there is not one sentiment, one line, or one word disrespectful to kings, or unfavorable to monarchy or legitimate government of any description; a production in which, neither in intention nor expression, neither by allusion or implication, is there the slightest attempt to call in question, censure, or satirize, the government, constitution, or laws of this country."

To this excellent appeal, our British Polonius returned the following answer, which we imagine could scarcely have been submitted to the critical revision of his deputy. It deserves the immortality of our pages.

'Sir, '*Grosvenor-Square, 19th Feb.* 1824.

'Thinking Mr. Colman a very sufficient judge of his duty, and as I agree in his conclusion, (from the account he has given me of the tragedy, called "Alasco,") I do conclude, that at this time, without considerable omissions, the tragedy should not be acted; and whilst I am persuaded, that your intentions are upright, I conceive that it is precisely for this reason (though it may not strike authors) that it has been the wisdom of the Legislature to have an Examiner appointed, and power given to the Chamberlain of the household, to judge, whether certain plays should be acted at all, or not acted at particular times.

'I do not mean to enter into an argument with you, Sir, on the subject; but think that your letter, conceived in polite terms to me, calls upon me to return an answer, shewing that your tragedy has been well considered. I remain, Sir, with esteem, your obedient servant, 'MONTROSE.'

It now only remained for Mr. Shee to submit his tragedy to the public, through the medium of a censorless press, and to state the circumstances which occasioned its being withdrawn from the stage, on the eve of representation. This he has done

in an able and animated preface; in which we trace all the independent spirit of the injured Englishman, with something of the ardent feelings and energetic phrases of the warm-hearted Irishman. We select a few passages as specimens.

'The case appears to involve a question of no small public interest — a question of no less importance, than whether the English drama shall be allowed to preserve the high character which it has hitherto maintained; — whether it shall continue to be the fearless reflector of our national spirit and characteristic independence, or sink at once beneath the vigorous vigilance of the new censor, to be the dull, muddy medium of interested servility and abject adulation; whether, in short, the British theatre shall, in future, afford an intellectual enjoyment worthy of a free people; — whether it shall be a scene to which honest and honorable minds may resort, to hear the sentiments of honor and virtue uttered in language springing from the heart of integrity, and breathing the vigor of truth; or whether it shall be degraded to a place, where we may expose every thing but public vice, and inculcate any thing but public virtue; — a place which the vile and the venal may visit, without the fear of being put out of countenance; — where the slave and the sycophant may see themselves reflected in flattering similitude, and sit in all the complacency of self-admiration.'

The zeal of the new Examiner is well pourtrayed by Mr. Shee.

'The familiar of this holy office, indeed, displays the burning zeal of a new convert: he is hardly invested with the insignia of his function, when he rushes forward to shew the edifying alacrity with which he pounces on a liberal thought, and would strangle a patriotic sentiment in its birth. Like a prophet, he may not, perhaps, be honored in his own country: — the sturdy spirit of an Englishman is not quite prepared for his operations; not yet rectified to the desired standard of political or poetical servility. There are, however, congenial scenes, where he would find himself more at home; where his ardor would probably be more admired, and where it is to be regretted that his powers are not exercised. How would he distinguish himself under the Autocrat of all the Russias, as "conservator morum" amongst Cossacks and Calmucks! With what appropriate vigor would he officiate as dramatic censor to the Dey of Algiers!

'The zeal of this exemplary officer is, indeed, of a character which forcibly reminds us of the old adage: "Defend me from my friends, and I will take care of my enemies." He pays the government under which he lives, and by which he has been so judiciously selected for the post he enjoys, the happy compliment to suppose, that if tyranny be but mentioned, oppression alluded to, or usurpation exposed, it is "a palpable hit" at our constituted authorities. With a precautionary *naïveté*, — an official *étourderie*, somewhat embarrassing, I should suppose, to the powers

powers whom he so discreetly labours to propitiate,—he proceeds to prove, that he considers our public functionaries as so many political culprits, writhing under the consciousness of crime;—and as, like Hamlet, he has heard—

> ' " That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
> Have by the very cunning of the scene
> Been struck so to the soul, that presently
> They have proclaimed their malefactions,"—

he generously resolves, that they shall not be exposed to such " compunctious visitings of nature," as this dangerous dramatic test is so calculated to produce.

' I must own I had formed a very different estimate of the qualities and principles which influence and characterize our public authorities. I never allowed myself for a moment to believe, that general expressions of indignation against tyranny, rapine, and oppression, could be considered invidious, unpalatable, or reprehensible in this free country, more particularly at a time, when her best and dearest interests appear to be somewhat endangered by the desolating despotism which surrounds her. I conceived that the character of a patriot, which I have attempted to draw, however dangerous or designing it might be thought at Madrid, or Constantinople, would not be considered as out of keeping with the spirit and principles of the British constitution. However ardent my play may be, in the reprobation of acknowledged crime, or the recommendation of acknowledged virtue, it never occurred to my imagination, that any honest Englishman could find offence in it; or that even a prudent placeman could be found, who would, on such grounds, avow his disapprobation of it, or hesitate to exclaim with Hamlet:

> ' " Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

It would, indeed, be a melancholy indication that a new and portentous spirit was rising amongst us, if the act of authority here commented on had proceeded from any source more important than the loyal indiscretion of the new functionary. Notwithstanding, however, that rumour has announced to us the existence of a determination to re-animate the long dormant energies of his office, I will not do those enlightened and liberal minds, who seem so zealously employed in restoring amongst us a just tone of political feeling, and the true principles of national prosperity, the injustice to suppose that they could have suggested or sanctioned so startling an exercise of its powers. Be this as it may, the interest which I have in the question, is, I conceive, of little moment, compared to the various important considerations which belong to it. The wrong which I have suffered is, it appears, without a remedy. The dramatic writer is put out of the pale of the constitution; handed over to irresponsible authority, to be dealt with by summary process; to be blotted out of theatrical existence in a flourish of red ink;—his time, his talents, his feelings, his interests, and his reputation, may all be sacrificed without cere-

mony, at the caprice of a personage distinguished by no more important a designation than that of "Examiner of Plays."

It will now be proper to give some account of this dangerous tragedy; which was thus deemed calculated to make the stones of Covent-Garden "rise and mutiny." — The plot is altogether imaginary. Count Alasco is a young Polish nobleman, who, indignant at the oppression under which his native land is groaning, joins some of his patriotic countrymen in a determination to assert their freedom with their swords. He is privately married to the daughter of Walsingham, an old English officer in the service of the despot-government; who is so much attached to his principles of loyal subordination, as to forbid all intercourse between his daughter and Alasco. Baron Hohendahl, the governor of the province, is the anti-hero of the piece; who, being in love with Amantha, the heroine, forms a scheme to entrap her into his own castle, and *pro majore cautelâ* endeavors to assassinate her father. By the bravery of Alasco, the life of Walsingham and the honor of his daughter are preserved, and the former is made acquainted with the true character of Hohendahl. Nothing, however, can shake the loyalty of the old soldier; and, though in gratitude to Alasco he bestows his daughter's hand on him, he resolves to withstand to the utmost the attempts of the Polish reformers. In the meanwhile, the plot ripens, the patriots appear in arms, and a battle ensues, in which the fortune of the day is turned in favor of Hohendahl and his party by the bravery of Walsingham. Alasco is made prisoner, and condemned to death. Amantha gains access to him in his cell, at the moment when he is about to effect his escape; but, this circumstance detaining him, the order arrives for his execution: — he is led out to death; — and Amantha, maddened at the idea of having thus caused her husband's destruction, plunges a dagger into her bosom. As she is on the point of expiring, Alasco and Walsingham, the latter of whom had obtained the king's pardon for his son-in-law, rush into the cell; when Alasco, comprehending the terrible catastrophe, seizes the dagger, and stabbing himself falls by the side of his dying wife.

Such is the imperfect outline of the plot in which the Examiner has discovered so much inflammatory matter. It may, indeed, be possible that Mr. Shee has a deeper meaning in his drama than common eyes can discover. Who shall say that Alasco was not intended to represent Thistlewood; Conrad, Brandreth; Malinski, Edwards the spy; and Count Hohendahl, Lord Sidmouth? The first scene is perhaps a representation of the nightly drillings which formerly took place near

near Bolton-in-the-Moors; or has it not an allusion to Vinegar Hill?

'Day-break. — The entrance of a cavern. — *A peasant armed with a pike as on guard.* — A shrill whistle is heard to sound at a distance. — The guard looks out eagerly, and answers by *a corresponding signal.* — *A number of peasants armed with different weapons* are seen,' &c. &c.

Could such a representation be allowed in a country where the laws have any operation? The licenser has wisely decided that it cannot, and has accordingly struck his pen of red ink through the most obnoxious portions of the scene. The following are the first lines which he has expunged:

'*What little skill the patriot sword requires,*
Our zeal may boast, in midnight vigils schooled.
Those deeper tactics, well contrived to work
The mere machine of mercenary war,
We shall not need, whose hearts are in the fray, —
Who for ourselves, our homes, our country, fight,
And feel in every blow, we strike for freedom.'

We are confirmed in our idea that this scene contains an allusion to the military array of the Manchester and Bolton weavers, by some lines in the third scene, which to our astonishment escaped the vigilance of the Examiner! Hohendahl speaks:

—— 'his followers
Are seen in midnight-muster on our hills,
Rehearsing insurrection, and arrayed
In mimicry of war.'

In the instances of rejected passages which we shall now present to our readers, it will be perceived that the Examiner has expunged every sentiment tending to inculcate a hatred of tyranny and oppression. Every phrase or word which adorns the established and customary vocabulary of a poetical patriot, and which has passed current in the conventional language of the drama for centuries, is carefully scored out. No more talking of oppression and resistance, of tyrants, despots, chains, shackles, and freedom! — the day is gone by when our dramatists might venture on such topics. "Venice Preserved" must henceforth be *Venice Excluded;* and even Mr. Braham must no longer sing the favorite address of Robert Bruce to his army. The following passages are inhibited:

'*Tyrants, proud Lord, are never safe, nor should be;*
The ground is mined beneath them as they tread;
Haunted by plots, cabals, conspiracies,
Their lives are long convulsions, and they shake,
Surrounded by their guards and garrisons.' —

'*But*

'*But shall I reverence pride, and lust, and rapine?*
No. When oppression stains the robe of state,
And power's a whip of scorpions in the hands
Of heartless knaves, to lash the o'erburthen'd back
Of honest industry, the loyal blood
Will turn to bitterest gall, and th' o'ercharged heart
Explode in execration.'

The next expurgated sentiment from the mouth of Alasco is no doubt highly seditious:

—— '*Now*
Our private injuries yield to public wrong
The avenging sword! — we strike but for our country!'

Is it to be borne that, at this time of day, a man should be represented as *striking for his country?* Horrible! — The loyal, the ultra-loyal, Walsingham, in act iii. sc. 1., venturing to say that he will not

—— '*brook dishonour from a knave in place,*'

this perilous expression was properly struck out; as was the case likewise with a most schismatical opinion from the same quarter:

'*No, no, whate'er the colour of his creed,*
The man of honor's orthodox:'

a position most dangerous to the foundation of any church-establishment!

In this scene the treason talked by Alasco has given the Examiner much trouble. Witness these lines:

'*Our country's wrongs unite us:*'

a most alarming principle, as Mr. Shee justly observes.

'*When Roman crimes prevail, methinks 'twere well,*
Should Roman virtue still be found to punish them.
May every Tarquin meet a Brutus still,
And every tyrant feel one!' —

—— '*Before what bar*
Shall hapless wretches cite the power that grinds
And crushes them to earth? O! no, no, no!
When tyrants trample on all rights and duties,
And law becomes the accomplice of oppression,
There is but one appeal.' —

'*What! is 't because I live and breathe at large —*
Can eat, drink, sleep, and move unmanacled,
That I should calmly view my country's wrongs!
For what are we styled noble, and endowed
With pomp and privilege! —

For what, thus raised above our fellow-creatures,
And fed like gods on incense, but to shew
Superior worth — pre-eminence of virtue!
To guard with holy zeal the people's rights,
And stand firm bulwarks 'gainst the tide of power,
When rushing to o'erwhelm them.' —

'Tis not rebellion to resist oppression;
'Tis virtue to avenge our country's wrongs,
And self-defence to strike at an usurper.' —

Had fear or feeling sway'd against redress
Of public wrong, man never had been free;
The thrones of tyrants had been fix'd as fate,
And slavery seal'd the universal doom.'

Alasco likewise makes this inflammatory remark on his approaching execution:

The blood-stained board becomes a glorious stage,
Whereon to act the noblest part of man,
An honest patriot suffering for his country!
I owe this great example to my age; —
My death may serve the cause my life has failed in.'

Not contented with thus vigorously and wisely performing his political functions, the Examiner takes Mr. Shee to task for the use of certain expressions that might be offensive to very pious ears. Amantha, on hearing her husband ordered to be carried to execution, exclaims, '*Oh, God of mercy!*' a phrase so shocking to the delicacy of the said Examiner as to be altogether blotted out; and so averse is he to this kind of appeal to the Deity, that he has even expunged one half of the following line:

'Heaven guard thy worth, *and aid a righteous cause.*'

It is time to dismiss the absurdities of this new functionary, who so "well hath fleshed his maiden sword;" and we would now gladly enter more fully into the merits of the tragedy before us, which would in all probability have met with a successful reception on the stage. We can, however, find room for only one continued extract.

'[*As* Alasco *is going off, he is met by* Walsingham, *who enters at the head of an advanced party of the victors. They regard each other with great emotion, as they come forward to the front of the stage.*

'*Walsingham.* And is it thus we meet, unhappy boy!

'*Alasco.* We meet like men, whose fortune has prescribed
Hard duties — You, Sir, know yours.

'*Walsingham.* I do — I do.
'Tis mine to strike rebellion to the earth,

Nor

Nor spare a traitor, though my heartstrings break,
To find one in Alasco!
'*Alasco.* But for thee,
Success had stamp'd on him a different title,
And a freed people hail'd him as a hero.
Now — no matter! — this is no time for controversy.
A generous soldier will not wound with words,
When his good sword may serve him.
'*Walsingham.* Mine has spill'd
No blood that shames it — these are rebel drops.
[*Shewing his sword.*
'*Alasco. They're tears that patriots weep when tyrants triumph;*
For freedom shed; — they blister where they fall.
'*Walsingham.* O! fatal, fatal phrenzy! — "I've pursued
With steady step, the course mark'd out by duty:
A rigid course! that brings me hopeless here,
To struggle in a crisis of my fate,
Beyond my age's weakness."
Sustain me now, ye idols of my life!
My honor and my fame! — Thou shouldst have died,
Alasco, in the field.
'*Alasco.* 'Twas my intent,
And may be still accomplish'd; but, perhaps,
Thy loyal zeal may deem Alasco's blood
Were on the public scaffold better shed,
In fit atonement for the crime of him
Who would have freed his country.
'*Walsingham.* Cruel thought!
Thou shouldst have spared this aching heart that image.
"Just Heaven! am I reserved for this? — decreed
To be the instrument of such a fate,
To him whom I have cherish'd as my child!"
Let me not think, lest madness seize my brain —
Lest my enfeebled spirit swerve at last,
And tarnish in its close, a life of honor.
Rebellion has been foil'd — thy followers
Dispersed in flight, or stretch'd upon the field,
Sad victims of thy mad ambition! rue
Their folly and their crime. 'Midst such disaster,
Say, hast thou still a hope from farther contest?
'*Alasco.* My hope was for my country. 'Twas a light
That for a moment beam'd upon my soul; —
A dawn of glory! — thou hast extinguish'd it.
As for myself — I neither hope nor fear.
'*Walsingham.* Surrender, then, thy sword.
'*Alasco.* Yes, with my life!
The sole condition upon which a soldier
Should require it. Nor will thy spirit shrink,
When thus Alasco calls thee to complete
The sacrifice that loyal duty claims
From Walsingham.

'*Walsing-*

'*Walsingham.* *God of my fathers!* What!
Wouldst thou then spill more blood? — still urge the combat
Against this aged breast, and rush on death,
To take thy chance of parricide? Most horrible!
Well, then, come on — thou hast already fix'd
A dagger here, that makes thy weapon pointless.
[Walsingham *and* Alasco *rush towards each other, as if with hostile intentions; when each, at the same moment, presents his breast to the sword of the other; they pause for an instant — drop their swords, and rush into each other's arms.*
'*Walsingham.* My son! my son!
'*Alasco.* My father! O! my father!
Forgive — forgive me, if I seem'd to urge
Thy gallant nature thus to mortal contest!
Death from thy hand had been received with joy,
And deem'd a boon of kindness to Alasco.
'*Walsingham.* Alasco, thou hast raised a conflict here —
A warfare, where all griefs and agonies
Have met, and mingled their severest pangs,
To shake the soul of Walsingham. But 'tis past —
The voice of honor still is strong within him —
[*Turning to his soldiers.*
Brave comrades! you behold a weak old man,
Whose worn-out spirit has but ill sustain'd
A trial too severe. But though o'erborne
A moment in the struggle — though unmann'd —
" His tortured soul confess'd a father's anguish,"
Think not the soldier can forget his duty: —
" To its last throb, this heart must still be loyal;
Although it feels, 'tis firm!" — Seize the Count Alasco!
He's your prisoner.
'*Alasco.* Nay, hang not back — Behold!
I offer no resistance. Thus subdued,
Alasco yields him on a father's summons;
Else had he sought to purchase from your swords
A death more worthy of his cause and courage.
Think not of me, my father, nor deplore
Thy part in this sad scene. " On duty's path
We have cross'd, with rough collision, and our hearts
Have felt the shock. My fate appals me not."
The scaffold strikes no terrors to his soul,
Who mounts it as a martyr for his country! [*Exeunt.*'

Mr. Shee has displayed very considerable ability for tragic composition in his present effort; his action is powerful and warm; his plot possesses sufficient interest; and his delineations of character are marked and well preserved. We have on a former occasion stated our highly favorable opinion of his poetical talents and his good taste; and we are happy to add

add that the tragedy of 'Alasco,' so far from inducing us to alter the sentiments then expressed, ratifies our judgment and increases our esteem.

ART. XII. *Letters on the State of Christianity in India;* in which the Conversion of the Hindoos is considered as impracticable. To which is added, a Vindication of the Hindoos, Male and Female, in Answer to a severe Attack made upon both by the Reverend *****. By the Abbé J. A. Dubois, Missionary in Mysore, Author of the "Description of the People of India." 8vo. pp. 222. Longman and Co. 1823.

AT the beginning of our eighty-sixth volume, we made our report of the Abbé Dubois' excellent *Description of the Character, Manners, and Customs of the People of India,* with a sincere admiration for his profound knowlege of the subject, the result of his residence during 18 years in Hindûstan as a Catholic missionary. The suavity of his nature, and the entire assimilation of his habits to those of the instructed classes among the Hindûs, gave him a sort of sacred rank in their eyes; and he is one of the very few Europeans who have been admitted into their houses, to their meals, and even to mixed family-parties. Hence his knowlege of their usages is intimate, — of their prejudices, comprehensive, — of their implasticity, trustworthy; and the friends of missionary-enterprizes may be exhorted to listen to his counsels, and in some degree to tremble with his despondency.

The letters here collected are stated to have been addressed, at several periods, to friends who had asked the author's opinion on the subjects discussed: two of them, the second and third, being directed to a dignitary of the Established Church, and the others to laymen in the employ of the East India Company. The entire correspondence relates to the state of Christianity in the East. — The Abbé commences with an historical detail of the progress made by the Jesuits in the conversion of the Hindûs, and attributes their apparent success to a somewhat excessive conformity towards the existing ritual and idolatrous practices of the natives. Yet even this dangerous condescension has left no permanent traces, and the semi-catholicism thus superinduced soon expired beneath the social frown of the retainers of hereditary habits.

'If any of the several modes of Christian worship were calculated to make an impression and gain ground in the country, it is no doubt the Catholic form which you Protestants call an idolatry in disguise: it has a *Pooga* or sacrifice; (the mass is termed by the Hindoos *Pooga*, literally, sacrifice;) it has processions,

cessions, images, statues, *tirtan* or holy-water, fasts, *tittys* or feasts, and prayers for the dead, invocation of saints, &c., all which practices bear more or less resemblance to those in use among the Hindoos. Now, if even such a mode of worship is become so objectionable to the natives, can it be reasonably expected that any one of the simple Protestant sects will ever prosper among them? The contrary has till now been the case. I have just observed that the Lutheran missionaries have had no sensible success during more than a century. At the present time their congregations are reduced to four or five: the most worthy of notice are, one at Vepery near Madras, consisting of about five or six hundred souls; another at Tranquebar, composed of about twelve hundred; another at Tanjore, of nearly the same number; and a fourth at Trichinopoly, of about three or four hundred.

'There are besides a few Protestant Christians dispersed chiefly in the Tinnivelly district, but in such small numbers that they do not deserve the name of congregations. When I was at Vellore, four years ago, in attendance on a numerous congregation living in that place, having been informed that the Lutheran missionaries kept a *catechist* or native religious teacher at that station, on a salary of five pagodas a month, I was led to suppose that they had a numerous flock there; but I was not a little surprised when, on enquiry, I found that the whole congregation consisted of only three individuals, namely, a drummer, a cook, and a horse-keeper.' —

'Besides the Lutheran sect, the Moravian brethren sent also missionaries to India, about seventy years ago, to make proselytes to their own persuasion. But on their first arrival in the country, they were so much amazed and appalled at the insurmountable difficulties to be met with every where, and so satisfied of the impossibility of making true converts to Christianity among a people circumstanced as the Hindoos were, that very wisely they dropped their design without even making the attempt. They afterwards tried to convert the savages of the Nicobar Islands, but without success; at last, after lingering at Tranquebar, where they had formed their principal establishment, during a period of nearly sixty years, and where I had the pleasure to pay them frequent visits when at that place in 1793, they were all recalled home about twenty years ago, and this sect no longer exists in India.'

M. Dubois then proceeds to enumerate the additional difficulties and impediments which have been thrown abroad by what he, naturally as a Catholic, considers to be a *rash* translation of the Scriptures.

'To you who have some acquaintance with the education and customs of the Hindoos, I will put the following simple questions:

'What will a well-bred native think, when, in reading over this holy book, he sees that Abraham, after receiving the visit of

of three angels under a human shape, entertains his guest by causing a calf to be killed, and served to them for their fare? The prejudiced Hindoo will at once judge that both Abraham and his heavenly guests were nothing but vile pariahs; and, without further reading, he will forthwith throw away the book, containing (in his opinions) such sacrilegious accounts.

'What will a Brahmin say, when he peruses the details of the bloody sacrifices prescribed in the mosaical law in the worship of the true God? He will assuredly declare, that the god who could be pleased with the shedding of the blood of so many victims immolated to his honour, must undoubtedly be a deity of the same kind (far be from me the blasphemy) as the mischievous Hindoo deities, Cohly, Mahry, Darma-rajah, and other infernal gods, whose wrath cannot be appeased but by the shedding of blood, and the immolating of living victims.

'But, above all, what will a Brahmin or any other well-bred Hindoo think, when he peruses in our holy books the account of the immolating of creatures held most sacred by him? What will be his feelings when he sees that the immolating of oxen and bulls constituted a leading feature in the religious ordinances of the Israelites, and that the blood of those most sacred animals was almost daily shed at the shrine of the God they adored? What will be his feelings when he sees, that after Solomon had at immense expense and labour built a magnificent temple in honour of the true God, he made the *pratista* or consecration of it, by causing 22,000 oxen to be slaughtered, and overflowing his new temple with the blood of these sacred victims? He will certainly, in perusing accounts in his opinion so horribly sacrilegious, shudder, and be seized with the liveliest horror, look on the book containing such shocking details as an abominable work, (far be from me, once more, the blasphemy, — I am expressing the feelings of a prejudiced Pagan,) throw it away with indignation, consider himself as polluted for having touched it, go immediately to the river for the purpose of purifying himself by ablutions from the defilement he thinks he has contracted, and before he again enters his house, he will send for a Poorohita Brahmin to perform the requisite ceremonies for purifying it from the defilement it has contracted, by ignorantly keeping within its walls so polluted a thing as the Bible.

'In the mean while he will become more and more confirmed in the idea, that a religion which derives its tenets from so impure a source is altogether detestable, and that those who profess it must be the basest and vilest of men.

'Such are the effects which, in my humble opinion, the reading of the naked text of the Bible cannot fail to produce on the unprepared minds of the prejudiced Hindoos.'

The following anecdotes are characteristic and diverting:

'Being at Carricaul, about twenty-eight years ago, I preached on a Sunday to the assembled congregation a sermon in the *Tamul* language, on the divine origin of the Christian religion. Among

Among other topics to prove my subject, I insisted on the intrinsic weakness and inadequacy of the means employed in the establishment of this religion, generally hated and persecuted every where, quite destitute of all human support, and left to its own resources amidst every kind of contradictions. I several times repeated, in treating this topic, that the Christian religion had for its founder a *peasant of Galilee, the son of a humble carpenter*, who took for his assistants twelve low-born men, twelve ignorant and illiterate *fishermen*. These words, *the son of a carpenter! twelve fishermen!* many times repeated, gave offence to my audience, which was entirely composed of native Christians; and the sermon was no sooner finished than three or four of the principal among them came and informed me, that the whole congregation had been highly scandalized by hearing me apply to Christ the appellation of *the son of a carpenter*, and to his apostles that of *fishermen;* that I could not be ignorant that the casts both of carpenters and fishermen were two of the lowest and vilest in the country; that it was highly improper to attribute to Christ and his disciples so low and abject an origin; that if pagans, who sometimes come through motives of curiosity to their religious assemblies, heard such objectionable accounts of our religion, their contempt and hatred of it would be considerably increased, &c. &c. Finally, they advised me, if in future I had occasion to mention in my sermons the origin of Christ or his apostles, not to fail to say that both were born in the noble tribe of *kshatrys* or rajahs, and never to mention their low profession.

'Another instance of the kind happened to me a few years ago in this part of the country, when, in explaining to the congregation the parable of the Prodigal Son in the Gospel, I mentioned the circumstance of the prodigal's father having, through joy, killed the *fatted calf* to regale his friends, on account of the return of his reformed son. After the lecture some Christians told me, in rather bad humour, that my mentioning the *fatted calf* was very improper, and that if, as sometimes happened, pagans had been present at the lecture, they would have been confirmed, on hearing of the fattened calf, in the opinion they all entertained of the Christian religion being a low or pariah religion. They advised me, in the mean time, if in future I gave an explanation of the same parable, to substitute a lamb instead of the *fatted calf*.

'In fact, even with our native Christians, we are careful to avoid all that might wound their feelings to no purpose, and increase in the public mind the jealousy and contempt entertained against them, and their religion. For example, as the use of intoxicating liquors is extremely odious to all well-bred Hindoos, and considered by them as a capital sin, when we explain verbally or in writing the sacrament of the eucharist, we are cautious not to say openly that the materials of this sacrament are bread and *wine*, or *charayam*, (literally, wine,) which would prove too revolting to their feelings; we have therefore the precaution to soften this coarse term by a periphrasis, saying that the materials of

the eucharist are wheaten bread, and *the juice of the fine fruit called grape*; which expressions become more palatable to their taste.'

Although the first impression made by such translations of the Scriptures may not be favorable to the belief in their Divine origin, yet it is probable that they will produce the important effect of giving to the Hindû reader a general idea of what he may be disposed to call the barbarous superstitions of the West. Let him, for a time, consider us as not less in want of liberal instruction than the bigots of his own country; let him inquire whether the sacred books are all of equal authority, or equal value; let him examine whether they teach the doctrines usually inferred from them; and let him consider why it happens that the different sects of Christians differ so widely in their construction of the documents to which they alike profess entire attachment. Some Ram Mohun Roy may arise, and found on a new interpretation a new system of belief and ritual, adapted to the climate, the prejudices, and the habits of his nation.

The second and third letters continue the ecclesiastical history of Christianity in the East, with more attention to the minor doctrines in dispute than the author had given in the previous general survey. The fourth defends the Hindûs from various harsh charges advanced by some unnamed missionary; and the fifth vindicates the Hindû women from coarse imputations which have come from the same quarter. In the sixth, M. Dubois examines in detail the Canada translation of the book of Genesis, and denounces several new heresies to which it is adapted to give rise. The seventh and last letter notices some European sects, which, in point of absurdity, rival or surpass the analogous devotees of Hindûstan.

While the whole of this work is very entertaining, it displays the most intimate observation of the people, and a profound learning in oriental languages and literature: it contains important contributions to the history of the Christian church; and it exhibits, in singular union, the piety of the priest and the liberality of the philosopher.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

FOR MAY, 1824.

POETRY *and the* DRAMA.

Art. 13. *The Siege of Malta;* a Tragedy. 8vo. pp. 115. Murray. 1823.

A principal fault in this tragedy is an almost complete absence of energy and feeling; qualities absolutely essential to the composition

sition of a fine drama. The persons introduced appear to take little real interest in the proceedings, and invariably talk like actors. It is not much superior in point of diction and poetic excellence; and the author sadly mangles his metaphors, which are so liable to suffer in unskilful hands. The following passage reminds us of that bold figure — "He came to me like a crocodile with his hands in his pockets:"

'Tell me his hateful name.
'*Castriot.* It is a sun-beam that will blanch thy cheek;
Laroch, a noble *lion* in the toil;
He will escape; boldly *with sword in hand*,
Burst thro' thy trembling host.'

A similar confusion of images occurs in these lines:

'*Palm of the Desert*, art thou fallen so soon?
Thou, whose *warm breast*, with virtue's ardent fire
Glow'd like the sun on thy own native plains;
Nor can Arabia's wilds nor Afric's shore
Produce a *gem* so bright to match thy worth.'

Some idea may be formed of the author's judgment from the termination of the drama, where a prayer of thanksgiving to Heaven is concluded with a neat and appropriate compliment to the audience.

'In humble wise return our thanks to Heaven.
That we are free we owe not to ourselves
But to th' Almighty's will: to Him alone
Our gratitude is due.
Not by the swift of foot the race is won:
Nor, as we prove, the battle by the strong.
The meed of merit is our Order's due;
But our applause to-night we ask of you.
[*To the audience.*

Art. 14. *Durazzo;* a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By James Haynes, Author of "Conscience," a Tragedy. 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* sewed. Hurst and Co. 1823.

Altogether, we think, this tragedy is not equal to its predecessor; and its chief defect is a want of interest, arising from the ill-conceived character of the hero, all whose qualities are mean and repulsive. His ambition, the only feeling which could dignify him, is of so contemptible a nature as to be satisfied with honors and titles won by crime and treachery; and it is obvious that there is nothing about a character like this to excite, in any breast, a sentiment of tenderness. In order, therefore, to fashion his love-tale, Mr. Haynes is compelled to resort to the antient expedient of making Durazzo rescue the heroine from an attack of banditti: an achievement which might, possibly, have awakened an interest towards him in the susceptible heart of the lady, but which fails to produce any impression on that of the reader. Had Durazzo been represented as great in crime, he might have been worked up into an adequate hero: but he is unfortunately that most

most uninteresting of all personages, a little villain, who commits forgery and undeservedly escapes hanging for it. — The composition of the drama, in point of style, is good, and some nervous and poetical passages will be found in it.

Art. 15. *Joseph and his Brethren;* a Scriptural Drama; in Two Acts. By H. L. Howard. Crown 8vo. pp. 252. 7*s*. 6*d*. Boards. Whittakers. 1823.

Though this composition will bear no comparison with some of the first-rate pieces of the kind with which our literature has been supplied, it is by no means destitute of a certain degree of merit, in the occasional ease and spirit of the language, in the arrangement of the incidents, and in a just and natural manner of conducting the whole story. In none of these features, however, can it boast of those prouder characteristics of dramatic art, which, in an age so full of great though misdirected talent as the present, can alone claim for an author that distinction which is necessary to constitute any thing like lasting reputation in this career. — It must be allowed that the subject, which was by no means free from difficulties, has here been treated at least tolerably well: — which, though we are told by Horace that this was once considered *intolerable* both to gods and men, is something in a writer who attempts to dramatize so delicate an event as the temptation of Joseph: — one for which Mrs. Hannah More herself never ventured to make her fair shoulders responsible. It will not be unamusing to some readers, to observe the manner in which Mr. Howard has contrived to rid his hero of the presence of the dangerous *inamorata;* viz. by literally breaking loose and running away from her, after an unsuccessful engagement between love and probity. The scene is rather dexterously managed, though necessarily a little *irritating;* and the *flattest* part of it may be said to be the following lines:

> '*Joseph.* I did not like your love,
> And did refuse your offer; *which was wise.*'

We have not room to insist on the inequalities, the traces of haste and youthful inaccuracies, and the peculiarities of expression, that are too apparent throughout the whole poem; which, nevertheless, contains passages of bold and impassioned poetry. Not a few of the scenes, likewise, are ably wrought up; and among the best, perhaps, are the accusation of Joseph before Potiphar, the meeting of the young prophet with his repentant brethren, and his very commendable sagacity and industry in foretelling and preparing against the great famine.

Art. 16. *The Pilgrim's Tale;* a Poem. By Charles Lockhart. 8vo. 6*s*. Boards. Whittaker. 1823.

Mr. Charles Lockhart is one of the "mob of gentlemen who write with ease," for all his verses have the requisite length, rhyme, and smoothness. "I'll rhyme you so," says some one in *As you Like it*, "eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted." — The story, which is introduced by eighteen

stanzas in the *ottava rima*, is not ill told, and contains some descriptive passages of tolerable merit. The style of the author appears to have been modelled on that of Lord Byron and Moore, for we trace an involuntary imitation of both those poets: — but occasionally he degenerates into something very like prose, as in the following couplet:

'But gratitude, from childhood's earliest day,
Had bound her to *the late Count Monterey*;'

and at other times he impresses words into his service, for which we believe he has no sufficient warrant: thus:

'The gushing blood's hot current *founted* o'er
My shrinking skin.'

The ensuing lines are perhaps as good as any in the poem.

'Dear is the hour of midnight — calm — unstained,
When man leaves smiling nature unprofaned!
When the high arch of Heaven's glittering blue,
Rising unveiled by clouds or wreathy dew,
Forms a vast Temple's azure dome, above,
Sacred to sweet Tranquillity and Love.
The nightingale's sole chorister, and all
The drooping bowers, and fountains in their fall,
With murmurings of adoration, seem
To bend in worship in the moon's mild beam.
That silver moon appears an altar fair;
The stars, pure virgins, sacrificing there;
And flowers like maids, that blush in morning's light,
Yet lavish all their tender sweets by night,
Waft their rose-breath as incense to the skies,
On the love-breathing west wind's passion-sighs.
'The bloomy grape's rich purple seemed to tell
Of many a future, glowing festival;
Hanging like human hopes of promised joy,
That, ripening soon, some blight may still destroy.
The modest rose displayed her softest hue,
Beneath her jewel-vest of diamond-dew;
Like a young, bashful maiden, blushing bright
Through her gemmed veil, before the bridal night.
And, o'er the tomb-entwining cypress, shone
The pensive radiance of the vestal moon,
Playing, as the summit waved in zephyr's breath,
Pure as the smile of innocence on death —
When Isabel and Lera stood to see
The soothing scene, from their high balcony.' [*balcōny.*]

POLITICS.

Art. 17. *Protest against the Spirit and Practice of Modern Legislation*, as exhibited in the New Vagrant Act. 8vo. 1*s*. Harvey and Darton. 1824.

The new Vagrant Act has very properly been made the subject

of much public animadversion, for it is a serious matter when that practical freedom from personal molestation, which we enjoy in this country, is violated even by the clauses of a vagrant-act. Several instances have occurred of individuals being wrongfully detained by the Dogberrys of our metropolis, in the execution of this vigorous law; which goes the appalling length of subjecting certain persons, "not giving a good account of themselves," to imprisonment and hard labor, and that hard labor being the fearful and degrading tread-mill. We feel much inclined, therefore, to coincide with the writer of this little pamphlet in his view of this statute, which ought certainly to be subjected to parliamentary revision. There is often a strong disposition on the part of our legislators to deal harshly and summarily with the poor and the unfortunate; a spirit not altogether accordant with those doctrines, which the same lawgivers have voted so much of the public treasure to disseminate. To commit to the House of Correction for three months, and to keep to hard labor, "all persons lodging in the open air or in barns, carts, &c.," is not precisely following in the steps of Him who forbids us "in any wise to oppress or to vex the poor and the stranger." — The observations made by the writer at the close of this pamphlet, on the injustice of declaring "common stage-players" to be "rogues and vagabonds," while the stage-players who promote the amusement of the higher orders are exempted from the operation of the law, are in many respects reasonable.

Art. 18. *Reflections on the Lieutenancy of the Marquis Wellesley*, in a Letter to a Friend. 8vo. pp. 112. 3*s*. Murray, 1824.

Mr. Harg. O'Brien, the author of these pages, starts forwards as the defender of the present Viceroy of Ireland, against the attacks of those who are dissatisfied with his measures, generally, because they have not accomplished all that the most sanguine friends of that country anticipated from his appointment. The Marquis, we believe, undertook his high office in the spirit of equity and conciliation: but he soon became obnoxious to the violent of both sides; and it happens that Ireland is so completely divided into violent parties that the men of moderation are few — very few. Those who were anxious to perpetuate inveterate abuse and insulting ascendency feared a steady course of temperate reform; and those were equally inimical to a mild system of government who had calculated on the success of disaffected movements, from measures of an opposite character. It was the aim of each party to circulate expectations which could never be realized, in order to stigmatize as a failure all that must speedily ensue, and to bring discredit on any system of gradual improvement which was equally unpropitious to the views of both.

The mischief, however, we apprehend, lies at home: our cabinet is divided on the affairs of Ireland; and where no unity of design exists, no unity of action can follow. The Marquis has not had fair play; and there is too much reason to fear that the term of his viceroyalty will expire without giving him the opportunity of confer-

conferring on his native country that peace, harmony, and prosperity, which we believe to be the great object of his wishes. The last letter of the Catholic code must be obliterated before Ireland will be tranquillized: the church-establishment must be examined; the services performed must be compared with the revenues received, and it must be seen how far the former are commensurate with the latter; and, lastly, employment, profitable employment, must be found for the poor. Loans from government will not effect this object: as soon as one becomes exhausted, another will be required. It must be found in the investment of individual capital: security, the result of equal government, is all that is wanted. The Irish have never been charged with any defect of ingenuity or industry, but it is hard to work without adequate remuneration. Abate the inflammation which religious ascendency and intolerance have created, educate the young, employ the adult, and Ireland will be a gem of inestimable value in the British crown.

Art. 19. *Short Statement relative to the Bishop's Court in Ireland*, and the Conduct of Tythe-Proctors in that Country. 8vo. pp. 16. Rodwell.

This is a Report of the Committee of the parish of Blackrath, in the county of Kilkenny, on the abuses of the tythe-system, containing a narrative of the regular progress from the valuation of the tythe to the recovery of it: each new step, as the Committee emphatically observes, being in fact a new abuse. If a tenth part of the abominations are practised which these pages describe; if the tythe-proctors and the tythe-owners are such hard-hearted and fraudulent oppressors of the poor and helpless tenantry as they are here represented; the sooner they are swept out of the island the better. Yet, though the statements are probably true in the main, such an exasperation of feeling is exhibited on the part of the Committee of Blackrath, and the Report has such a strong *ex-parte* appearance, that we are inclined to hope that the flagrancy of the system exposed may, in some measure, be exaggerated. At all events, the writer of the Report has not been judicious in exposing, with so little reserve, the workings of his own indignation, however justified he may be in entertaining it. The Tythe-Composition Bill, we hope, will soften down an evil which is truly dreadful.

EDUCATION.

Art. 20. *A new Grammar of the English Language*; including the fundamental Principles of Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody: in which it is attempted, by a new Arrangement of the Verb, to remove the Perplexity and Confusion hitherto found in several Tenses of the Potential Mood, and the Future of the Indicative: with Notes and Illustrations, Critical and Explanatory: by T. O. Churchill, Translator of Herder's "Philosophy of History," Bossut's "History of the Mathematics," &c. 12mo. 5*s*. bound. Simpkin and Co. 1823.

The grammar of Lowth seems especially to have served this author for a model: but he has made many just corrections in it, with many valuable additions to it, and has enlarged that compendious introduction to the English language into a comprehensive treatise, illustrated by numerous critical notes. Murray and Crombie have been consulted; so have Sheridan's Orthoepy and Walker's Rhyming Dictionary; and the result is a copious body of information concerning the analogies and anomalies, the peculiarities and niceties, of our tongue, more adapted perhaps for the proficient than the beginner, but truly instructive and perpetually elegant.

P. 27. In the table of affixes employed for the formation of nouns, we deem it incorrect not to have distinguished between the simply diminutive affix *lin* and the contemptuously diminutive affix *ling*, which are respectively collateral with the German formative syllables *lein* and *ling*: the last of which, but not the first, is always masculine. We ought to write *ducklin*, *goslin*, *dumplin*, *scantlin*, without a final *g*: but *witling*, *worldling*, *darling*, with the final *g*, in order to mark the essentially distinct derivation.

P. 30. Mr. Churchill hazards the indefensible adjective *attractical*: observing that in many words the terminations *ic* and *ical* are used indiscriminately, but that in some cases they convey a distinct meaning, as a *comic* actor, and a *comical* fellow. In general, however, the termination *al* being of Latin descent ought not to be united with Greek roots.

At p. 31. the author proposes the verb to *alkalizate*, for *to alkalize*: but *ate* is a Latin affix, which cannot follow the Greek *ize*. It was worth while to observe that the affix *le*, employed to form frequentative verbs, as *to handle*, *to fondle*, *to straggle*, *to struggle*, is rightly spelled: but that the same affix *le*, employed to form instrumental nouns, has been wrongly spelled, or at least differently from the practice of other Gothic dialects. It would be better to write *handel*, *stoppel*, *saddel*, *heavel*, *pointel*, *pestel*, *sickel*, *grappel*, *easel*, *shuttel*, &c. which are derived from the Saxon *el*, the arm, as in *elbow*.

In p. 79. *next* is given as the superlative of *near*, whereas it is the superlative of *nigh*: in German, the positive *nach*, or *nah*, forms regularly the superlative *naechst*.

The following remarks on the somewhat unsettled application of the hyphen occur in the notes to the chapter on Punctuation:

'While it would be absurd, to sacrifice the established practice of all good authors to illiterate readers; it would unquestionably be advantageous, to have some principle to guide us in that labyrinth of words, in which the hyphen appears to have been admitted or rejected arbitrarily, or at hap-hazard. Thus, though we find in Johnson *alms-basket*, *alms-giver*, with the hyphen; we have *almsdeed*, *almshouse*, *almsman*, without: and many similar examples of an unsettled practice might be adduced, sufficient to fill several pages. In this perplexity, is not the pronunciation of the words the best guide? In the English language, every word of more than one syllable is marked by an accent on some particular syllable. Some very long words indeed admit a secondary accent on another syllable;

lable; but still this is much inferior, and leaves one leading accent prominent: as in *expos"tulator'y*. Accordingly, when a compound has but one accented syllable in pronunciation, as *night'cap, bed'stead, broad'sword*, the two words have coalesced completely into one, and no hyphen should be admitted. On the other hand, when each of the radical words has an accent, as *Chris'tian-na'me, broa'd-shoúldered*, I think the hyphen should be used. *Good'-na'tured* is a compound epithet with two accents, and therefore requires the hyphen: in *good nature, good will*, and similar expressions, *good* is used simply as an adjective, and of course should remain distinct from the noun. Thus too, when a noun is used adjectively, it should remain separate from the word it modifies; as a *gold ring*, a *silver buckle*. When two numerals are employed to express a number, without a conjunction between them, it is usual to connect them by a hyphen; as, *twenty-five, eighty-four*: but when the conjunction is inserted, the hyphen is as improper, as it would be between other words connected by the conjunction. This however is a common abuse; and we often meet with *five-&-twenty, six-&-thirty*, and the like.

'Another abuse of the hyphen has become prevalent of late, that of foisting it between a proper name and the thing designated by it: as, "*St. Paul's-church* faces *Ludgate-street*." In both these places it is superfluous. We find it also, following a modern French fashion, between Christian names, when a person has more than one.

'When several compounds in succession end with the same radical word, it is usual to omit this word in all except the last: as, "An *oil* and *colourman*;" that is, "An *oilman* and *colourman*:" "A *silk, woollen*, and *calicodyer*." But formerly a hyphen was added, to mark the omission: as, "Is it not they, who walk the streets, and fill up *parliament-, coffee-, play-*, and *bawdy-houses*?" *Swift, Tale of a Tub*. The same practice still prevails in the German language.'

Mr. Churchill blames those who pronounce *pudding* without sounding the *g*: but in fact we ought not to write the word with a *g*, if we attend to its derivation from the French *boudin*. — On the whole, this work frequently deserves consultation, and will tend to a critical acquisition of our language.

NOVEL.

Art. 21. *The Outcasts*; a Romance. Translated from the German by George Soane. Crown 8vo. 2 Vols. 16*s*. Boards. Whittakers. 1824.

The Baroness de la Motte Fouqué, the author of this romance, is well known in Germany and not *un*known here as a novelist; and the present additional specimen of her abilities confirms our former disposition to think favorably of them, though her style of writing is occasionally very *Germanesque*. The story of 'The Outcasts,' however, the scene of which is laid in England during the reign of Elizabeth, was not perhaps the best adapted of the Baroness's productions for an English translation, as the writer could not

not be well acquainted with our customs, and has put herself by her choice of subject, and by her mode of treating it, in competition with the author of "Waverley." In the character of Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby, we perceive a good deal of what Mr. Soane calls 'the cant of mysticism and sentiment.' "You will not understand me," replied Peregrine almost mournfully; "I speak of that magic mirror in the inmost sanctuary of the heart, which like the eye has an object without itself, knowing that it has and by degrees conveys the image to the consciousness." It was certainly rather unreasonable in Peregrine to expect that any one should fathom his bottomless meaning: but his mother, the Duchess, went farther than the comprehension of it, for she even undertook to explain it by the much approved method of *obscurum per obscurius*. "You speak, my son, without knowing it, of the mystery of the Eternal Word. It is the essence of the highest love which you have painted, but which no one has from nature," &c. &c. &c.

Mr. Soane tells us that he has taken considerable liberties with the original, and we could have pardoned him if he had made so free with the above passages as to reduce them to something like common sense.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 22. *The Hermit in Prison;* translated from the French of E. Jouy, Member of the Institute, and Author of the "Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin," "Sylla," &c.; and A. Jay. 12mo. 2 Vols. 14*s*. Boards. Whittakers. 1823.

We have repeatedly noticed the various productions of M. Jouy, which all breathe a spirit of rational piety, temperate liberty, and social philanthropy. They are written also with grace and elegance, but with unambitious simplicity; and, if they seldom ascend to eloquence and never blaze up into bombast, they are lively and picturesque, and full of delineations of human manners and characters. This new work, which will add to his reputation, and that of his coadjutor, for practical good sense, exhibits him in a Prison, with full possession and command of the consolations of philosophy. It gives a journal of their confinement, and contrives means to found on local occurrences thirty daily papers, full of pleasant anecdotes and liberal reflections.

M. Jouy and M. Jay were sentenced to a month's confinement in the prison of Sainte-Pélagie at Paris, for some remarks which the Bourbon government interpreted as libellous in the *Biographie Nouvelle des Contemporains*. If a writer be not habitually seditious, there is a want of magnanimity in noticing the occasional rashnesses of expression to which, in moments of hurried composition, an author is so likely to be tempted; and we believe that all formal prosecutions serve both to advertize, and more indelibly to impress, an obnoxious passage, which, if unnoticed, would have had no effect.

We extract an anecdote from No. XV.:

'I will end these reflections, which have no other connecting link than the place which has suggested them, by an anecdote

which the painful recollection of the two brothers Faucher recals to my mind. If the strong personal resemblance between brothers has frequently given rise to fatal mistakes, it has likewise afforded examples of the most heroic devotion. The two brothers Montain, both of them distinguished physicians, practised their art at Lyons, where they acquired the esteem and friendship of their fellow-citizens, — when, in the year 1815, all who had the spirit of Frenchmen in that city, united to oppose a national defence to the torrent of armed foes. Doctor Montain, senior, was compromised in a charge of conspiracy, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. He had already passed more than a year in one of the unhealthy prisons of Lyons, and contracted such painful diseases, as obtained for him the permission of being transferred to Paris and of passing in Sainte-Pélagie the remainder of his sentence. On quitting the dungeons of Lyons, he had so completely lost the use of his limbs, as to be unable to move except with the aid of crutches. His brother accompanied him on his journey, which protracted it considerably, as the *gend'armerie* were not able to travel more than three or four leagues a day. The air and exercise were, however, of the greatest service to the invalid. On their arrival at Paris, Doctor Montain was locked up in Sainte-Pélagie; the brothers tenderly embraced each other, and then separated. A week had passed away when the prisoner received a letter, informing him that his brother was safe in one of the towns of Belgium. He instantly demanded to be brought before the Attorney-General, who visited him in prison. He, Doctor Montain, complained that he was kept in confinement illegally and arbitrarily, since it was his brother, and not himself, who had been condemned at Lyons. An inquiry was immediately instituted, and it appeared that the younger brother had found the means, during the journey, to substitute himself for the elder, and had been imprisoned in Sainte-Pélagie in the place of him who had been condemned by the decree. There was no law in the Criminal Code which applied to this generous action, and the two brothers were thus restored to liberty.'

In a chapter superscribed *Women*, the following anecdotes occur:

'Education and social station create among men differences which are much less apparent among women, and which are made to disappear before pity and love, two sentiments that seem to be a part of themselves. In the midst of the miserable objects of their consolations, they are distinguished by their clothes only; they all appear, then, to possess in the same degree that charming art of divining their wishes, of keeping up their courage, of managing their self-love, in a word, of pouring over the wounds of the heart that balm, which their ingenious tenderness alone knows how to prepare. These moral cares are far above the physical and material attentions of which they are scarcely less lavish. Amongst the women, in the midst of whom I have passed some hours on the days of our grand *levée*, there was pointed out to me a young girl, who for the last three years came regularly from Nanterre on foot,

foot, twice a week, and in all weathers, to bring to a friend among the prisoners some of the little cakes of the country, of which he is very fond. The other day he scolded her for coming to see him in such bad weather: and I listened with interest to the little excuses which her heart was constantly suggesting, in order to lessen the merit of her fidelity. "It did not rain when she left home — or when the rain began she was lucky enough to meet with an old milk-woman, who had taken her into a little covered cart, and brought her to the *Boulevard la Madeleine.*" While she said this, she was drying her wet clothes, and making a sign to an old man who accompanied her not to betray her. On another seat I saw a female, still beautiful, though in the decline of life, who pressed her son to her bosom with an expression of tenderness and grief it is impossible to describe. The husband turned away his eyes, full of contempt and anger, from a son for whom he had cause, no doubt, to blush, and the fond mother seized the moment to slip a purse, which she had drawn from her bosom, into the youth's hand.'

This agreeable miscellany is well translated, and contains many valuable facts and hints concerning the management of prisons, which deserve the notice of the legislator. High praise is bestowed on the Penitentiary of New-York, which M. Jay once visited; and the history of an Irishman, who was confined there, is worked up into an interesting romance.

Art. 23. *Horæ Momenta Cravenæ;* or, the Craven Dialect, exemplified in Two Dialogues. To which is annexed, a copious Glossary. By a Native of Craven. 12mo. 4*s.* Boards. Hurst and Co. 1824.

The first of these dialogues depicts the traditional or heathen superstitions of the deanery of Craven, and describes with much dramatic effect the imaginary appearance of the Devil to the terrified Bridget. — The second colloquy paints the acquired superstitions of the district, and contrasts the Methodists with the followers of the Anglican church, to the advantage of the latter. There is real pathos in the sketch of the trembling Christian's death-bed: though he crows too like *a craven.*

To the dialogues, which do not easily permit a convenient extract, succeeds an alphabetical glossary, from which we shall borrow a specimen.

'*Sa*, Saw.
'*Saa*, To sow.
'*Saaf*, Safe.
'*Saap*, Soap. Sc. *saip.*
'*Saar*, Sore. TEUT. *schr.* ISL. *saar.*
'*Saace*, } Melted butter.
'*Sauce*, }
'*Sackless*, Forlorn, foolish, quiet. A. S. *sacleas*, quiet.
'*Said*, Deterred, influenced.
'*Sag*, To bend or oppress. WELSH, *ãswasgu, per* METATHESIN, to overpress. Is. *sweigia.*

'"The

'"The heart, I fear, shall never sag with doubt."
MACBETH, act v. sc. 1.

'*Sagers*, Sawyers. BELG. *zager*. A.S. *sage*.
'*Salt-pie*, A box containing salt.
'2. A lean-to.
'*Sam*, To collect together. A.S. *samnian*. BELG. *tsamen*. SU. G. *samla*, used by SPENSER.
'*Same*, Fat, swine same. BRIT. *saim*. HEB. *shamen*. AINSWORTH, *seam*.
'*Same-like*, In like manner.
'*Sanded*, Bad of sight, short-sighted.
'*Sang*, A song. A.S. *sang*.
'*Sap-scull*, A foolish fellow.
'*Sark*, Shift. A.S. *scyre*, a covering. The Danes called the surplice *messe-sarke*. The Scotch the *sarke of G——*, see BORDER MINSTRELSY.
'*Sarraed*, Served.
'*Saugh*, Willow or sallow. W. *saelgh*. FR. *saule*.
'*Saur*, Urine, from cow-houses, &c. Sc. *saur*, to savour. ISL. *saur, sordes*.
'*Saut*, Salt.
'*Saut*, Heat, applied to a bitch, probably a corruption of the FR. *chaude*.
'*Sauve*, Salve.
'*Say*, Authority, influence.'

This lexicon does not always display a very deep knowlege of the sources of British language: but it in general suffices to explain the text, and to connect the individual words with their collateral forms in other provinces.

Art. 24. *The Sweepings of my Study*. By the Compiler of "The Hundred Wonders of the World." 12mo. pp. 332. 7*s*. 6*d*. Boards. Whittakers. 1824.

This comes of reading and writing! the cook is reading love-letters when the soup is boiling over; the very scullion is scribbling a valentine instead of washing the dishes; and the temptations to which Sukey, the house-maid (or this author's *housekeeper*) is exposed, are perfectly resistless. The precious fragments of her master's manuscripts, torn and scattered on the unseemly floor, cannot escape her vigilance: besides, they are the perquisites of her employment; and Sukey, with the curiosity of her sex stimulated by the consciousness of her own school-learning, sweeps the scraps together, and laudably preserves them for the honor of her master and the benefit of the public. Well, a fire-screen covered with caricatures, and riddles, and charades, and bon-mots, is more entertaining than a blank surface for the eyes to contemplate; and the little volume before us is a very amusing and informing fire-screen of this description. The author is an old soldier, who has seen "the manners of a great many men, and the customs of a great many cities." He served

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in the American war, and introduces a few anecdotes connected with his campaigns against the revolted colonists: but France, also, and Italy, Germany, and Constantinople, supply him with materials for narrative. Nay more; where his own observation does not extend, he avails himself of the assistance of the Chevalier de St. Priest, Knight of Malta, whose manuscript-travels in different parts of Europe, we are told, fell into his hands very fortunately to supply the defect.

As the writer has resided much in France, and at different periods, some of his anecdotes, during portions of the directorial and consular governments, are among the most amusing parts of this volume. The late Lord Melville proposed to the French Directory, that each of the two governments should undertake the charge and maintenance of the prisoners of war belonging to its own nation; and this proposition being accepted, agents on both sides were appointed to carry it into execution. The author was one of those who were nominated by Great Britain, and continued to exercise his very important functions till the signature of the preliminaries of peace announced the joyful tidings of release to the captives. Several interesting stories of contrivances and escapes are related among the *Scrapiana;* and we would copy one which refers to a distinguished officer of our own country, Sir Sidney Smith, were it not rather too long, and had we not already obtained many particulars respecting his imprisonment and *strategetical* release. It is succeeded by another anecdote of him, which we transcribe:

'I was at Montpelier when a considerable portion of the army of Egypt, having been disembarked at Cette, was assembled there. It was perhaps indiscreet in a foreigner, like myself, to put questions to several of the soldiers, with whom the streets swarmed, relative to the capitulation and other particulars; but from each of them I received a sulky and ungracious reply. They could not feel otherwise than sore at the result of the Egyptian campaigns being brought hastily to their recollection.

'At the *table d'hôte*, in the evening, an officer whose thick mustache and grim features would have scared a timid observer, was seated opposite to me. I was not quite at my ease when I noticed him, from time to time, darting his eyes on me, while he conversed with another officer at his side. This hero, thought I, of baffled hopes and prospects, owes the English a grudge, because he has had, in Egypt, a sensible proof of their military ascendency, and is now venting his spleen on me. I was determined, however, not to be among the first to quit the table; and he likewise kept his seat until most of the other guests had retired. Approaching me, he was glad, he said, again to meet with an Englishman, for to an Englishman he owed his life, and my nation he should never cease to honor and respect. At the siege of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, he fell into the hands of a party of ferocious Turks, from whose grasp he was rescued, at the imminent peril of his own life, by Sir Sydney Smith, at the moment when the uplifted scimetar was about to inflict the fatal blow.'

When

When the writer was accompanying to Marseilles, in 1814, the French prisoners of war who had been held captives at Malta, he met with the following singular character among them:

'Among the more exalted in rank, was one whose simplicity of manners seemed to border on fatuity, and who afforded a striking example, that men are not, any more than by their looks, to be judged by their outward bearing on a superficial acquaintance. He was a long time at Malta, where, although decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour, he passed for a harmless, inoffensive creature — one whom we designate as an old woman — without spirit, and devoid of professional ability, until one particular of his history became known, namely, that he commanded the flotilla at Boulogne at the time of the unsuccessful attack made on that place by Lord Nelson. Nothing more was required than for me to touch gently on this string, to kindle him into a recital of the preparations he had made, and the expedients to which he had resorted, as well for annoyance as for defence. This important trust, it appeared to me, could not have been confided to better hands.'

With one of the jocose anecdotes, we must close this entertaining volume.

'Physicians have been known to ride their hobby-horses so indefatigably, and with so determined a speed, that, if peradventure the over-wrought animals have not broken down by the way, they have seldom failed to gallop down some of their patients in their blind career. Of this description was one whose most productive patient, an aged gentleman, wasted gradually, but perceptibly, to the skeleton-form. Having dosed him, for I know not how long, with Cayenne pepper, a remedy which was then greatly in vogue, he sent this hobby to the grass-field, and bestrid another named *Sal Polychreston*, the salt of many virtues, or, in Dutch, — for the Doctor had studied at Leyden, — *Een middel tot veele ziekten*, the mean, or remedy, for many infirmities, which of course saved him much painful thought in a dubious case. His patient was not a whit the better for this change, but on the other hand became shrivelled and reduced to what I have heard an old nurse call a "natomy." "Doctor," said he, one morning, with rueful face, "you ask me how I do, and I would fain tell you what I think about myself. I am afraid you have not looked rightly into my *case*, which, as you may now perceive, is to be seen through without the help of a candle. You have, however, peppered me and salted me so well, that in my opinion nothing further remains for you to do but to hang me up the chimney, and dry me."'

Art. 25. *Choix des Classiques Français, dirigé par* L. T. Ventouillac. 12mo. 3*s.* each No. Low, and Treuttel and Co.

Four numbers of this agreeable collection have appeared, comprising *Elizabeth*, *Numa Pompilius*, and selections from *Buffon*. In point of style, paper, and engravings, the work is very respectable, and a short account of the author is prefixed to each volume. On the whole, the publication appears to merit encouragement.

Art.

Art. 26. *Leaves from a Journal;* or, Sketches of Rambles in North Britain and Ireland. By Andrew Bigelow, Medford, Massachusetts. Crown 8vo. 6*s.* Boards. Whittakers. 1824.

It appears that, on the return of Mr. Bigelow to his native country, he was requested to furnish the editor of an American magazine with the observations which he had made in his commonplace book; or what he had seen in the course of his travels in Scotland and Ireland. The journal of a young traveller is very liable to be a sort of *omnium gatherum*, an indiscriminate receptacle for all that he hears, sees, reads, or picks up by any accident at the inns at which he stops; and, though we shall not go so far as to say that the volume before us exactly answers this description, we must not conceal that it includes much petty and uninteresting incident, which might well have been spared. On the other hand, it should in justice be observed that these rapid delineations and minute memoranda were intended for another hemisphere; where they would probably be perused with less fastidiousness, and more of the relish of novelty, than in the country in which they were written. — The author dates from Glasgow in 1817, and his first excursion is to Dublin; both of which cities he visits under the great advantages of good introductions. On leaving Ireland, he proceeds to Edinburgh, taking our English lakes in his way; and we have then 'a Walk to Holyrood;' a 'Tour to Loch Katrine and the Grampians;' 'a Day in Lorn;' 'a Visit to the Grave of Colonel Gardiner;' and a 'Pilgrimage to Melrose and Dryburgh Abbeys.' These sketches have appeared in several American journals, and the success which attended them has probably induced some British publishers to give them circulation here. They will, doubtless, find readers; and it will be hard if readers in return do not find some amusement or information. Many persons may obtain both.

CORRESPONDENCE.

D. L. C. is unjustifiable in his suspicions, illogical in his arguments, erroneous in his facts, and contemptible in his insinuations. We do not often express ourselves with personal severity, but there may be occasions for it, and "this is of them."

An old friend, *T. W. F.*, writes to us on the subject of the high prices of new books. We agree with him as to the increasing existence of the evil, and frequently take notice of it: but the remedy is in the hands of the public.

The writer of some folio MS., left at our publisher's without a note, is requested to apprize us of some mode of communication with him.

*** The APPENDIX to vol. ciii. is published with this Review, and contains FOREIGN LITERATURE, as usual; with *Title-page*, *Index*, &c.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW,

For JUNE, 1824.

ART. I. *Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa.* By William J. Burchell, Esq. Vol. II. With numerous Engravings. 4to. pp. 702. 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Longman and Co. 1824.

WHEN we consider the losses that this country has sustained, within a short time, by the sacrifice of many valuable lives to the ardor of research and the enterprize of discovery in distant, inhospitable, and unhealthy regions, we can scarcely wish to hear of new claimants for this dangerous prize; or at least we cannot wonder if the zeal of any such aspirants should appear to be somewhat checked, and their perception of the probability of danger or of disappointment be materially quickened. On the same account, we are disposed to congratulate those travellers who have already distinguished themselves in this adventurous path, and have returned in safety to repose under their laurels. In this class Mr. Burchell holds an eminent place; and, tendering him our felicitations on his success and safety, we renew our attention to his narratives.

In our ninety-ninth volume, pp. 1. and 143., we reported the contents of Mr. B.'s first publication, and sketched his progress up to the 24th of February, 1812. Early in the next morning, he took his departure from Klaarwater, accompanied by some hired Hottentots and ox-riders; shaping his course through the country of the Bushmen to the borders of the Cape Colony, and thence to Graaffreynet. On the second day, he looked around in vain for the gaudy flowers which had decorated the plains on his former visit to the Asbestos mountains; 'so astonishingly and almost incredibly rapid is the progress of vegetation in these regions, with respect to bulbous flowers, that in the short space of ten days the beautiful lilies *, then observed just coming into bloom, had completed their flowering, and ripened their seed; the flower-stems were dried

'* *Amaryllis lucida*: noticed in the first volume at pages 536. and 541.'

up, had parted from the roots, and were nearly all blown away.' — Mr. B.'s course lay sometimes through a romantic and picturesque valley, among mountains of clay-slate, and sometimes along more hilly and uneven ground. Near the Gariep, the rocks were chiefly composed of conglomerate.

By the assistance of swimmers, the party and their very limited allowance of baggage were conveyed across the river, on rafts hastily constructed for the purpose. On entering the Cisgariepine territory, an extensive plain, covered with tall grass, and animated by the stalking of the ostrich and the bounds of the stone-buck, opened on the view. Having halted at a small Bushman kraal, consisting of only three huts, the travellers experienced a welcome reception, and enjoyed the contemplation of a moonlight scene; which is delineated with a masterly pencil. The next morning was ushered in by the notes of the myriads of warblers that cheer the groves of the Gariep; notes less harmonious, indeed, than those of the thrush or of the nightingale, but not less expressive of the repose of nature and of the happiness of the feathered tribes. For a considerable time, the party proceeded in a southerly direction over treeless plains, and seldom far removed from a *periodical* river, the name of which they neglected to ascertain. On their way, they encountered an ostrich's nest, in the concavity of which lay twenty-five eggs, and in the trench nine more, intended as the first food of the young. 'Those in the hollow, being designed for incubation, may often prove useless to the traveller, but the others on the outside will always be found fit for eating.'

'We made our dinner from the *ostrich-eggs;* each of the Hottentots eating a whole one, although containing as much food as twenty-four eggs of the domestic hen. It is therefore not surprising that I found myself unable to accomplish my share of the meal; even with the aid of all the hunger which a long morning's ride had given me. The mode in which they were cooked was one of great antiquity; for all the Hottentot race, their fathers, and their grandfathers' fathers, as they express themselves, have practised it before them. A small hole the size of a finger was very dexterously made at one end, and having cut a forked stick from the bushes, they introduced it into the egg by pressing the two prongs close together; then by twirling the end of the stick between the palms of their hands for a short time, they completely mixed the white and the yolk together. Setting it upon the fire, they continued frequently to turn the stick, until the inside had acquired the proper consistence of a boiled egg. This method recommends itself to a traveller, by its expedition, cleanliness, and simplicity; and by requiring neither pot nor water; the shell answering perfectly the purpose of the first, and the liquid nature of its contents that of the other.'

A still

A still more important occurrence was the meeting with Kaabi, the chief of a kraal, and some of his men, whose good opinion and kind offices were at once conciliated by confidential intercourse and presents of tobacco. — The optical illusion of the appearance of water, which has been so often observed in the desert, is thus described:

'It exactly resembled a distant and extensive lake, receding from us as we advanced; and offered a prospect the most tempting and delightful, but at the same time the most tantalizing, to a thirsty traveller; and, to complete the illusion, its surface seemed to play in a lively rippling motion. The day was warm and cloudless. The cause of this phenomenon is, very probably, the vapor and heat of the sun's rays, reflected from a great extent of level surface. A similar effect, on a small scale, may be observed even in England, on very hot days: not asserting that it ever produces the appearance of water; but meaning only that the operation of the same cause may often be witnessed, by looking obliquely along any heated and extensive surface. In the present example of this phenomenon, and in all others which I have seen in Africa, the *optical lake* is only visible when backed by very distant mountains, whose angle of altitude is not greater than ten or fifteen minutes of a degree; that is, just appearing above the horizon: for, as the traveller advances, and these mountains appear higher, the lake always vanishes. Consequently, it divides itself into separate lakes or ponds, as soon as the spectator's nearer approach occasions the higher mountains of the range, or the loftier peaks, to rise above that angle; a fact which I have invariably noticed in such circumstances.'

The author and his suite continued to advance over plains of various descriptions, at the average rate of 3½ miles in an hour, experiencing the vicissitudes of sultry and stormy weather; often parched with thirst, and halting when they fell in with fresh water, or proper grazing spots for the cattle: but their provisions rapidly diminishing, from the scanty supply of game, and the accession of Bushmen to their original number. Yet it was of the utmost consequence to insure the good will of the inhabitants by observing towards them a frank deportment, and treating them liberally with meat and tobacco; and the rather because the Hottentots traversed their territory under the manifest influence of fear and alarm. The Bushmen are generally so very poor, that they often trust for a meal to the wild roots which they dig up about their wretched dwellings; and the feeding of a famished groupe of these unreclaimed wanderers is related in a manner highly creditable to Mr. Burchell's humanity.

On the 5th of March, many singular rocky hills, of primitive green-stone, with a black and glossy external surface,

were observed scattered over the country; deriving, as Mr. B. conjectured, their color and lustre from the iron with which they are impregnated. The evening of the same day brought the travellers to Kaabi's kraal, at the point of the Hyena mountains, close to which the river flows; and here they tarried for a few days, surrounded by the unarmed and admiring natives, who liberally partook of their messes and their tobacco. The confidence of these people was completely confirmed when they learned that the white man had no connection with the Dutch colonists, and came among them unarmed, merely to visit their country, and to shew them every kind attention in his power. This kraal, which consists of twenty huts, and contains about 120 inhabitants, is one of the most considerable villages of those regions. — With all the author's candor, and his disposition to do ample justice to the character of the Bushmen, he admits their decided propensity to pilfer, their disregard of veracity, and their inferiority of talent when compared with the civilized classes of mankind. They are much addicted to lounging, and chatting in small groupes. Mr. B. took his seat in the midst of one of their female parties, without ceremony, and apparently without in the least discomposing them: but the young girls manifested as just a sense of modesty as if they had been properly educated.

The greatest extent of polygamy among these people is that the husband may take a second wife when the first has grown old in constitution; or perhaps, though very rarely, a third, the first married continuing with the husband, and betraying no symptoms of jealousy. — A family-party were observed eating goats' milk, with a brush of strong hairs, which they dipped into the bowl, and then sucked the milk out from it. — Mourning for the loss of a relation is frequently expressed by cutting off a joint or two of the little finger. — Dancing in the huts is performed by single individuals, who relieve one another, and the motion is limited to one foot at a time: a rude sort of a rattle being fixed to each ancle: but all the company join in singing, in beating the water-drum, and in clapping hands. — The announcement that Speelman, the hunter, had killed two rhinoceroses, a task of no easy or safe performance, electrified the whole kraal with joy, and afforded a striking specimen of the rapidity and eagerness with which the natives cut, roasted, and devoured slice after slice, as if they could never be satiated.

Mr. B.'s journey was resumed on the 9th of March, and still in the general direction of the river, which was crossed four times in this day's ride. The country gradually became more hilly;

hilly; and, on all sides, quakkas, spring-bucks, kannas, &c., were seen quietly grazing, like tame cattle, while the foot-marks of lions were perceptible at the halting station. Steaks of the quakka were found tender and palatable, and of a flavor intermediate between that of beef and mutton: but the fat was rather oily and disagreeable.

At Rhenoster Poort (Rhinoceros Pass) a waggon-track exercised the ingenuity of the Hottentots, who possess a remarkable talent for discovering the prints of animals, and ascertaining the comparative recentness of their passage. — At the termination of a plain, on the 17th, a rocky ascent conducted to an elevated country; where the geology of the mountains assumed a new feature, being traversed by a thick stratum of sand-stone, fragments of which lay every where scattered about the valleys. A marked change was at the same time observable in the botany of the district; the sides of the hills being clothed with a richer foliage, and the interstices of the rocks decorated with a non-descript species of *Rhus*, which the author designates *serræfolium*. On the evening of the same day, the travellers entered within the boundaries of the colony; though, contrary to the usage of colonial hospitality, their reception at the first Dutch farm-house was rude and repulsive. As they advanced, they came to an extensive open plain, abounding in wild animals, particularly spring-bucks, upwards of 2000 of which were conjectured to be in sight. — Approximating the Sneeuwberg range of mountains, they crossed a branch of the *Zeekoe* (Sea-cow) river. On traversing the mountainous region, they experienced a considerable degree of cold from the prevalence of a misty vapor, while the surrounding landscape was grand, but gloomy and desolate. Most of the Hottentot attendants felt the effects of the cold severely; and a little Bush-boy nearly sank under it. It was reported also that the colonists are liable to coughs; which are of rare occurrence in other parts of Africa. — The Rhinoceros is now seldom found in the colony; and the Hippopotamus, which formerly abounded in the Zeekoe river, has retreated to the Nugariep, in which it is less molested.

The descent from the Snowy Mountains was very steep, and not unattended with danger: but the prospect was sublime and romantic. The deep glens, and the bold flanks of the mountains, were covered with trees of rich and beautiful foliage, several of them not heretofore particularized, as *Grewia robusta*, *Celastrus linearis*, &c. After having reached the low country, Mr. Burchell was taken ill with fever, and compelled to halt in a deserted and roofless hovel; where he

was visited by three armed burghers of Graaffreynet, who were dispatched by the Landdrost, for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the reports concerning him and his retinue. These official scouts were succeeded by the very welcome and unexpected appearance of Dr. Menzies, surgeon to the 21st regiment of light dragoons, and the younger son of the Landdrost, who treated him with every kindness and attention; and these, again, were followed by the acting Landdrost and his brother, with the clergyman's carriage, to convey the invalid to the town, ten miles distant. Mr. Kicherer, the clergyman himself, came soon afterward, and accompanied Mr. B. to Graaffreynet. 'The news of my having arrived in peace soon spread through the village; and when busy report had reduced my dreaded party of three hundred back again to eight, and had changed the expected hostile attack into a friendly visit, all further apprehensions ceased, and the folly of the mistake became a source of considerable amusement.'

The neat village or small town of Graaffreynet is conspicuous for its clean streets, handsome church, and comfortable fields and gardens: while the rocky declivities of the lofty mountains which surround it are adorned with the permanent verdure of *Portulacaria Afra*. The banks of the Sunday river, on which this rising establishment is founded, are rich and varied; and the hilly neighbourhood is the native soil of that singular vegetable species, termed *Testudinaria montana*, or *Hottentot's bread*, which frequently attains to three feet in height and diameter, stands entirely above ground, has a fleshy inside, (something like the substance of a turnip,) and is cut in pieces, and baked in the embers. Here Mr. Burchell, not without difficulty, and the exercise of enduring patience, engaged some Hottentots to accompany him in the prosecution of his meditated journey: but, with one signal exception, their conduct was little calculated to abide the test of rigid scrutiny; and two, who boasted of being *Christians*, were most addicted to brandy, and least disposed to render available service.

April 28., with the prayers and blessing of the clergyman and his good friends, the journalist set out on his return to the confines of the colony; pursuing, however, a different track over the Snow Mountains, but still rocky and rugged, and not exempt from hazard. On the 5th of May, the Friendly river, as it is called in the narrative, again made its appearance, and indicated, according to calculation, the direction of the course back to Klaarwater. On the rushy banks

of

of this stream the dogs sprang a lion, with a large black mane, and a lioness.

'The latter was seen only for a minute, as she made her escape up the river, under concealment of the rushes; but *the lion* came steadily forward and stood still to look at us. At this moment we felt our situation not free from danger, as the animal seemed preparing to spring upon us, and we were standing on the bank at the distance of only a few yards from him, most of us being on foot and unarmed, without any visible possibility of escaping. I had given up my horse to the hunters and was on foot myself; but there was no time for fear, and it was useless to attempt avoiding him. Poor Truy was in great alarm; she clasped her infant to her bosom, and screamed out, as if she thought her destruction inevitable, calling anxiously to those who were nearest the animal, *Take care! Take care!* In great fear for my safety, she half-insisted upon my moving farther off: I, however, stood well upon my guard, holding my pistols in my hand, with my finger upon the trigger; and those who had muskets kept themselves prepared in the same manner. But at this instant *the dogs* boldly flew in between us and the lion, and surrounding him, kept him at bay by their violent and resolute barking. The courage of these faithful animals was most admirable: they advanced up to the side of the huge beast, and stood making the greatest clamor in his face, without the least appearance of fear. The lion, conscious of his strength, remained unmoved at the noisy attempts, and kept his head turned towards us. At one moment, the dogs perceiving his eye thus engaged, had advanced close to his feet, and seemed as if they would actually seize hold of him; but they paid dearly for their imprudence, for without discomposing the majestic and steady attitude in which he stood fixed, he merely moved his paw, and at the next instant, I beheld two lying dead. In doing this, he made so little exertion, that it was scarcely perceptible by what means they had been killed. Of the time which we had gained by the interference of the dogs, not a moment was lost; we fired upon him; one of the balls went through his side just between the short ribs, and the blood immediately began to flow; but the animal still remained standing in the same position. We had now no doubt that he would spring upon us; every gun was instantly reloaded; but happily we were mistaken, and we were not sorry to see him move quietly away; though I had hoped, in a few minutes, to have been enabled to take hold of his paw without danger.

'This was considered by our party to be a lion of the largest size, and seemed, as I measured him by comparison with the dogs, to be, though less bulky, as large as an ox. He was certainly as long in body, though lower in stature; and his copious mane gave him a truly formidable appearance. He was of that variety which the Hottentots and boors distinguish by the name of the *black lion*, on account of the blacker colour of the mane, and which is said to be always larger and more dangerous than the other which they call the *pale lion* (vaal leeuw). Of the courage

of a lion, I have no very high opinion, but of his majestic air and movement, as exhibited by this animal, while at liberty in his native plains, I can bear testimony. Notwithstanding the pain of a wound of which he must soon afterwards have died, he moved slowly away with a stately and measured step.'

At Kaabi's kraal, which had been shifted to some miles northward from its former position, the travellers were surrounded by the inhabitants; who met their old acquaintances as friends, and expressed the utmost delight on receiving their rations of tobacco. When on the eve of resuming their route, the difficulties which Mr. B. had experienced in procuring a few additional oxen led him to make some of his reflections on the character of the Hottentots; a topic which he always treats with great impartiality, being anxious on every occasion to record whatever is favorable or otherwise in their dispositions and modes of thinking.

'Their robberies of cattle from the Colony,' he observes, 'are committed under the influence of what has now, unfortunately, become a long established custom, at least for several generations. They are committed under the influence, too, of temptation, by the carelessness of the Hottentot shepherds and herdsmen, and by the very weak protection given to the numerous flocks which graze on the borders. Nor, in weighing this crime, would it be just to omit throwing something into the opposite scale, for poverty and want; for an inveterate and inherited enmity to the boors; for ignorance; and even, for their wild habits and lawless mode of life.

'I now could give myself the answer to that question which I had long marked as one of the *desiderata* of my travels: but, alas! it is in the negative; and I must now believe, that these savages have *not* been rendered happier by their communication with Europeans; I must, too, believe, that they have *not* been made better or morally wiser; and I fear I must conclude that the present state of all the Hottentot race is far less happy, far less peaceful, than it was before our discovery of the Cape of Good Hope. If *they* rob *us* of cattle, what is *that* crime to *ours!* who have robbed so large a portion of these tribes of their liberty, and of the land of their fathers. If European policy require our taking possession of the country, (and I do not dispute that policy,) let us, in return, as the smallest boon, be kind to its *aborigines*; kind to men who may no longer tread the ground over which their forefathers have led their flocks; over which their ancestors were probably the first to imprint the human footstep.'

The party once more approached the woody banks of the Gariep, on the 19th of May; and, during the preparations for crossing this ample stream, the author picked up several fine pebbles of chalcedony, agate, zeolite, &c. By the aid of rafts and friendly Koras, persons, cattle, and baggage, were ultimately

ultimately conveyed to the opposite side, though not without difficulty, delay, and the loss or damage of a few articles. — Of the reception which the writer experienced from his fellow-Europeans and fellow-Christians, on his return to Klaarwater, the reader may judge from the ensuing paragraph:

'None of the missionaries making themselves visible all this time, I knocked at Mr. Anderson's door: he at last came forward, and in an admirably calm manner, and without the least expression of any emotions, such as worldly men might naturally indulge in, on witnessing the return of a person whom he might consider as having risen from the dead, received me with, *So you're come back again.* It must certainly have been vexatious to him, to find all his predictions respecting the dangers and difficulties of the journey, and my failure in the object of it, falsified in the eyes of those people by whom he wished to be thought an unerring example for their imitation; and I readily admit this excuse for his feelings. Therefore neither he nor his brother-missionaries had any reason for rejoicing at my success and safe return; a sentiment which, if they felt it, never once escaped their lips during the whole time I remained at Klaarwater; nor did they ever allow their consistency to be compromised by any vain curiosity respecting the occurrences of my journey; for on this head they preserved a silence well becoming men whose minds were occupied with better things. However, I met with a civil reception from all. I know that it is the doctrine of this sect to suppress, and even destroy, every lively emotion, and to strive to become *serious people.* But for my part, I never could bring my mind to so serious a state as to avoid being extremely glad at finding myself, with all my men, safely arrived at Klaarwater, or to avoid being equally rejoiced at getting away from it.'

Owing to the lounging and dilatory spirit of the Hottentots, some time elapsed before the expedition could commence its progress into the interior. — Among the new plants collected in the neighbourhood of Klaarwater, the following are enumerated: *Ipomæa suffruticosa, Mahernia Linnæoides, Cleome oxyphylla, Cotyledon trigyna, Aristida lanuginosa, Chironia palustris, Asparagus suaveolens,* and *Celosia recurva.*

On the 7th of June, in the 29th degree of latitude, the thermometer was observed to have dropped to 36°, and a light *fall of snow* took place, — a very uncommon occurrence in those regions. — Two non-descript *Acacias* attracted attention within the course of a few days; the first, which was designated *Elephantina* because its roots are a favorite food of the elephant, is small and herbaceous: but the second is a large spreading tree, remarkable for its thick brown thorns, and the mealy substance contained in its pods, being the *Kameel Dorn* of the Dutch, and the principal food of the *Camelopardalis.* — At Ongeluck's

Ongeluck's Fountain, a family having taken their hut to pieces, and reconstructed the materials at the distance of only a few yards from the former site, Mr. B. was induced to inquire into the cause of this apparently superfluous trouble; when he was informed that in this way they got rid of the fleas, which they leave in quiet possession of the abandoned spot. — Here the whole party, amounting to ten Hottentots and a native interpreter, were finally collected: but several of them had already betrayed a disregard of truth, and an indifference to the honorable fulfilment of their duties. The *dogs* alone were invariably faithful; and their attachment to the human race is not less conspicuous in the scorching plains of Africa than in the frozen wastes of Lapland.

'The *Sensaván* is one of the most celebrated places of the Transgariepine; being the only spot where the *sibílo* (sibeelo) is found. Hither all the surrounding nations repair for a supply of that ornamental and, in their eyes, valuable substance. It constitutes in some degree an article of barter with the more distant tribes, and even among themselves; so that the use of it extends over at least five degrees of latitude, or among every tribe which I have visited.

'This *sibílo* is a shining, powdery iron-ore of a steel-grey or bluish lustre, and soft and greasy to the touch, its particles adhering to the hands or clothes, and staining them of a dark-red or ferrugineous color. The skin is not easily freed from these glossy particles, even by repeated washing; and wherever this substance is used, every thing soon becomes contaminated, and its glittering nature betrays it on every article which the wearer handles.

'The mode of preparing and using it is simply grinding it together with grease, and smearing it generally over the body, but chiefly on the head; and the hair is often so much loaded and clotted with an accumulation of it, that the clots exhibit the appearance of lumps of mineral. A Bachapin, whose head is thus covered, considers himself as most admirably adorned, and in full dress; and indeed, to lay aside European prejudices, it is quite as becoming as our own hair-powder, and is a practice not more unreasonable than ours; with which it may in some respects be compared. There is, however, a real utility in it, or rather in the grease, for those who do not wear caps; it protects the head from the powerful and perhaps dangerous effects of a burning sun, as it equally does from those of wet and cold. Although the color of the *sibílo* be a brownish red, yet the micaceous particles give it a bluish tint in those places which reflect the light more strongly.

'I have succeeded in preparing from the *sibílo* a very singular kind of *paint*, which may be used either in water-color drawing or in oil-painting, by grinding it either in gum-water or in oil; and in finishing my drawings of the natives, I have found it most admirably suited for giving the exact color, together with that peculiar

peculiar glittering which it would be impossible to imitate by any other means.'

Here is likewise found the *Vangueria infausta*, a plant which the Bachapins believe to be bewitched; and which, in its botanical characters and complexion, indicates an affinity with those of the plants of Madagascar, a region that comprizes the only other known species of *Vangueria*.

Beyond Sensaván, the country was generally open and level, and over-run with tall dry grass; except where a bare, scoriaceous rock, of primitive lime-stone, apparently colored by some ferruginous impregnation, formed the pavement. In other places, this pavement, which occasioned severe jolting to the waggons, consisted of a coarse cherty flint, and sometimes of white primitive lime-stone.

In the neighbourhood of the Kora Rock Fountain were observed various plants; and, among the non-descripts, the very fragrant *Croton gratissimum*, *Melhania prostrata*, *Ocymum fruticulosum*, *Celastrus saxatilis*, &c. — On the 20th of June, a friendly meeting took place with some Bushmen of a lighter complexion than ordinary. — Next day, the Acacia groves were enlivened by many small Finches, of a new species, designated *Loxia maculosa*. In the arid and parched districts, few birds are to be seen, because, requiring frequent supplies of drink, they prefer to haunt the vicinity of springs. — The picturesque station of Kosi Fountain afforded various botanical rarities, and particularly *Triaspis hypericoïdes*, the first of its natural order which has been found in Southern Africa.

A range of low grassy mountains, denominated Kamhanni, running from S.E. to N.W., and then taking a more northerly direction and assuming a more considerable elevation, separates the nation of the Caffres from that of the Hottentots; while a narrow defile winds through this chain of hills, and opens on a boundless expanse of plain. As the author now bordered on a different population from that which he had hitherto contemplated, and had to observe communities living in more fixed abodes, partly subsisting by agriculture, and exhibiting the first traces of civilization, he labored assiduously to make himself in some measure acquainted with the Sichuána language, which is spoken over a great extent of the interior. Meantime, the hunters brought in two non-descript antelopes, the one called *Paala* by the natives, and the other *Peeli*. The former is now designated *Antilope melampus*, from a tuft of short black hair at the back of the hind legs, and just above the feet. It has a considerable affinity to the spring-buck, but yields to it in beauty of color. The flesh proved well flavored, but, like that of most antelopes, deficient

ficient in fat. The Peeli, or *A. villosa*, is brown-cinereous, or grizzled, and remarkable for the soft and wooly nature of the hair. Two poor half-starved Bichuana men, whom chance first brought in contact with the travellers, measured upwards of five feet and a half high; and, compared with the diminutive stature of the Bushmen, they appeared very tall. Like other Africans, they shewed little respect for truth, if they could promote their views by deceit and falsehood.

July 1. the party halted on the banks of the Makkwárin, to adjust their waggons and baggage, and arrange their preparations for entering Litakun. Here the prevailing substratum of the country is a compact primitive lime-stone, of unascertained depth, occasionally denuded, and forming a solid pavement, but at other times covered with sand, of various depths, or possibly concealed by superincumbent hills of sand-stone, clay-slate, &c.; and it is deserving of remark, that the stratification seldom appears to have experienced those disruptions and dislocations, which are of such frequent occurrence in some other quarters of the globe.

A few Bachapins, who came up to the waggons, manifested more liveliness of disposition than their famished countrymen just noticed. Their dress differed in some respects from that of the Bushmen: they greedily drew up through their nostrils a great quantity of snuff, from the palm of the hand; and then they begged for tobacco with much good-humored importunity. — We should next advert to some interesting reflections on the dawn of an African morning, the serenity of the nights, the temperature of the winter-months, and on the wise adaptations of means to ends, exemplified in the structure and habits of the vulture: — but the consideration of these topics would carry us beyond the limits of discretion. Gladly, too, would we waive the discussion of Mr. Burchell's reiterated charges of inattention to the preservation of some of his most valuable zoological specimens, which he presented to the British Museum: but we have reason to believe that his statements are substantially correct; and we have, therefore, to regret that they have been injudiciously mixed with more doubtful allegations in another quarter.

Litakun consists of detached groupes of houses, occupying an extent of not less than a mile and a half in diameter; the intervening spaces being covered with low bushes, and a half-trampled herbage. The *entrée* into this singular town, and the reception of the expedition, are graphically and well depicted. — The chief, or some of his more loquacious relatives and attendants, frequently visited the waggons, so that a friendly

friendly and good-humored intercourse was soon established, while the crowd rivetted their attention on the white man. The first throng had consisted entirely of grown up men: but, when it had dispersed, another was speedily formed, of women, boys, and girls; being the wives, sons, and daughters of the more affluent classes, and who talked with great fluency, evincing at the same time the most intense curiosity, with the usual vehement desire for tobacco. The chief, his uncle, and his brother, betrayed a childish pleasure at being driven in the waggon, when it was moved to its proper station within the inclosure. This chief, Mattivi, though invested with absolute power, wore no badge of distinction, mingled with his subjects, and even with the hired Hottentots, on the same familiar footing as the others, and would ask for the loan of their pipe to save his own tobacco. He and some of the principal inhabitants frequently sent to the white man presents of milk, but a portion of the darling herb was uniformly expected in exchange; and when, as on a rare occasion, the offering was a fatted cow, it was understood that it should be forthwith slaughtered, and shared among the Bachapins who happened to be in attendance. Tobacco was an article of daily and clamorous solicitation: but a more vexatious demand, preferred by the chief and his attendants, and urged with unyielding perseverance, was for the possession of a musket, which, after much vain discussion and an evasive promise, was finally conceded. — With the drawing of a Hottentot, in the attitude of shooting a kanna, the crowd were highly delighted, and expressed their satisfaction by bursts of laughter. In proportion, however, as this intercourse with the Litakunians was prolonged, the more evident it became that covetousness and selfishness formed strong features in their moral character, and that they were entire strangers to the exercise of generosity: they never seemed to think that they had obtained enough; and their language has no word to express *thanks*. — Their mode of dancing to the music of the pipe is minutely described: but the passage is too long for transcription.

In consequence of the adjustment of a misunderstanding which had taken place relative to the gun, and an allowance of ammunition, a great hunting match was proclaimed for the 18th: when about 500 of the inhabitants, attended by five of Mr. Burchell's people, who were regarded as the principal actors in the scene, spread themselves over the plain, to the distance of several miles; and, encircling an extensive tract, drove the wild animals towards the town: but they were

so

so few and shy, that not more than six or eight spring-bucks were shot by the Hottentots.

In the course of his perambulations among their neat and clustered dwellings, Mr. B. was attended by numbers of the natives, who were attracted by curiosity. His account of Kramori's residence may suffice as a pattern of the other habitations of the place.

'It was one of the *largest houses*; nor could it be excelled by any in neatness and in the cleanliness and good order of every part. In the *back-yard*, were two others of smaller dimensions: one was a *store-house*; the other, a sleeping place for the servants or attendants. The whole of these buildings and the outer fence were circular. The inner apartment of the principal dwelling-house, which constituted the centre or main body of the building, was about nine feet high, and as much in diameter. The *roof*, thatched with long grass, projected four feet beyond the outer wall, and the eaves were supported five feet from the ground by unhewn posts of mokaala wood, but from which the bark had been entirely taken off. These posts were connected at bottom by a low wall six inches thick, and carefully plastered with a composition of sand or loam and the manure from the cattle-pounds. This formed, with the outer wall of the building, a kind of *veranda* about ten feet in length, in which the family usually sit in the day-time, and generally the whole evening. Three girls were sitting here at this time, busy in grinding and preparing red ochre for painting their bodies. This substance, however, is used chiefly by the men. At one end of this veranda was a small and shallow bason hollowed out of the floor and rendered more capacious by an elevated margin, for the purpose of occasionally receiving a *fire* whenever the coldness of the air rendered it necessary. None of the houses had any window or aperture for giving light to the inner room: the *door*, which was scarcely eighteen inches wide and five feet high, was the only opening. The *outer fence*, which might better be named a wall than a hedge, enclosed the whole at a distance of seven feet, and was formed of straight sticks or long twigs of the *mohâka* tree (or tarchonanthus) compactly bound together. The *front court*, in which we were assembled, was divided from the back yard by a transverse, and similar, wall. The back part of the house, which corresponded with the front veranda, was wholly filled with large *corn-jars*, some four, and others five, feet high, and three in width, built of the same materials as the wall of the house, and raised six or twelve inches above the ground.'

Some leading individuals, whom the author visited in their own houses, felt much flattered by the compliment; and with his sketches of the town, taken from the rising grounds, as also with the portraits of Molemmi, brother of the chief, and of others who entreated to be put *into the book*, they expressed extreme satisfaction. In the mean time, the misconduct of the

the two timid Hottentots, who seemed to consider their conversion to Christianity as a passport to idleness, had nearly introduced among their companions a spirit of mutiny, and threatened to disorganize future arrangements: but firmness, tempered by generous moderation, on the part of the leader, recalled these men to a sense of duty.

One solitary blacksmith, apparently the only industrious man in the place, had set up his artless workshop in Litakun, and was busied from early dawn till evening in making hatchets, adzes, knives, hassagays, &c., which he bartered for unwrought iron, or for corn, cattle, beads, tobacco, hides, or articles of dress. He had thus acquired considerable wealth, without any of his neighbours having been prompted to imitate his example. His bellows, though rudely composed of two bags of goats' skins, quickly raised a small fire to a degree of heat sufficient to render a hatchet red hot in two minutes.

At this place, provisions were not obtained without considerable difficulty: for the inhabitants had greatly thinned the game in the neighbourhood; and, when any was killed, some of them always attended the hunters, to have their share of it; while others, from a similar motive, haunted the waggons. Their appetite, too, was ravenous and indiscriminate; for they devoured even the most loathsome parts of the garbage, and defrauded the dogs of their perquisites. Some of them would likewise carry off the meat before it was secured beyond their reach. The scanty fare, therefore, to which the visitors were reduced, suggested the expediency of a hunting excursion for two or three weeks. Mr. Burchell, however, is no sooner in motion, than he abruptly suspends the regular recital of his proceedings; and two chapters, 'containing observations extracted principally from the subsequent parts of the journal, are added for the purpose of completing the work as an account of the inhabitants of the interior regions of Southern Africa, and more especially for conveying as much general information as may be sufficient for filling up the description of the Bachapins.'

According to these documents, the present position of Litakun is in 27° 6′ 44″ south latitude, 24° 39′ 27″ of east longitude from Greenwich, and about 700 miles from the sea. Its site, however, has been more than once altered; and it is in the contemplation of the chief to remove it ultimately to Nokaniin, his birth-place, and the antient residence of the Bachapins. It occupies a sandy plain, surrounded by hills of moderate elevation, and which seems to have been originally a grove of camelthorns. The grouping of the houses results from

from the usage of the friends, relatives, and dependants of a *kosie*, or principal inhabitant, pitching their dwellings close to his: but the allotment of the respective stations is determined by the supreme chief and his kosies. No distinct notions, however, are entertained of allodial or of feodal tenures; nor is any rent paid for the soil. The number of dwellings, or families, amounts to nearly 800, and that of inhabitants to about 5000. Referring to the text and plates for the details of Bachapin architecture, we shall only observe that the business of building devolves solely on the *women*; that their structures are all of a circular form; and that they are composed of stakes and twigs, plastered over with prepared clay, the roof being conical, and covered with long grass or straw. Particular attention is paid to neatness and cleanness in all the apartments. It is, moreover, deserving of notice that the houses of the chief, and of his brother, are less important in dimensions and external appearance than those of some of the subordinate kosies. The cattle required for immediate use are kept in pounds belonging to the several divisions of the town: but the others are tended at more distant stations; and the milk, by being brought home in bags of ox-hide, is thick and sour, having undergone in the carriage a sort of imperfect churning. The dead are frequently buried in the cattle-pounds, or other vacant space in the outskirts of the town: but the graves are studiously kept undistinguished from the rest of the soil; and the author had no opportunity of witnessing the ceremony of a funeral. — The climate of Litakun nearly corresponds with that of Klaarwater, the atmosphere being dry and salubrious. The neighbouring mountains are mostly composed of red sand-stone: but a greenish serpentine, marked with black spots, or streaks, also occurs. 'Soon after the commencement of the rainy season, the land in the vicinity of the town is converted into numerous *plantations of corn*, beans, and water-melons; and which, equally with the buildings, are the work only of female hands.'

From the want of written and symbolical characters, the origin of the Caffre tribes has never been accurately determined: but it is not unreasonable to presume that they are the descendants of the first occupiers of the soil. The physical features of the Bachapins proclaim them to be of the same race, although their language is now distinct, and denotes a long separation of geographical position and political interests. The communities of the Bichuanas frequently contend for the possession of one another's cattle, sometimes on the ground of retaliation. The power of the chief, which is partially moderated by the members of his council, devolves from the father to the eldest

eldest son; and, when exerted without control, it is still obeyed without dispute. Every male is, from early youth, habituated to the use of the hassagay, and never leaves the house without one or more of these weapons, that he may be prepared against hostile stragglers, or ready to kill any game which may come within his reach. All are liable to be called out to assist in repelling invasion. Their warlike expeditions, however, are conducted more by stratagem than by pitched battles in open day. When any prisoners of war are taken, they are usually treated as slaves, or rather as servants. The political alliances and the hostile differences of the tribes, being regulated by the prospect of immediate plunder or of securing freshly acquired booty, are variable and fluctuating; and, to deter their visitors from bartering with other tribes, they scruple not to represent the latter as cruel and ferocious. — The discussion of these topics gives rise to some pertinent suggestions on a regulated traffic in ivory, which we would recommend to the consideration of capitalists, in these days of joint-stock companies and investments.

Among the Bichuanas, the lower orders exhibited every mark of great poverty and wretched feeding. Punishments were either of very rare occurrence or secretly inflicted: yet it is a capital offence to withhold from the chief the breast o. any animal, killed by a subject; and a public execution had taken place shortly before Mr. Burchell had arrived at Litakun. A man who had clandestinely slaughtered one of the chief's oxen 'was shut up in his own house, and the whole building and the poor wretch consumed together, while a party of armed men surrounded it, to prevent his escape.' — These untutored beings practise no external forms of worship, but believe in the existence of a great evil spirit, in lucky and unlucky omens, in charms, and in sorcery. Notwithstanding their moral debasement, however, they are not altogether destitute of virtues; among which may be reckoned good-humored dispositions, a decent and peaceable behaviour towards one another, and modesty and fidelity on the part of the women. Their vices are inordinate selfishness, falsehood, deceit, and the indifference with which they perpetrate murder. They delight in conversation, and willingly render a personal service, in expectation of a return. The men are chiefly occupied in war, hunting, preparing skins for clothes, making implements and utensils, and tending the cattle. They shew a marked dislike to being wetted by the rain, as not only the sensation of the drops on the uncovered parts of their body is disagreeable, but their leathern garments, when moistened, are apt to become so hard that it is troublesome

to restore their suppleness. In numeration, they seldom venture to reckon beyond ten. They are well-proportioned, generally tall, and apparently robust: but, except in the exercises of walking and throwing the hassagay, they are rather deficient in muscular strength. They have neither the very flat and dilated nose nor the thick lips of the Negro of Guinea. In general, the women do not much associate with the other sex, their occupations being distinct. They are betrothed at an early age, and in fact virtually sold to the husband, who regards them as servants purchased, to build his house, and to cook his food. The ornamental appendages of their dress consist of ear-drops made of copper-wire, or wood, a necklace of small bits of cut wood, a copper bracelet, beads in great profusion, &c.

Owing to the general salubrity of their climate, the Bachapins are not exposed to many diseases: but small-pox has, at different times, made its ravages among them, and they are occasionally visited by ophthalmia. Instead of the results of any medical knowlege, the most absurd practices, the coinage of ignorance and superstition, uniformly prevail.

The Sichuana language is represented as uncommonly smooth and euphonious, abounding in single and double vowels, and susceptible of a wonderful rapidity of utterance: but its structure is not easily reducible to simple or general rules.

Being, like other imperfectly civilized tribes, tenacious of antient usages, the Bachapins adhere to a rude and artless system of agriculture, the entire management of which is consigned to the women. In order to prepare the ground for sowing, they turn it up with a sort of hoe, or mattock. The corn, (*Holcus sorghum,*) Indian millet, is put into the earth in August or September, and is usually reaped in April. This grain is most commonly eaten simply boiled: but sometimes it is pounded, boiled to a solid consistency with milk, and allowed to become very sour. They also cultivate a small species of kidney-bean, different sorts of water-melons, the calabash gourd, &c.: but it is not a little remarkable that, with all their love of tobacco, they have never attempted to raise it. The amount of the annual crops being by much too limited for the subsistence of the population, and the produce of the chace having become very precarious, many of the natives have recourse to picking up wild roots of a species of *Gladiolus*, *Bauhinia*, and other plants, and thus contrive to drag on their existence.

With respect to practical arts and manufactures, the Bachapins appear to be very deficient.

The

'The means by which they bring raw hides, and the skins of animals, into the state of leather, seemed to be principally mechanical, as they certainly do not at present practise the art of *tanning* by steeping the skin in any lixivium. They sometimes smear them with the brains of the animal, and say that this assists their other operations in rendering the skin more supple and soft: the Hottentots and Bushmen follow the same practice, but not always; nor is it an essential part of the process. They may possibly employ the juices of some plants containing the tanning property; but this never came under my observation.

'Their method therefore consists in loosening the texture of the skin by continued rubbing, stretching and scraping: this is performed in various ways. *Small skins* are prepared in the hand, and are frequently carried about with the person, that they may be thus rubbed whenever he may find leisure, or be in want of amusement.

'The *larger skins* consume much labor and time before they are made fit for use. The manner in which these people usually work upon them, singular as it may appear to a stranger, is not unreasonable, as it seems to have been devised with a view to convert a laborious employment into an amusement. The skin being laid upon the ground, and having another skin stretched under it, several men, from two to as many as can sit round it, employ themselves upon it at the same time. The operation of bringing it into the state of leather consists in alternately pushing it together and distending it. If only two persons are at work, they sit or kneel opposite to each other, and at the same instant, push the skin forward, not only by the movement of their hands, but by that of their whole body; by which the operators are brought almost in contact with each other. Then quickly rising, they draw themselves backwards, and pull the skin open. Immediately they again drive it together, and again stretch it out; continuing all the while to keep time to these movements, by a strange savage noise more like that of dogs fighting over a bone, or of wild beasts growling and yelling over their prey, than of men singing for amusement; for such it is meant to be, although more properly described as a howling and grunting. If several persons engage in this employment, half their number at a time go through these motions; and on rising up, the other half fall forwards and push the skin into a heap in the centre: thus each party making their movements alternately in quick succession, the skin, to which they generally add grease to diminish its stiffness, is rendered, after a few days' work, exceedingly pliable, and perhaps much softer than it could have been made by the usual method of tanning in a ley of bark. Afterwards, those parts of the skin, which have not been sufficiently softened by this process, are rubbed together by the hand. The raw hide, previously to the above operation, undergoes much preparatory scraping, either with an adze or with a sharp piece of stone.'

The carved figures in relief, which sometimes ornament their knife-handles and other utensils, are the work of the Bichuana nations beyond them, to the north-east, who seem to be a more ingenious people, and to have made farther advances in civilization.

To this volume are subjoined, in a tabular form, an itinerary, with a register of the weather, and a zoological, a botanical, and a general index; symptoms, we suspect, of a conclusion to the records of these interesting peregrinations: yet, if we mistake not the import of some incidental hints, the public may still expect to be favored with a systematical account of the author's researches in natural history. — The general remarks, which we hazarded on the preceding volume, may, with some slight modifications, apply to the present. The botanical notices in the margin, however, are rather less numerous; and the composition, though occasionally deficient in sprightliness, is less disfigured than heretofore with lame or aukward modes of expression. On every occasion, we discern the most scrupulous regard to an impartial and accurate representation of facts: — to that paramount respect for truth, the absence of which in a reporter of travels no talents or qualifications can redeem. In many passages, also, the author even rises into eloquence: especially when he gives way to the dictates of those generous and compassionate feelings, which extend to the inferior animals that ministered to his progress; thus shedding the soft and soothing rays of sympathy and kindness over the arid waste, and diffusing the charms of benignity among the untutored children of nature.

ART. II. *Letters to and from Henrietta Countess of Suffolk*, and her Second Husband the Hon. George Berkeley, from 1712 to 1767. With Historical, Biographical, and Explanatory Notes. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.* Boards. Murray. 1824.

CONNECTED as the name of Mrs. Howard, afterward Lady Suffolk, is with those of the wits, the scholars, and the courtiers of her day, her correspondence, though of trifling intrinsic value, still possesses no inconsiderable interest. Known to the reader as the correspondent of Pope, of Swift, and of Gay, and to the politician and historian as the favorite, if not the mistress, of George II., her letters exhibit a sort of sketch, though often slight and imperfect, of the age in which she lived, and introduce us very agreeably into the circle in which she moved. We become intimate with the witty and beautiful maids of honor who ornamented the court of the Princess

Princess of Wales; — with the graceful Mary Lepell, celebrated by Gay as "Harvey fair of face;" — with the lively Mary Bellenden, the "smiling Mary, soft and fair as down;" — with the frail Sophia Howe, and the prudent Miss Meadows. We are again in company with Swift, and Pope, and Gay, and Arbuthnot; and we are once more involved in all the court-politics of that day, in which were mingled not only lords of the bedchamber and ladies of the wardrobe, but poets, wits, and philosophers. We shall endeavor to conduct our readers through the correspondence before us with something like a connected reference to the times and the people to which it relates.

Shortly before the accession of the Brunswick family, Mrs. Howard and her husband visited the court of Hanover; and, on the death of Queen Anne, the latter was appointed groom of the bedchamber to the new king, and the former was made one of the bedchamber-women to the Princess of Wales. At this period, the present correspondence commences, and a considerable portion of the earlier part of it is filled with such topics as we may imagine would prove most amusing to the gay and giddy people by and to whom the letters are addressed. Thus the collection is introduced by an epistle from Lord Chesterfield, then the Hon. Philip Stanhope, dated from Trinity-College, Cambridge, filled with such matter as a confidential communication of that nature usually contains: but the most edifying letters are those which passed between the lords and ladies of the court, and which give rather a curious insight into the manners of the times. The style of them convinces us of what we were always very much inclined to suspect, that Swift's Polite Conversations were not the absurd caricatures which they have often been supposed; and that they are in fact only a modest exaggeration of the fashionable mode of conversation then prevalent. Many of the gross indelicacies, in which the Dean's interlocutors indulge, are fully equalled by passages in the volumes before us; after the perusal of which, we were somewhat less surprized at the tone adopted by Pope in his letters to various ladies, and by Swift in his Journal to Stella. It must also be remembered that the editor of these volumes has frequently suppressed passages, and even whole letters, on account of their indelicacy; a proceeding which, it must be confessed, gives the imagination of the reader a very wide range. We feel some hesitation in illustrating our observations with particular instances, and shall therefore refer our readers to the epistles themselves: the only passage, which we shall venture to cite, being contained in a letter from Lord Harvey (elder

brother of Lord Fanny) to Mrs. Howard. With the wit of the lady-writers, we dare not meddle.

'I beg you will give my humble duty to Miss Bellenden, and by the time I come to court (which shall be long before the birth-day) she shall receive a vessel of the best *yall* (for we brew no *ale* in this country) that ever brought up air — I dare not say wind — to two fair ladies.'

The best letters in this part of the collection are those of Mrs. Campbell, formerly Mary Bellenden, and afterward Duchess of Argyle; and of a Mrs. Bradshaw, an intimate friend of Mrs. Howard, of whom little else is now known. We have also two very characteristic letters from the high-spirited but unfortunate Sophia Howe, who died a few years afterward of a broken heart and with a blemished reputation. Can any thing give a more perfect idea of a wild, thoughtless, good-natured young creature than the following?

'You will think, I suppose, that I have had no flirtation since I am here; but you will be mistaken; for the moment I entered Farnham a man in his own hair, cropped, and a brown coat, stopped the coach to bid me welcome in a very gallant way; and we had a visit yesterday from a country clown of this place who did all he could to persuade me to be tired of the noise and fatigue of a court-life, and intimated that a quiet country one would be very agreeable after it; and he would answer that in seven years I should have a little court of my own.

'I think this is very well advanced for the short time I have been here; and truly since what this gentleman has said, I am half resolved not to return to you, but follow his advice in taking up with a harmless, innocent, and honest livelihood in a warm cottage; but for fear I should be tempted too far, put my Lord Lumley in mind to send the coach for me on Tuesday se'nnight: for, though it will be a sort of mortification to me to leave this place, I will not be so ill-natured as to let you all die for want of me.

'I am just come from Farnham church where I burst out in laughing the moment I went in, and it was taken to be because I was just pulling out one of my Scotch cloth handkerchiefs, which made me think of Jenny Smith. The pastor made a very fine sermon upon what the wickedness of this world was come to.

'My service to the Duke of Argyle, and tell him I brought down his play-things to divert myself here, I cannot say to put myself in mind of him; for *that* purpose it would have been a needless trouble to load the coach with them. — Tell Stanhope I have lost the *Bath ring* he gave me, but I am going into one (a bath) to-night, where I will dive for the other (a ring), to give him when we meet. 'S. H.'

Among Mrs. Bradshaw's letters, are several from Bath, which present an amusing picture of the people assembled at

at this celebrated place. The men are described as "such unfinished animals, one would swear that they were beholden to the hot springs for their creation without any other assistance;" with the exception of a Colonel Cotton, "who," according to the fair writer, "is a good agreeable man, but the ladies are all so fond of him that I believe he must take to his bed soon. If you see a footman in the street, his errand is to Colonel Cotton: he gives breakfasts, makes balls, plays, and does every thing a lady can desire; but then he is but one man, and cannot turn himself to at least ten women that have fastened upon him, from which contests do often arise amongst us." — Gay also was at this period at Bath: "but he is," says Mrs. B., "a lost thing, and the colic has reduced him to pass a hum-drum hour with me very often. I desired him to club a little wit towards diverting you, but he said it was not in him."

Mrs. Bradshaw's request to Gay, "to club a little wit," was by no means an uncommon solicitation at this time, when the ladies of fashion were in the habit of desiring the assistance of the wits in the composition of their epistles. Thus, when Mrs. Howard engaged in the solemn love-correspondence with Lord Peterborough which we shall soon notice, his Lordship's letters were frequently forwarded to Gay; who furnished the draft of an answer, which was adopted, rejected, or altered, according to the lady's fancy. The manner in which Gay and their graces of Queensberry used to "club their wit" may be seen in the correspondence of Swift and Pope.

It is curious to remark the importance which was attached, a century since, to all the proceedings of the court; and the interest which the people at large took in royal dissensions and intrigues, which at present excite so little attention. The misunderstanding between George I. and the Prince of Wales was long a source of great public anxiety: no communication whatever took place between the two courts; and the persons who had been presented to the Prince were forbidden by a notice in the Gazette to make their appearance before the King. At length, a reconciliation was effected, to the great satisfaction of the courtiers. "The officers of the two courts," say the public papers of the day, "kissed, embraced, and congratulated one another upon this auspicious reconciliation." The following passage will give some idea of the feeling thus excited:

'I suppose you have had no small share in the joy this happy reconciliation has occasioned. I heartily congratulate you upon it. Mr. Molesworth testified his zeal at the expence of his sobriety:

for he was not satisfied to make his men drunk, but got drunk himself, and it was no fault of his that I was not so too; in short, he celebrated the news in a manner that alarmed the country people, for after he had made them ring the bells all day, in the evening he made his troop draw up before his lodging, and, he at the head of them, began with the King's and Prince's health together, and then the Princess, and after the rest of the royal family; at every health he made his troop fire a round of shot; he invited several gentlemen to pledge these healths; and when they had done, they threw the glasses over their heads. When this was done, he carried them all with him to drink a bowl of punch. As to his men, after they had despatched a barrel of ale, they thought themselves not glad enough; and he, to make them so, went amongst them, and gave them money to finish in wine. He is at present a little disordered with that night's work, and desires his best services to you.'

The offices about the court, also, were at this period objects of much greater ambition than at present; and we find several instances in the letters before us of attempts to procure them, by bribing the favorite Mrs. Howard. Much to that lady's credit, these proposals appear to have been rejected with indignation: but the fact of their being thus openly made proves that corruption was then considered as a more venial offence than it is now. We should suppose (speaking from our own impression of the state of moral feeling in the present age) that no man of family would write to the reigning favorite with an offer of a thousand guineas to be made gentleman of the bedchamber; and yet such an offer was made on behalf of Lord Grandison to Mrs. Howard. Every one who was supposed to possess power at court, or with the ministry, was continually exposed at this time to the solicitations of the needy and the ambitious. — Swift, in his Journal to Stella, relates an instance of a bribe having been offered to himself; and we may imagine the variety of the applications with which Mrs. Howard was tormented, from the following paragraph in a letter addressed by the Dean of St. Patrick's to that Lady.

'There are, Madam, thousands in the world who, if they saw your dog Fop use me kindly, would the next day in a letter tell me of the delight they heard I had in doing good, and being assured that a word of mine to you would do any thing, desire my interest to speak to you to speak to the Speaker to speak to Sir R. Walpole to speak to the King.'

Among the many expectant courtiers of the day, Dr. Young appears to have been one of the most importunate, if we may judge from 'a deplorable specimen of solicitation,' as it is termed by the editor, inserted in these volumes. — It is

is painful to see that such a man as Lord Bathurst also could stoop to flatter the favorite, and to recommend himself through her to the King's notice. 'Whenever,' says his Lordship, 'the King shall think it for his service to command me to try my interest in the country, I shall be ready to do it; till then, it is my intention to be quiet.'

Few things are more amusing than the style of the love-letters which our ancestors, a century ago, deemed it incumbent on them to write. They were in perfect accordance with the costume of the writers, and can only be supposed to have proceeded from gentlemen in long wigs and peach-colored coats. In the present volumes, we have an admirable specimen of a correspondence of this kind, between the great Earl of Peterborough and Mrs. Howard. The stately pomp of his Lordship's passion, the courtly agonies which he endures, the polite wit with which his sufferings are tempered, and the wonderful dulness which pervades all his letters, surpass every thing of the kind that it has been our fortune to peruse. The fashion of the day permitted a lady to receive without blame the incense thus offered to her charms; and that Mrs. Howard was far from endeavoring to conceal the amorous flatteries which Lord Peterborough addressed to her, appears, as we have already stated, from his letters being forwarded to Gay, who often employed his wit and ingenuity in framing answers. From the rhetorical absurdities with which the Earl's letters are filled, we select a short paragraph:

'Oh, Madam, may I not say, were there a possibility of some return, that I would prefer one kind thought to the mines of Peru and Mexico? A heart for a heart is a natural though unreasonable demand in my circumstances. — Oh, dearest lady, refuse not mine, and do with your own as you think fit, provided you keep it to yourself; or keep it at least till you can find one who deserves it.'

The intimacy, in which Mrs. Howard lived with the great literary men of her age, led us to expect a much more interesting correspondence with them than we here discover. Pope, whose acquaintance was universal, resided near her villa at Marble-hill, and this is probably the reason why so few letters from him are found in this collection. Swift was not introduced to her until his visit to England in 1726, and his correspondence with her appears to have been discontinued a few years afterward. Several of the letters between the Dean and Mrs. Howard have already appeared before the public, and are reprinted in the present work. Without attempting to detract from Swift's character, it may perhaps be fairly asserted that his object, in forming an acquaintance with Mrs. Howard,

Mrs. Howard, was to render the interest of that lady at court subservient to his own views and those of his friends; and that, when he discovered the reluctance of the favorite to any exertion of her influence, he abandoned a correspondence which in any other point of view could possess little value in his estimation. — Gay and Mrs. Howard appear to have lived on terms of great intimacy; though both he and his friends were much disappointed at the unsuccessful termination of the hopes which the poet rested on her patronage. With Arbuthnot, this lady's correspondence appears to have been very confined. — Few anecdotes relative to Mrs. H.'s literary friends are found in the present volumes; which, however, throw some little light on the personal history of Gay. The names of Pope and Martha Blount occasionally occur in conjunction; which has given rise to an observation of the editor 'that it is supposed they were secretly married.' This supposition is certainly erroneous, as no traces whatever of such a marriage are to be found.

In one of the few letters addressed to Mrs. Howard by Dr. Arbuthnot, the Doctor gives an account, according to his own humorous manner, of 'the comical way' in which he was used at Tunbridge:

'The company consists chiefly of *bon-vivants* with decayed stomachs, green-sickness virgins, unfruitful or miscarrying wives. The way your humble servant was used was comical enough.— The medicines I prescribed, when they had done good, were prescribed by the patient to others, and so on till at last the apothecary made gallons of bitters which they took by drams at the shop, and half-pecks of pills which they carried home in boxes. They filled my belly with good dinners at noon, and emptied my pockets at night at quadrille.'

Only one piece of poetry is preserved in this correspondence, "A Character of Sir Robert Walpole by Dean Swift." The original is carefully written and corrected in the Dean's own hand, and there can therefore be little doubt of its genuineness. It is indeed in Swift's own bitter manner.

"With favor and fortune fastidiously blest,
He's loud in his laugh, and he's coarse in his jest;
Of favor and fortune unmerited, vain;
A sharper in trifles, a dupe in the main;
Achieving of nothing, still promising wonders;
By dint of experience, improving in blunders;
Oppressing true merit, exalting the base,
And selling his country to purchase his place;
A jobber of stocks by retailing false news,
A prater at court in the style of the stews;

Of

Of virtue and worth by profession a giber,
Of juries and senates the bully and briber : —
Though I name not the wretch, you all know who I mean,
'Tis the cur-dog of Britain, and spaniel of Spain."

We believe that not many persons, except the editor of this correspondence, have entertained any serious doubts as to the nature of the connection between Mrs. Howard and the King, and she has accordingly been historically recognized as his mistress. That we should find no direct and positive evidence on a point like this is not surprising, and we must be contented to let it rest on general reputation. The testimony of Horace Walpole, however, is exceedingly strong; and, notwithstanding some discrepancies with respect to dates, pointed out by the editor, it must be acknowleged to possess considerable weight. In opposition to the commonly received opinion, thus supported, the present editor maintains the innocence of Mrs. Howard, and founds his arguments on a species of negative evidence to which we cannot attach any importance.

" A careful perusal of all Lady Suffolk's original papers obliges the editor to declare that he not only finds a large proportion of Walpole's anecdotes to be unfounded, but that he has not in Mrs. H.'s correspondence with the King, nor the notes of her conversations with the Queen, nor in any of her most confidential papers, found a single trace of the feelings which Walpole so confidently imputes."

Now it is well known that Mrs. Howard was very averse to the reputation of favorite. " She hath been reckoned," says Dean Swift in his character of her, " for some years to be the great favorite of the house at Leicester-Fields, which is a fact which of all others she most earnestly wishes might not be believed." The character of favorite being disagreeable to her, it is not surprizing that no traces of a more reprehensible connection should be found among her correspondence. In point of literary excellence, Mrs. Howard's letters do not possess any considerable merit: the best of them is that which is found in Swift's works signed " Lieve Yahoo." Her correspondence was probably sought by the wits of the day from a regard to her character as favorite, rather than to her talents as a writer. She appears, however, to have been a woman of good sense and discretion.

We shall conclude with two very agreeable letters from Mrs. Bradshaw and Lord Chesterfield, (then Lord Stanhope,) containing an account of a country-life at the beginning of the last century :

' Mrs. Brad-

'MRS. BRADSHAW TO MRS. HOWARD.

'(*Gosworth Hall,*) *May* 28. (1722.)

'Our bells have rung ever since four this morning, which is more a proof of Lady Mohun's power than the people's inclinations.*

'I am told you expect from me an account of the manners and customs of this place: it is impossible for me to obey your commands at present, for the weather has been so wet that none of the neighbouring nymphs or swains have been able to make their appearance: but if you can be contented with a description of the hall, and the manners of life we lead this Christmas time, (for so it is here, I do assure you,) take it as follows.

'We meet in the work-room before nine; eat, and break a joke or two, till near twelve; then we repair to our own chambers and make ourselves ready, for it cannot be called dressing: at noon the great bell fetches us into the parlour, adorned with all sorts of fire-arms, poisoned darts, several pair of old shoes and boots won from the Tartars by men of might belonging to this castle, with the stirrups of King Charles I. taken from him at Edge-Hill.

'Here leave we the historical part of the furniture, and cast your eye (in imagination) upon a table covered with fish and flesh, the product of our own estate; and such ale! — it would make you stare again†, Howard. After your health has gone round (which is always the second glass), we begin to grow witty, and really say things that would make your ears tingle: your court-wits are nothing to us for invention (plots only excepted); but, being all of a side, we lay no scheme but of getting you amongst us, where, though I say it that should not (because I would have my share in it), you would pass your time very agreeably in our dike, for you must know we have hardly seen dry land since we came.

'Mr. Mordaunt‡ has once or twice made an effort to sally out into the gardens, but finding no rest for the sole of his foot, returns presently to us again; and, I must give him his due, always in good humour. Miss § had a small ray of hope last night, for Colonel Lawrence‖ and a gentleman with him, swam to us; the last was clothed in blue, turned up with red, and adorned with plate buttons, upon which she puts me on her lutestring suit, not omitting all the little flirtation she is mistress of: if she brings it

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'* The birth-day of George I.: — the good Cestrians were Jacobites, and would not have celebrated the Hanoverian king's birth-day if Lady Mohun had not forced them to do it.'

'† Lord Harvey has hinted to us that Mrs. Howard was fond of ale.'

'‡ Lady Mohun's third husband.'

'§ Probably Miss Mordaunt, half-sister to Lady Mohun's husband.'

'‖ Probably a brother or other near relation of Lady Mohun.'

to

to any thing, you shall be sure to have notice time enough to provide another maid. *

'Nay, I will assure you, old as I am I have my little gallantries too. A gentleman, of three hundred per annum, fancies me extremely; and if he had not been under an engagement before I came, I have some reason to believe I might have kept a chaise of my own; however, I live in hope that a loose man may come, though it will be some time first, for all the best families in the parish are laid up with what they call the joke, — which in England † is called the itch. We have had a noble captain, who dined in a brave pair of white gloves, to my very great surprise; but it was when I was in my London ignorance.

'I am now called upon to see a pond drawn, which will produce carp as big as some of your lords of the bedchamber. Madam Howard, I live in expectation of an epistle from you, which is the only wish I have out of my company, who are all your humble servants; but nobody is more entirely so than your slave, 'PEGGY.'

'LORD STANHOPE TO MRS. HOWARD.

'Madam, *The Peak, June* 30. 1725.

'I think I have acquired a sort of a right of troubling you with a letter every time I go into the country; I am sure, at least, I have a temptation to do it, which I cannot resist; — that is, your usual goodness in letting me afterwards have one from you.

'After assuring you of my respects, which no place can alter, I am more at a loss what to say from hence, than I should have been from any other part, either of this world or the next; for, were I to give you a true description of this place, I should lie under the imputation that travellers generally do. I will only tell you, by way of specimen, that the inhabitants here are as utter strangers to the sun as they are to shoes and stockings; and were it, by some strange revolution in nature, once to shine upon them, the unusual light would certainly blind them, in case the heat did not suddenly kill them. It is called The Peak; and you have heard the devil is reported to have some possessions in it, which I certainly believe. For, had I been a Papist, (as, thank God, I am not,) I should have thought myself in purgatory; but, being a good Protestant, I was obliged most orthodoxly to conclude myself to be in hell. But reflecting, since, how little good company I meet with *here*, and how much I might expect to find *there*, together with the consideration of my excessive poverty, I begin to believe I am in Scotland, where, like the rest of that nation, I only stay till I am master of half-a-crown to get out of it.

'But, after all this, I ought in justice, and, indeed, to *give the devil his due*, to inform you of the satisfactions I meet with here. In the first place, the waters, that my father came here to drink,

'* Miss Mordaunt had succeeded the unfortunate Sophia Howe as maid of honour.'

'† Cheshire is sometimes called Wales.'

have

have done him a great deal of good, and, I hope, have confirmed his health for a considerable time. In the next place, I have my two brothers *, who make it their whole business to entertain me. They never suffer me to be alone, thinking me inclined to melancholy. Then having heard that I love music, they spare no pains to please me that way: the eldest performing tolerably ill upon a broken hautboy, and the youngest something worse upon a cracked flute. As I would be civil in my turn, too, I beg of them not to give themselves so much trouble upon my account, being apprehensive that great expense of breath may impair their lungs; but all to no purpose, for they assure me they will venture anything to divert me, and so play the more.

'Besides these domestic amusements, I have likewise my recreations abroad, both pleasant and profitable; for I have won three half-crowns of the curate at a horse-race, and six shillings of Gaffer Foxeley at a cock-match. But whether this success may not one day or other prove to my cost, by drawing me into gaming †, I cannot answer.

'I am afraid I have, like most memoir-writers, troubled you too long with the account of my own life; but you will easily excuse me, for the sake of that agreeable variety you will find in it. So wishing you all imaginable success at Trey-ace, Commerce, or whatever else may be the prevailing diversion of the Lodge ‡, I am, with the greatest truth and respect, yours, &c.

'STANHOPE.

'P. S. I must beg of you, if his Royal Highness should be ever so good as to mention me, that you will present my most profound duty and respect to him when you find it not improper. I hope their three highnesses § are well.'

A portrait of the Countess of Suffolk is prefixed to this publication, which is composed from MSS. in the possession of the Marchioness of Londonderry.

ART. III. *Travels through Part of the United States and Canada,* in 1818 and 1819. By John M. Duncan, A. B. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 16*s*. Boards. Hurst and Co. 1823.

WE have already thrown an incidental glance on these volumes, having recently adverted to them with approbation in our Number for February last, when we took notice of an "Appeal to the People of Illinois on the Subject of Slavery:" but they merit more direct attention. — Numerous

'* Probably Sir William Stanhope, born in 1702; and John Stanhope, born January 9. 1704.'

'† Raillery of his own passion for gaming.'

'‡ Richmond-Lodge.'

'§ Probably the Prince's three children, Frederick, William, and Augusta.'

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as are the works which have been written of late years respecting North America and the Canadas, we can yet imagine that an Englishman may cross the Atlantic with very erroneous conceptions of the moral and civil character of those whom he is about to visit, or with whom he purposes to take up his permanent abode. In reading these works, it is impossible not to feel that the bulk of British travellers have started from home either with strong prejudices in favor of the Americans, and possibly of their republican government, or against both; and, in the course of their travels, far from endeavoring to smother or suppress these prejudices, many of them seem rather to have sought in the manners and institutions of the Americans for any thing that might serve to justify and corroborate them. As the conflicting testimony of witnesses throws a jury into the most distressing uncertainty, so is the opposing evidence of travellers equally perplexing to those who desire an unbiassed verdict for their guidance. The panegyric which Miss Wright has given of the United States * is neutralized by the sullen and repulsive narrative of Mr. Faux†; and the fidelity of each is brought into suspicion by the discrepancy of their narratives. Both found something to feed their prejudices, and both express their feelings strongly, and give to facts the coloring of their own minds: but the British reader wants no coloring; plain facts is all that he desires; and he would much rather make his own commentary, and draw his own inferences, than have them officiously drawn for him by others.

Mr. Duncan crossed the water perhaps without prejudices in the strict sense of the word: but with such a horror of certain religious heresies, that if we did not feel compassion for the pain which he suffers at their wide extension, we should smile at the dangers with which his imagination surrounds those who entertain them. He is, however, a man of discernment, gives his remarks with perfect fairness, applauds without extravagance, and censures without severity. No small or undeserved portion of the popularity of some of Mr. Washington Irving's publications arose from the kindly feeling which he, an American, entertained towards the English character, and from the earnest manner in which he labored to efface any unfavorable impressions against us which several of his countrymen had taken pains to propagate. Mr. Duncan is intitled to the same praise. He was at Boston on the 4th of July, the anniversary of American independence, when it is the annual custom to pronounce an oration to commemorate the event.

* See M. R. vol. xcvii. p. 247. † See M. R. vol. cii. p. 443.

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'The orator was a Mr. Gray, and his address is more characterised by plain good sense, than by declamatory brilliancy. It has the merit of being free from that vituperative abuse of Great Britain, in which mere mob-orators in the United States are prone to indulge, and which, I am afraid, is sometimes a cheap substitute for purity of principle and good citizenship. America has undoubtedly been wronged by Great Britain, at many times, and in many ways, but these wrongs have been productive upon the whole of only temporary evil, while the benefits which she has derived from the same source pervade her whole system; give sinews to her strength, wisdom to her councils, intelligence to her people, and dignity to her national character. But for these she could never have either achieved or maintained her independence; and were it possible to separate from her population all that has been derived from the laws, institutions, and literature of my native country, personal liberty, security of property, freedom of thinking and of speech, and last of all, true and vital religion, with all the moral effects which have flowed from these, would vanish like a dream, and an American, contemplating the dreary void, would have good reason to sigh, "*Fuimus Troes!*" Few, probably, of sober reflection and impartiality will be found to deny the truth of these positions; then why should Britain be hated by an American? — why should he not rather overlook a little of that feeling towards the United States, which was scarcely separable from the circumstances in which the two countries were placed by the Revolution, and was too long kept alive by errors in the conduct of both governments towards each other; but the inveteracy of which is now, I trust, rapidly decreasing, and will soon be remembered only as a subject of regret, and a powerful reason for future kindliness and friendship. It is the characteristic of noble minds to forgive injuries; and with all our faults, there is confessedly so much in our national character deserving of respect, and even of imitation, that Americans must certainly be themselves in no small degree of error, if they do not feel a warmth of affection towards their parent-country.'

This was not the only festival in commemoration of the birth of freedom which Mr. Duncan witnessed. Although in no country of the world is the civil and religious liberty of white people more jealously guarded than in America, yet, such is the selfishness, pride, and inconsistency of man, Negro slavery still degrades and sheds its blighting influence over several of the States. In Massachusetts, however, it has long been abolished, and the free Blacks commemorate its abolition by an annual procession, which he had the happiness of beholding.

'The older Blacks who headed the procession carried short batoons, some of them wore cocked hats, cockades, epaulets, silk sashes, and top-boots; — after them a party of younger ones followed, bearing formidable pikes with tin heads, and a few flags; several

several bands of music were placed at intervals along the line, and it was closed by a multitude of black boys, two and two, in their gayest apparel. A great number of female Blacks lined the side walks. In this order the whole proceeded to church, where they heard sermon; the men afterwards dined together, elected office-bearers for the following year, and, according to custom on such occasions, "spent the evening in the utmost conviviality and good humour."

'It was gratifying to witness the happy looks and fantastic dresses of these free Blacks, and to think of the event commemorated by their holyday procession. Melancholy reflections, however, were suggested by the remembrance, that though they could no longer be bought and sold, like the inferior animals or a mass of inanimate matter, yet chains of a stronger kind still manacled their limbs, from which no legislative act could free them; a mental and moral subordination and inferiority, to which tyrant custom has here subjected all the sons and daughters of Africa.'

With reference to this last remark, we should say that, tyrant as custom may be, its decrees are not irreversible; and, now that the pressure is removed, if nature has stamped no intellectual inferiority on the Negro, he will rise by the open competition of his energies to a level with the White:—but it may perhaps be that nature has stamped on him some degree of intellectual inferiority; and that, notwithstanding individual exceptions, the Negroes, *as a race*, will not make those acquisitions in science, policy, and morals, which Europeans, under a more favored organic structure of the brain, are capable of accomplishing. It will not be suspected that we, who have so constantly and earnestly advocated the great cause of Negro-emancipation, now intimate this possibility with any altered or unfriendly view. If, among the inscrutable decrees of Providence, it is ordained that there should be a gradation of intellectual capacity, as well as of physical symmetry and strength, among the different races of man, those to whom the smallest share is awarded have, in the eye of reason and philanthropy, a proportionably larger claim on the kindness and the protection of such of their fellow-creatures as are more highly endowed. Mental inferiority may be a temptation to the exercise of slavery, but it is any thing rather than an excuse for it; for it stamps a double degree of cruelty, and the features of a still more revolting tyranny, on the whole system.*

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* On the gradation of intellectual capacities among the different races of the human species, as connected with the structure of the brain, we refer our readers to Mr. Lawrence's Lectures on Physiology;

We have hinted that Mr. Duncan crossed the Atlantic with a horror of certain religious heresies. After an interesting account of the Lunatic Hospital and the state of prison-discipline in the Penitentiary of Boston, we are introduced to the Harvard University; which, next to Yale College, stands in literary and scientific reputation higher than any other in America. One feature in its character, however, excites in Mr. Duncan the most melancholy reflections; namely, that its theological creed is undisguised Socinianism, and that nearly all the Professors are of these sentiments. After a few strictures on the poison of their principles, he exclaims; 'Four years' exclusive intercourse with Socinians, spent in acquiring ideas upon every subject of speculative and experimental truth, is an ordeal *to which no Christian parent ought to expose his son*, however great his confidence in the correctness of his principles and the vigor of his mind.' Here the Socinians seem to be shut out by Mr. Duncan from the pale of Christi-

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ology; particularly sect. ii. chap. viii. As the moral and intellectual distinctions between man and animals correspond to the differences of cerebral structure; so are the varieties of moral feeling and of capacities for knowlege and reflection referable to those diversities of cerebral organization among mankind which are indicated by, and correspond to, the shape of the skull. "We shall find," says Mr. Lawrence, "in the comparison of the crania of the white and dark races, a sufficient explanation of the superiority constantly evinced by the former, and of the inferior, subordinate lot to which the latter have been irrevocably doomed." The Negroes are not inferior to other dark races, and some examples are to be found among the Africans not only of fine moral feelings but of high attainments in the imitative arts, and even in the mathematical and physical sciences: these, however, are insulated facts; the exceptions, not the rule. Mr. Duncan, at the close of some anecdotes relating to slavery which call forth a burst of indignation in which we most heartily join, seems disgusted and astonished that the Americans should regard the Negroes 'as really an inferior race, and by no possibility capable of assimilation to the character or dignity of a white man.' (Vol. ii. p. 259.) If there be an error on the side of humanity, however, in opposition to the concurring evidence of anatomical structure and experience of twenty centuries, it is common among the Abolitionists: but it is only an error of fact; and they who pervert a claim to kindness and indulgence into a justification of their infernal traffic in human flesh, a traffic "branded with the double curse of equal degradation to the oppressor and the oppressed," are guilty, by the very argument used in defence, of a tenfold aggravation of the enormity. See Lawrence, sect. ii. chap. iv. A great experiment is going on at Hayti, which every friend to humanity must watch with interest.

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anity: but his own views farther appear from the ensuing passage:

'The state of religion in the capital of New England is far from cheering. Whether the contagious influence spread from Harvard University to Boston, or from Boston to it, I know not, but, though both were once distinguished for evangelical sentiments, both are now alike characterized by the lamentable predominance of Socinianism.

'There are in the town about twenty-five churches, in more than a half of which these sentiments are avowedly or disguisedly promulgated; of these one is episcopallan in its ecclesiastical system, and uses a prayer-book which has been altered in accommodation to these sentiments. It is distressing to think that the descendants of the Puritans, whose conscientious adherence to the most important religious truths drove them from their native land, should have departed so widely from adherence to those doctrines which are the only foundation of a sinner's hope.'

The character of the New Englanders does not stand very high among their countrymen of the south: they are an adventurous class of people, the most successful merchants, the most industrious farmers, the most money-making land-speculators, and are sure to find a living where a living is to be obtained. In all the bye-ways of getting on in the world, says Mr. Duncan, for which America affords unexampled facilities, none succeed like the natives of New England. — That instances of cunning and over-reaching are to be found among them, there can be no question: but it is probably more to their prosperity, the natural reward of indefatigable enterprize and dexterity in trade, than to any disproportioned share of low fraud, that they are indebted for the ill will or envy which follows them. Education prevails much more generally throughout the New-England States than in any other portion of the Union; and, being accompanied by religious instruction, it has given to the natives a very decided cast of national character, resembling in many respects (Mr. Duncan says) that for which the Scots have long been distinguished among Europeans. The kind of education, too, is similar, being more general than accurate and more useful than elegant, imparted by means of district or parochial schools, and almost entirely without expence to those who receive it. Their character is favorably exhibited in New Haven, where the simplicity and sincerity of the antient Puritans may still be seen strongly marked by their descendants; 'plain and frugal in their domestic habits, they exhibit little of that artificial polish which, like varnish, frequently disguises very worthless materials, and a stranger is not mortified by professions without services, and show without substance.'

The district-schools of Connecticut are supported by what is termed the "School-Fund," arising from the sale of a vast tract of land, the proceeds of which were, for ever, appropriated to the support of free schools within the state. By good management, this fund has increased to the amount of 382,500*l.* sterling; the annual income from which exceeds 18,000*l.*, and is distributed among a population of about 270,000 persons. A larger sum of money is paid out of the public treasury for the education of the people, than all the amount that is received by it in taxes and contributions of every kind; a state of things, as Mr. D. observes, certainly no where else ever known in the world. In the schools thus established, not only has every citizen a legal claim to have his children educated, but all are by law *compellable* to send them. Such is the thirst for education, however, that in most districts the funds are found insufficient to keep the schools open more than half or two-thirds of the year, and the inhabitants then assess themselves to support them during the remainder. — Mr. Duncan has given a circumstantial account of the history, endowment, discipline, and course of study in Yale College, New Haven; and at the close of it he has instituted a comparison between the systems of education pursued there and at the University of Glasgow: which comparison he has conducted with a great deal of fairness, awarding to each its ascendant merits and peculiar advantages in forming the moral and literary character of the youths confided to them.

In reading this work, we find a striking corroboration of the remark which we believe almost all travellers have made, of the vast superiority in commercial enterprize and literary attainment that is observable in the people of the United States over those of our own colony, the Canadas. The literature of Montreal may be estimated by the fact that there is but one bookseller's shop in the city, whose collection of English authors has even moderate claims to respectability: a few others are to be found with Romish prayer-books and monkish legends: — but, among the great majority of the Canadians, none except a few of the females are able to read! The literary character of Quebec appears to be very much akin to that of Montreal, rather inferior than otherwise, although it is the seat of colonial government, and of the episcopal palace.

'A year or two ago there was a Bible-Society established in Quebec, but its existence was of short duration. The "Lord Bishop" was, it is said, of that class of Episcopalians who contemplate with alarm the circulation of the Bible, without the qualifying ministrations of the book of Common Prayer; and his pastoral authority

authority having in some shape or other sanctioned, or been supposed to sanction, its reprobation, the institution soon expired. To the same ecclesiastical dignitary is attributed the failure of an attempt to establish Lancasterian schools. The measure was in contemplation, and my informant assured me that there was every reason to have expected the co-operation, or at least the permission, of the Romish bishop; but the Protestant one having refused his patronage, it was followed by a corresponding disapproval from his brother-prelate.

'It is to be regretted that so little has hitherto been attempted for the instruction of the French Canadians. Excepting the "Seminaries" of Montreal and Quebec, I am not aware of the existence of any school, where their boys can acquire even the most ordinary elements of education.'

In the Episcopalian churches, the doctrine which was preached, 'so far as I could judge,' says Mr. Duncan, 'was decidedly subversive of the distinguishing principles of the Gospel-declaration, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God."' — After having expressed his dissatisfaction with the doctrines propounded in the Scotish churches and the Methodist chapels, he exclaims, 'Alas, how many different ways are there of going wrong in the statement of religious doctrine!' We should exclaim in a very different tone, "Thank God, how many different ways are there of going *right* in the statement of religious doctrine!" When we see devout pilgrims from the uttermost parts of the earth, "the saint, the savage, and the sage," adoring the Great Father of all, in different tongues and different creeds, but concurring in the belief of his essential attributes; when we see them bending their pious steps

> "To him, whose temple is all space,
> Whose altar, earth, sea, skies;"

we feel an assurance, an exultation, that various as the ways are in which religious doctrines lead mankind, they may all lead to heaven. Mr. Duncan has his peculiar notions on religious matters: but we transcribe the following passage with great satisfaction:

'In the religious freedom which America enjoys, I see a more unquestioned superiority. In Britain we enjoy toleration, but here they enjoy liberty. If government has a right to grant toleration to any particular set of religious opinions, it has also a right to take it away; and such a right with regard to opinions exclusively religious I would deny in all cases, because totally inconsistent with the nature of religion, in the proper meaning of the word, and equally irreconcileable with civil liberty, rightly so

called. God has given to each of us his inspired word, and a rational mind to which that word is addressed. He has also made known to us, that each for himself must answer at his tribunal for his principles and conduct. What man, then, or body of men, has a right to tell me, "You do not think aright on religious subjects, but we will tolerate your error?" The answer is a most obvious one, "Who gave you authority to dictate? — or what exclusive claim have you to infallibility?" If my sentiments do not lead me into conduct inconsistent with the welfare of my fellow-creatures, the question as to their accuracy or fallacy is one between God and my own conscience; and though a fair subject for argument, is none for compulsion.

'The Inquisition undertook to regulate astronomical science, and kings and parliaments have with equal propriety presumed to legislate upon questions of theology. The world has outgrown the former, and it will one day be ashamed that it has been so long of outgrowing the latter. The founders of the American republic saw the absurdity of employing the Attorney-General to refute deism and infidelity, or of attempting to influence opinion on abstract subjects, by penal enactment; they saw also the injustice of taxing the whole, to support the religious opinions of the few, and have set an example which older governments will one day or other be compelled to follow.

'In America the question is not, What is his creed? — but, What is his conduct? Jews * have all the privileges of Christians: Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Independents meet on common ground. No religious test is required to qualify for public office, except in some cases a mere verbal assent to the truth of the Christian religion; and in every court throughout the country, it is optional whether you give your affirmation or your oath.

'It has been often said that the disinclination of the heart to religious truth renders a state-establishment absolutely necessary, for the purpose of christianizing the country. Ireland and America can furnish abundant evidence of the fallacy of such an hypothesis. In the one country we see an ecclesiastical establishment of the most costly description, utterly inoperative in dispelling ignorance or refuting error; in the other no establishment of any kind, and yet religion making daily and hourly progress, promoting enquiry, diffusing knowledge, strengthening the weak, and mollifying the hardened. The religious aspect of America is no doubt chequered with gloomy spots, and I believe that in a large portion of the southern states, ignorance and irreligion prevail to a deplorable extent; but even in our own comparatively small portion of the globe's surface, how large a proportion of parishes are to be found, where there is all the apparatus of religion, a steeple, a benefice, and an incumbent, but an utter famine of the bread of life? and in how many more do we find that *dissenterism*, that is, systematic opposition to the established religion, has been the sole means of preserving the knowledge of the truth?

'* While I was in New York the sheriff of the city was a Jew.'

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'When we dispassionately examine the history and present condition of the various divisions of the United States, we shall be constrained to admit that religion has made as extensive progress as we could possibly have expected from any establishment; nay, that it is probably in as active a state of advancement, in the older sections of the country, as in any part of the world. If any would imagine that an establishment would have improved matters, let him look to Canada; and even setting aside all reference to the French population, let him tell us what has been effected, among those of British descent, by a lordly episcopacy, supported by annual stipends from government, and a seventh part of all granted lands. I refer, of course, in these remarks, to evangelical religion, properly so called.'

The fine arts and literature of a country must be of slow and secondary growth: a spirit of commercial and agricultural adventure must first wake the energies of a young state and enterprizing people, who have no leisure to woo the muses and philosophy in their academic groves, till industry has given them opulence, and opulence has led them to repose. America, moreover, has received her literature in such unbounded donations from Great Britain, that she has not felt the same stimulus to devote herself to original compositions which she would probably have experienced under different circumstances. 'Every vessel from Liverpool brings an importation of new authors, which the booksellers immediately transmute from a costly into a cheap form; and a torrent of British authors, of legally accredited talent, deluges the land, and carries with it the minds and the partialities of the multitude.' These profuse importations may have had the natural effect of disheartening the Americans from a competition with us: but, on the other hand, they must necessarily have spread a general taste for literature.

'There is abundance of talent in the country, conversational, oratorical, and professional; there is widely diffused a great amount of general information, and its inseparable attendant, a desire to acquire more; there is much purity of moral sentiment, and much sterling religious principle; there is a fair proportion of classical learning, and a still larger share of scientific knowledge; — these are the very elements of literature, even of the highest order; and although they may slumber unseen and unheard of for a time, the connexion of cause and effect must cease, if they do not ultimately blaze forth in enduring brilliancy.'

In a literary point of view, Boston takes the lead of all the cities in America: but there were fifty-one printing-offices, employing one hundred and fifty-three presses, in Philadelphia, so long ago as the year 1811; and the number

dresses of silks and gauzes, with their throats perfectly bare; and they pick their steps to church through drifting snow in silk or cotton stockings, with shoes scarcely thicker than a cobweb. Sleigh-riding is a favorite amusement in the moonlight evenings: but to whirl along in an open carriage in a frosty night, with thin clothes, must be injurious to health by deadening the circulation; and Mr. Duncan is probably correct in referring to this amusement as one cause of the pulmonary complaints which abound so much in New York: 'there were last year,' (1819,) he says, 'upwards of 500 deaths from consumption alone, and the greater number of victims were young females.' What a frightful reckoning is this!

We are much gratified to find from Mr. Duncan's account how favorable are the dispositions of the Americans in general towards our native country. 'I have mingled with all classes,' says he, 'and almost all professions; I have heard them speak their minds spontaneously and without restraint; and I can say, without hesitation, that there are few whose good opinion is worth having who do not unite in good will towards the people of my native country.' A feeling of corresponding kindness, we firmly believe, as we fervently hope, is daily diffusing its salutary influence among us.

'The United States are a rapidly rising nation. There is much in their political and social system that may need improvement; but there is also much in both from which the older hemisphere might profitably take instruction. They know nothing of the feudal barbarisms, which yet in a thousand ways obstruct the progress of knowledge and improvement even in Britain. There are no close corporations to prevent an ingenious man from reaping the reward of his skill, in any branch to which he may direct it. At home, were I to discover an improved way of baking a loaf, or a more expeditious and durable way of constructing a shoe, I could not practise my invention. Both are chartered crafts; in the one of which I should have to purchase my freedom, and in the other I could not purchase it at all. No such exclusive privileges exist here.

'Discovery in arts and sciences have already made rapid progress in America, and in all probability will continue to do so. There is an elasticity in the national character, which makes them in some measure discontented with beaten tracks; — all are aiming at something new; and when all are aiming, some must be successful.

'As merchants, none but the British can match them for restless activity and enterprize; and they are happily free from some of the fetters which encumber our motions. There is no East India Company to annoy them with its monopoly; and they are already the favourites in the Chinese market, in spite of the influence of our eastern nabobs. Their merchant-ships probably excel

excel those of all nations for elegance of model, and rapidity of sailing, and there is not a free port in the world where their sailors may not be found.

'Of their future destiny and influence we can say nothing; but he is not a friend to his species, who does not wish well to the United States. A grand experiment in politics and religion is there going forward—an experiment which, if successful, will be productive of unestimated happiness to the human race; and whether successful or not, will, we know, be one in that chain of events, which is to issue in diffusing over the whole earth,

——— '"a liberty
Unsung by poets, and by senators unpraised;
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confederate take away!"'

We now take our leave of Mr. Duncan, thanking him for the blended information and amusement which we have derived from the perusal of his volumes.

ART. IV. *Flora Domestica;* or, the Portable Flower-Garden; with Directions for the Treatment of Plants in Pots; and Illustrations from the Works of the Poets. 8vo. pp. 430. 12*s.* Boards. Taylor and Hessey. 1823.

THE main object of this compilation is to furnish with the requisite instruction such persons as are desirous of enjoying the pleasures of the flower-garden in their own houses; or, in other words, to indicate most of those plants which are raised in tubs or pots, for domestic ornament and recreation, with short directions for their proper management. Together with the descriptive and preceptive portions of the text, are frequently interspersed appropriate quotations from the poets and others, as also occasional notices of the names in different languages, particularly French and Italian; and the natural order and the Linnéan station of each genus are specified at the head of the respective articles, which are arranged in alphabetical sequence. The history of the importation of a plant from one country to another is less sedulously traced than in the analogous treatises of Mr. Phillips, which have lately fallen under our cognizance: but the statements and the diction are less open to criticism; and such ladies and gentlemen as beguile their leisure in tending their flower-stages, and are precluded from the accommodation of a garden, will find this volume a convenient and agreeable guide. As a sample of the manner in which the work is executed, we extract the article *Dog's Bane*, because it is one of the most amusing.

'DOG'S

' DOG'S BANE. — APOCYNUM.

' *Apocineæ.* *Pentandria digynia.*

' So named from a notion that it is fatal to dogs.

' The Tutsan-leaved Dog's Bane is an extremely curious plant: the flowers are white, or pale red; bell-shaped, and the anthers are so constituted within it, as to entangle the flies who are attracted by the honey-juice it contains: so that in August, when in full flower, it is usually found full of their dead bodies. The French, in Canada, call it *Herbe-à-la-puce* [Fleawort], and say it is noxious to some persons, though harmless to others. Mr. Martyn quotes an author (Kalm) who mentions having seen a soldier whose hands were blistered all over merely from plucking it; whereas he frequently rubbed his own hands with the juice without feeling any inconvenience.

' Mr. Lambert, in his Travels in Canada and the United States, affirms that he has seen several persons who have been confined to the house in consequence of having been poisoned in the woods by this plant, and that even the merely treading on it is sufficient to create swellings and inflammations; " and yet," continues he, " I have seen other people handle it with safety; and have myself often pulled it up by the root, broke the stem, and covered my hands with the milky juice which it contains, without experiencing any disagreeable effect. What property it is in the constitution of people which thus imbibes or repels the poisonous qualities of this plant, I have never been able to learn, nor can I from observation account for it.

' " Many gardens in Lower Canada are full of dog's bane, which occasions it to be considered there as a weed. The roots appear to spread under ground to a considerable extent; and though the plant may be cut off every year, it springs up again in another place. It makes its appearance about the end of May, and runs up like the scarlet-beans, entwining itself round any tree, plant, or paling that stands in its way; and if there is nothing else upon which the young shoots can support themselves, they adhere to each other. Their leaves and stems are of a light green, and they are in full flower in July. Wherever the *Herbe-à-la-puce* grows, there is always to be found a great number of lady-flies [coccinella]. They are covered with a brilliant gold as long as they are on the leaf, or retain any particle of its juice. I caught some of them, and put them into a phial; but neglecting to add some leaves of the *Herbe-à-la-puce*, they had by the next morning lost their splendid coat, and merely resembled the common red lady-fly which we have in England. I then caught a few more, and having supplied them well with the leaves of that plant, they retained their gold tinge equally as well as in the open air. In a few days they had reduced the leaves to mere skeletons, but as long as there remained a morsel of the stalks or fibres to feed upon, their beautiful appearance continued. I kept them upwards of a month in this manner; giving them occasionally fresh

fresh leaves of the plant, and admitting the air through some holes that I pricked in the paper with which I had covered the mouth of the phial. They would feed upon no other plant than the *Herbe-à-la-puce*, from which alone they derived their beauty. I afterwards gave them their liberty, and they flew away apparently little the worse for their confinement."

'The Tutsan-leaved, the St. John's wort-leaved, and the Spear-leaved kinds will bear the open air, if not exposed to too much wet; which, as they are very succulent, would rot them. They may be increased by parting the roots, which should be done in March.

'Hemp dog's bane, a native of North America, is used by the Indians for various purposes: they prepare the stalks as we do hemp, and make twine, fishing-nets and lines, bags, and linen of them. According to Kalm, this is the species which the Canadians call *Herbe-à-la-puce*.

'In Mrs. Charlotte Smith's Conversations are some lines upon the fate of a poor fly, lured to its prison by the deceitful sweetness of the Apocynum.'

The Canadians, we believe, give the name of *Herbe-à-la-puce* to more than one species of this genus: but that from which they manufacture hemp has a lateral panicle of flowers, whereas the *Androsæmifolium* has a terminal corymbus. With regard to the poisonous influence of the latter on particular constitutions, though the fact be difficult to explain, it is not more remarkable than the effects produced on some individuals by peaches, almonds, &c., while others eat them with impunity. The hemp-yielding sort of *Apocynum* might, perhaps, be advantageously cultivated in this country; and the *Venetum*, which grows on the borders of the Adriatic, might have been mentioned as worthy of a place in the flower-pot establishment.

The *Fumariæ*, and some other families, are rather too summarily despatched: but the articles *Geranium*, *Hyacinth*, *Rose*, &c., are more adequate to the extent and popularity of those tribes. In general, however, the zealous cultivator of flowers may, with more justice, complain of defect than of redundancy in the present manual. Of the Amaranthus, for example, it might have been observed that, if raised in pots, and the stalks be cut in summer, the plants will flower on the mantle-piece in winter. Our only wild species is the *A. blitum*, which is used as a pot-herb, and to which Sir William Jones possibly alludes in the verses addressed to the Tivy. — One of the most elegant of the American *Andromedas* is the *Cassinifolia*, discovered in Florida by Michaux. Most of the species thrive best in bog-earth, duly moistened. It would have been desirable to particularize the preparation of the soil most suited to the healthy growth of *Anemones*; for, if attention be not

not paid to this essential point, the plants will quickly lose their beauty, and insensibly degenerate. The compost which has been found most adapted to the purpose is the earth of meadow-turf, an accumulated quantity of leaves, and cow-dung completely rotted. During twelve or eighteen months, these ingredients should be mixed and stirred up, at intervals, the small stones and the bits of undecomposed turf be removed, and the clods pulverized; and it is only when the mass is entirely reduced to mould, that it is fit for receiving either the seed or the root of the plant.

The Chinese *Arbor Vitæ* (*Thuya Orientalis*) shews great condescension in *not growing too large for a pot:* but it will be rather curious than ornamental. — As *Calla* belongs to a distinct genus, it should have ranked in its own station, and not under *Arum;* and, with respect to the latter, some of the more shewy foreign species might have been particularized, as well as the extraordinary circumstance of the very sensible degree of heat acquired by their spadix at the period of foundation. — *Lobelia fulgens* of Willdenow, a native of Mexico, is not less worthy of commemoration than the *Cardinalis*, for its flowers are of a very bright red, and it is perennial. Cavanilles, in his *Icones Plantarum*, delineates several beautiful species of that family. — *Chelidonium Glaucium* is erroneously said to be perennial: it is annual. — *Ranunculus ficaria*, a common weed, with nothing particularly attractive in its aspect, obtains more than its share of comment and poetry; or, if it is to be deemed intitled to such a conspicuous niche in the Domestic Flora, wherefore exclude *Anagallis arvensis, Myosotis scorpioides, Centaurea cyanus*, &c., which are so much more beautiful? — To shelter the Persian lilac from frost is, we imagine, a very unnecessary precaution: at least, nothing is more common than to see it gay and flourishing without any such care. — At page 315., Berkeley passes for the author of *Gaudentio di Lucca;* and at page 340., *Sedum reflexum* is confounded with *S. acre.* — Though *Jessamine* has the sanction of Milton, it is now reputed old and vulgar orthography: the name of Lamarck should be written without the final e, which the anonymous compiler has appended to it; and the title of the Abbé de la Pluche's work is Le *Spectacle de la Nature*, and not La, as here quoted more than once. — The list of such petty errors and slips is, however, far from numerous. At the same time, in the course of perusal, we have met with few passages which would tempt us to *transplant* them into our own pages: but the two following may convey some new information to more than one of our horticultural readers:

'Some

'Some roots of the Double Blue Hepatica being sent from a garden in Tothill-Fields to another at Henley-upon-Thames, when they came to blossom produced white flowers, owing to the difference of the soil: but it is yet more curious, that being returned to their former station, they resumed their original blue colour.'—

'This beautiful plant [the Night-smelling Rocket] is rather scarce in this country, as the cuttings treated in the ordinary way do not succeed well, but the following *method* will be found a never-failing *method* of propagating it. After the flower has begun to fade, cut down the stalks and divide them into cuttings, strip off the leaves and smooth the ends, then make three slits with a knife in the rind lengthways, so as to raise it for about half an inch in length. By this means, when the cutting is inserted into the ground, the loose rind curls up, and thus a greater tendency to throw out roots is produced, so that not one in twenty will fail. The same method is equally efficacious in cuttings of stock-gilliflowers and double wall-flowers.'

A few pages towards the conclusion of the volume are allotted to general observations, under the heads of Sowing, Planting, Water, Air and Light, Insects, and Bulbs.

ART. V. *Sketches in Bedlam;* or, Characteristic Traits of Insanity, as displayed in the Cases of One Hundred and Forty Patients of both Sexes now, or recently, confined in New Bethlem, &c. &c. By a Constant Observer. 8vo. pp. 312. 10*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Sherwood and Co. 1823.

THE inquiries instituted by Parliament into the state of the lunatic establishments in England, and the melancholy and revolting disclosures which they produced, have awakened in the public mind a laudable interest in all that concerns the history and management of the insane. Trusting to this general feeling, the author of the 'Sketches in Bedlam' has been induced to send forth his anecdotes, in the expectation that they may prove an acceptable source of gratification: but the task of describing the wayward fancies, the wild extravagances, the astonishing artfulness and cunning, and the furious bursts of passion, which are exhibited by these unfortunates, must not be undertaken by the illiterate and unfeeling, whose daily office has made them so familiar with the disease that they can smile and jest at its most melancholy manifestations. The work of such *a constant observer* may be taken up from motives of curiosity, or perhaps from a praiseworthy desire to study mental disease: but it will soon be thrown aside with feelings of disgust and contempt. These, we confess, were our own sensations, on perusing the present Sketches. The names of the sufferers are there blazoned forth with a merciless

less anxiety to pamper idle curiosity, although some of the individuals have already paid the debt of nature, and many of them had previously occupied a respectable station in society; and the author not only dwells with apparent satisfaction on the most nauseous and distressing details of their conduct, but communicates without hesitation their indecent and blasphemous language. A blank, indeed, is sometimes left, to be filled up by the reader, but its effect is rather to heighten than to diminish the grossness of the expression. Our own feelings were wounded most keenly by observing, in the list of patients, the name of an amiable young man, whom we knew in happier days; and of whose insanity, and untimely and violent death, we had never before heard. The title which the author has assumed, and the language in which he expresses himself, seem to indicate that he can be no other than one of the keepers in the Hospital; and we conceive that a person, holding such a situation, cannot without a gross dereliction of duty publish such particulars as are given in the volume before us. We feel assured, therefore, that the benevolent governors of the establishment will prevent, in future, the repetition of such a breach of trust and of decorum.

Had the work been constructed on a proper principle, it might have proved a valuable acquisition both to the philanthropist and the physician. It might have commenced with such an introduction as that which is given by the author, but stating at greater length the rise, progress, and present state of the Institution, and adding a minute detail of its internal arrangement and annual expenditure. To this might have succeeded an account of the modes of treatment adopted for the cure of the various species of insanity, and a report of the success by which they have been attended. Remarkable cases of mental derangement might have been subjoined: but every thing that could wound or shock the best feelings of our minds ought to have been studiously kept out of view.

The general manner of the writer of these Sketches is vulgar and unfeeling, and often forcibly reminds us of the oratory of the *Menagerie*. For example; 'Richard Jenkins, aged forty-seven, admitted August 6th, 1818. This curious Cambro-Briton is a native of Cardiff, in Wales. He was formerly confined in Old Bethlem, and also in a private madhouse at Hoxton; and altogether, including his residence here, for a period of ten years.'—A more favorable specimen of the work is furnished by the following extracts from the account of Bannister Truelock:

'This

'This man is noted as being suspected of causing James Hatfield to attempt the late King's life, at Drury-Lane theatre: he met Hatfield by accident in White-Conduit Fields, and talked the unfortunate fellow into a persuasion, that the first step to the commencement of his doctrines, and to its fulfilment in a happy change of things throughout the world, would be the death of the Sovereign; with this view, Hatfield set out as the supposed chosen instrument for the accomplishment of the great design. —

'He is a most singular and curious character, and in his ordinary conversations of life betrays not the smallest symptoms of a disordered intellect; is cool, steady, and deliberate in all his actions, cleanly in his person, and regular and decent in his apartment. His conversations are not long, in a general way, before he contrives to make some allusion to his case, and immediately strikes out upon his darling subject of religion.

'He has an apartment at the top of the house, which has a good prospect, southward, commanding a view of the Surry hills; he has coal, candle, and every convenience for his use; his provisions are regularly brought to him, and in fine weather he is permitted to walk in the garden allotted to the superintendent, steward, &c. two hours each day, when he chooses; he has the privilege of mending the shoes for the servants and patients, as he was bred a shoemaker, for which work he is regularly paid his own price. He is also permitted to breed birds, and allowed to sell them; he has a great number of canaries and other singing birds, in places neatly fitted up, which he keeps in great order; and, in fact, has less reason to complain of his confinement than perhaps any other man in a similar situation. Notwithstanding the exclusive privileges he enjoys beyond other irrecoverable patients, he is extremely dissatisfied. Nothing pleases him: he is continually finding fault without reason, and stating grievances that never had existence; complaining to the governors; dissatisfied with the physician, superintendent, steward, keepers, in fact with all persons concerned in the business of the house.'

Hatfield himself appears, from the account here given, to exhibit at present no symptoms of actual insanity: but his impatience of confinement has soured his temper, notwithstanding all the indulgences which have been allowed him.

'He is ever grumbling and discontented without cause, and finds fault with every thing. Though his manners and language are those of a vulgar, low-bred fellow, he is cleanly in his person and regular in his habits; knacky and ingenious in his amusements. He makes handsome straw-baskets, which he is permitted to sell to visitors, and for which he obtains from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* each. He receives a pension from Government of 6*d.* per day, in consideration of his former military services.'

Of Margaret Nicholson we have this account:

'Margaret herself, when much more communicative than of recent years, has given a very different account of the trans-

action which led to her confinement, from that which appeared in the public prints of the time. She has declared, that she had not the remotest intention to injure his Majesty; on the contrary, "that she had a great notion of him." She had lived with a great family where his Majesty used to visit occasionally, and the King frequently looked at her in a manner which she thought bespoke kindness and regard. That being afterwards out of a situation for some time, she imagined the King a likely person to recommend her to a good one, and considering that he had always regarded her with a look of more than common attention, she had, therefore, determined to petition his Majesty as her last resource. She inquired, and learned the time and place most likely to meet with his Majesty, and that he would be at St. James's on a particular day; she attended with her petition, and took her post at the garden-gate leading to the palace. That, unfortunately, having a knife in her pocket along with the petition, and being rather anxious and confused, and afraid of missing her presentation, as the King passed from his carriage, in the hurry of the moment she drew out the knife instead of the paper, and rushed forward to deliver it into his royal hand; when she was instantly seized, and accused of attempting to stab his Majesty, than which nothing could be farther from her intention.

'But it appears that her story, if she told it at the time, was not believed; and she has now been a sojourner in confinement above thirty-six years, and has never evinced any prominent symptoms of insanity beyond the occasional irritation, perhaps, naturally enough resulting from her situation. She was transferred from Old Bethlem hither when this building was finished; has long since made up her mind to her confinement, and appears perfectly tranquil and contented; she very seldom speaks, has totally lost her sense of hearing, nor would the discharge of a cannon at her ear in the least disturb her. Snuff seems to be her favourite luxury, of which she takes a great quantity, and seems to enjoy it with peculiar satisfaction. She has contracted a singular aversion to bread, and never can be induced to eat any. The cause of this antipathy is unknown, but she is allowed gingerbread and biscuits, which she eats with good appetite in moderate quantities. Tea is also allowed her, and she has, besides, the exclusive privilege of living apart from all the other criminal patients, in a ward appropriated as a nursery for the aged and infirm, and such as are quiet and harmless. She enjoys a good state of health, is regular, cleanly, and attentive to her little concerns, and is desirous to render herself useful, so far as her great age will permit.

'Reports of her death have been circulated from time to time: but Margaret is still living, and healthy evidence in refutation of such premature rumours.'

A considerable proportion of the individuals described in these Sketches are criminals, and some of them persons who have been guilty of murder. It is of great importance to determine

termine the exact degree of insanity which ought to intitle a criminal to be acquitted: but the opinions of Judges on this point have been very different. For ourselves, we feel disposed to acquiesce in the rule laid down by the learned Judge in the trial of Bellingham, the assassin of Mr. Percival; and to argue that general proofs of insanity ought, in such cases, to be disregarded, if it can be shewn that a regular train of action has been considerately pursued to effect the destruction of the murdered individual. The perpetration of murder, and even of robbery, may often be traced to the existence of a temporary madness; yet the safety of society demands that some severe punishment, if not the extreme penalty of death, should be inflicted on all those who, though clearly disordered in intellect, have manifested a rational foresight and design in securing the successful perpetration of their crimes. Persons who are familiar with the treatment of the insane know how much of reason is often mingled with madness; and how readily the mind, in such a state, frequently obeys the motives which are presented to it; therefore to admit insanity as an excuse for a deeply laid scheme of crime is at once unjust to society at large, and injurious to the sufferers under mental disease. We would not, however, press our doctrine so far as to demand the award of death for such criminals, unless under circumstances of a very peculiar nature: imprisonment for life, and hard labor where practicable, would accomplish all that could be required for the interests of society. The extraordinary lenity which guided the decision of the court, in the recent horrid case of a miserable fanatic who hanged her brother, was apparently dictated by sentiments of humane tenderness rather than of just policy. We earnestly hope that its effects may not hereafter prove injurious to the peace and safety of the community.

We cannot take leave of these Sketches without expressing our regret that the task of laying before the public an account of Bethlem Hospital, in its present admirable state, had not been undertaken by its able and humane superintendent; who, we are convinced, would have treated the subject in a manner at once interesting to the general reader, and highly instructive to the medical inquirer.

ART. VI. *A practical Treatise on the Symptoms, Causes, Discrimination, and Treatment, of some of the most important Complaints that affect the Secretion and Excretion of the Urine,* &c. &c. By John Howship, M.R.C.S. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 438. 13s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1823.

MR. HOWSHIP has performed a service of great value to the medical profession, by presenting in this work a general and condensed view of the diseased states of the urine, and of the organs formed for the secretion and excretion of that fluid. He has shewn much discretion and judgment in drawing from the works of Dr. Marcet, Dr. Prout, and Mr. Brande, the information which he has communicated respecting the morbid conditions of the urine, and the various deposits and concretions to which it gives origin: while, in the surgical part of the work, his own experience has furnished him with a valuable store of varied materials, to which he has added many interesting cases from the practice of Mr. Heaviside, Dr. Hooper, and others, as well as from the manuscripts of that able surgeon the late Mr. Watson.

The narrow limits, within which the nature of the subject induces us to compress our remarks on the present occasion, preclude us from entering so fully into the consideration of this volume as its merits unquestionably require. All the subjects embraced by the title-page are discussed at greater or less extent; and the whole presents a more complete and accurate view of urinary diseases than any publication in our language with which we are acquainted. To the young practitioner, it will form a valuable guide for the study of these maladies; and to the more advanced surgeon it is a book of reference to which he may often resort with advantage. Our readers, nevertheless, will readily believe that a work so extensive in its character, and yet so small in bulk, is not without defects. The account which Mr. Howship has given of the operation of lithotomy is too brief to be useful, and refers almost wholly to the practice of cutting with the gorget, the most perilous and destructive instrument that was ever placed in the hand of a surgeon: while the valuable improvement perfected by Mr. Thomas Blizard is not even mentioned. — Among the numerous interesting cases, which the industry of Mr. Howship has obtained from the records of surgery, he has introduced that of an immense calculus extracted from the rectum (p. 150.), and we presume that he considers it as an urinary concretion, which had made its way from the bladder into the gut: — but we are convinced by a reference to the case, as given in the Philosophical Transactions by Mr. Mackarness, that the calculus was of intestinal origin, and that

that the bladder was affected only by contiguous sympathy. Under the head of irritable bladder, Mr. H. considers foreign bodies which have been forced into that viscus (p. 169.); but the impropriety of such an arrangement will at once be obvious, when we recollect that it will thus become necessary to include under this disease all cases of vesical calculus: for extraneous bodies entering the bladder speedily become incrusted with deposits from the urine, and acquire all the characters of calculi.

We have observed throughout this volume many cases illustrative of the gross mistakes into which surgeons sometimes fall: one in particular of an operation for stone (p. 148.), which we confess we could not peruse without feelings of the most painful description. We are not aware that much good is likely to result from such recitals, and we are convinced that the space thus occupied might be dedicated to a more valuable and instructive purpose.

The latter part of the work contains numerous cases from the author's own practice, the greatest part of which are well deserving of perusal: but some possess so little of interest or novelty, that they might have been omitted without injury to the volume. This latter remark refers chiefly to the cases of stricture; and we would here briefly observe that, in the treatment of that disease, and of irritability of the urethra, Mr. H. does not appear to us to have duly appreciated the importance of employing metallic sounds, which to our knowlege have often proved of very great service.

We congratulate Mr. Howship on the increasing value of his literary productions; and we earnestly hope that he will persevere in the same career of scientific and practical research which he has hitherto so successfully pursued.

ART. VII. *A Tour through the Upper Provinces of Hindostan*, comprising a Period between the Years 1804 and 1814; with Remarks and authentic Anecdotes: to which is annexed a Guide up the River Ganges, with a Map from the Source to the Mouth. By A. D. 8vo. 9*s*. Boards. Rivingtons. 1823.

THIS is an unostentatious and by no means an unpleasing work, from the pen of a female: but it would be uncourteous, perhaps, to try to unmask a lady, and ask who A. D. is? Her volume is chiefly the journal of a tour from Calcutta into the upper provinces, taken, we conclude, with her husband, who is in all probability an officer in the Company's army. The fair author is by no means an unobservant traveller; and young writers and cadets, on their passage to India, may

well employ, in the perusal of her remarks on the country to which they are destined, some of those listless hours which are too often devoted to less laudable recreations. They would thus gather many useful hints and admonitions respecting India, and would not stare about them with the ignorant surprize of raw Europeans at their first arrival on its shores. The following is an accurate miniature of Bengal:

'The villages in *Bengal* differ materially from those in the upper provinces of *Hindostan;* the huts of the former being composed of bamboos covered with matting, while those of the latter are uniformly built of mud, and thatched. Those of Bengal are generally found within groves of the bamboo plant, having small round granaries near them formed of the same materials, but raised a few feet from the ground upon blocks of wood, not unlike those that support our wheat-ricks. The habitations of the natives in the upper provinces serve also as a receptacle for their grain; a deep hole is dug in the centre of each, lined with straw, wherein it is deposited, and by that means secured as well against the weather as against marauders, with whom these provinces abound.

'*Bengal* differs as much in climate, manners, customs, and appearance of its inhabitants, as in the general face of the country. Here are no scorching winds in summer, or white frosts, with ponds frozen over, in the winter; but the burning sun, stagnant air, and heavy dews, are far more oppressive. Although these contribute to fertilize the ground, and to produce their boasted verdure, they are unwholesome, and frequently offensive. Our tent at sun-rise this morning was so completely wet with the dew that had fallen during the night, as to affect the clothes deposited on chairs within; and we were actually obliged to have them dried by a fire before they could be worn with safety.

'Of their language and customs I shall say little; far abler pens than mine have already described them; I shall content myself with observing, that the *Bengalee* language, which *they* speak, is as little understood by the natives of the upper provinces, as the *Hindostanee* language is by them; hence arises a difficulty in persuading servants of the one country to attend you to the other. There is, however, a still stronger reason for the people above *Patna* objecting to a sojourn in *Bengal;* it is because, considering, as they do, the *Bengalees* to be of an inferior *caste,* they are fearful of losing their own: for instance, if a man of inferior *caste* touches the food, or even utensil in which it is preparing, of a superior, it is contaminated, and no longer fit for use — all the cleansing in the world would be insufficient, in their opinions, to purify it. This leads to the common practice of each person cooking for himself, even among those of the highest rank; and even when this is not the case, they are extremely particular in having a cook of the same *caste* as they are themselves. Both Hindoos and Mussulmen are tenacious in this respect. I remember a circumstance which occurred to me shortly

shortly after my arrival in the country, which astonished me not a little, and distressed me very much. It is the custom for boats going up or down the river to bring to for the night, and make fast to the bank, generally near some village where the boatmen may purchase food: this, they take the opportunity of dressing on small stoves formed at the time, of an adhesive kind of clay, of which these banks are formed. Round these they describe a circle, raised a few inches from the ground, the inside of which they smoothe with the hand until it has the appearance of being nicely plastered. The *dandies*, as they are called, then place themselves round, to the number of three, four, and sometimes five in a party, with their legs tucked under them, and commence their attack upon the curry with all the eagerness of professed epicures. A number of these plans had been formed on the only level ground near our boat, and being ignorant at that time of their customs, I unfortunately stepped into one of the magic circles in my attempt to reach the high land. Our boatmen made no observation at the time; but on turning to view the prospect from above, I saw several of them employed in emptying the contents of their cooking pots into the river, and afterwards breaking the earthen vessels in which their food had been dressed. Upon enquiry of a person by me, who spoke a little English, what this meant, I learned to my surprize that *I* had caused the proceeding, by placing my unhallowed foot too near the stove and its circular inclosure. Laughable as it appeared to us, it was far from being so to them at the period I allude to; for as no village within a mile and a half could be found, these poor infatuated people were obliged to content themselves with parched grain. This grain, which resembles a large dried pea in a dark brown skin, is very abundant in India, and is used to feed horses as well as men. The natives are universally fond of it, and always carry a small quantity ready parched about them to chew at pleasure: with the boatmen, more particularly, who only get a hot meal before sun-rise, and after sun-set, it is an essential article of food.

'Although united by situation and laws, the Bengalees in no respect associate with the natives of the upper provinces. They are unlike also in appearance, the former being delicately shaped, of short stature, and of a very dark complexion; while the latter are, for the most part, tall, robust, and of a light copper-colour. Indeed I have sometimes seen them, particularly the women, very little darker than the natives of France or Italy; and the higher you go up the country, the fairer the inhabitants become. This may probably be accounted for by the severity of their winter months; whereas, in Bengal, they may be said to have no winter at all, as far as respects cold, for it is never sufficiently felt to require a fire; and I remarked that there was not a single grate to be seen in Calcutta.

'They differ in dress, perhaps, more than in any other particular. In Bengal they wear no turbans, merely their long black hair strained up round the head, and fastened in a knot at the top; a few yards of thin silk, of various colours, fastened round

the waist, and loosely wrapped about the thighs, leaving the legs quite bare; a drapery of thin muslin, thrown carelessly across the shoulders, one end hanging in front, the other behind, completes their dress, as far as apparel is concerned. But a Bengalee gentleman has not completed his toilet until he has painted his face and arms. They have their beaux as well as other nations, who seldom appear without a wafer on their forehead, consisting of a white patch with a spot of bright scarlet in the centre, and a stripe of white paint down the middle of the nose. These men universally wear ear-rings of the purest gold, and excellent workmanship.'

The anecdote which we shall next extract has strong internal proofs of authenticity; and we could, on our own testimony, bring many similar relations to confirm its accuracy. It offers a salutary lesson to the precipitate zeal of a large and well-meaning class of persons, who are desirous of propagating Christianity in the East.

'The following morning we reached *Baugul-poor* (Bogolpoor), a station for civilians, and a company or battalion of Hill Rangers. Here we were entertained by the Judge and his lady, and were induced to remain some days. A singular circumstance occurred, in consequence of the arrival of some Missionaries, while we were at this place. These gentlemen had been holding forth in the bazar, and having gathered together a numerous assembly of the people, particularly remarked *one*, as being more attentive than the rest; (a corn-factor, of respectable appearance;) when, going up to him, the Missionary asked if he had been convinced by the arguments he had heard in favour of the Christian religion? After a moment's hesitation, "What will you give me," said the native, "to become a Christian?" — "The blessings of our holy religion will reward you," replied the Missionary. — "That will not do," returned the native; "but I'll tell you what — If you will give me a lac of rupees, and two English ladies for my wives, I'll consider of it." The Missionary was indignant; and, but for the timely interference of the Mayor, matters might have taken a serious turn.'

Had our fair tourist been well read in Shakspeare, she would have remembered the original of what she calls (p. 80.) an old saying; "Do you cock your hat at me?" — "Sir, I cock my hat:" — but, in books of travels, literary accomplishments are not indispensable, and fidelity of narration often atones for the want of them. She thus describes the ceremony of the Sootie, and our own experience enables us to state that it is not incorrect:

'During our stay at *Allahabad* (Allajahbad), it was understood that a Hindoo woman had signified her intention to end her existence on the funeral pile of her husband. The Judge, with whom we were on a visit, sent for her father, and endeavoured to

to prevail on him to dissuade her. He said he had done all he could; but she was firmly determined upon it. The Judge then sent for her, but talked with as little success; she was bent upon immortalizing her name, and, as she said, of showing her family the way to heaven. In short, the day was fixed, and a gentleman who was present gave me a description of this horrid ceremony. An immense concourse of people having assembled, her approach was announced by the blowing of horns and beating of drums: next came a number of *Brahmins*, bearing lighted torches, and singing some appropriate stanzas to inspire this victim of credulity, who followed, attended by her relations and friends, all bearing torches but herself. She was richly dressed, having her hands, neck, and feet, covered with ornaments. The dead body of her husband was carried on a bier immediately before her. It was then placed upon the funeral pile, the priests forming a circle round. The father and mother having led the young woman within the circle, left her there, and retired among the crowd. Music, or rather discordant sounds, struck up, and the *Brahmins* again sung, while she marched slowly round the pile; when, divesting herself of her ornaments, with wonderful presence of mind, she distributed them to her weeping friends; then, exchanging her veil of white muslin for one of crimson, she was presented with a lighted torch, (the *Brahmins* meantime exhorting her by songs and gestures to be firm,) and again marched round the pile. She stopped a few moments, *salaamed* all she knew, then putting the torch into the hand of her father, she calmly ascended the funeral pile, and seated herself by the side of her husband, amid the shouts and plaudits of the multitude. Her father, he believed, set fire to the pile; but a number of torches were instantly applied, drums beating, trumpets sounding, horns blowing, and guns firing, so that all was at once a scene of confusion and noise, sufficient to have drowned her cries if she had uttered any. Among other things, he observed that they threw a quantity of oil, salt, and dry straw, to increase the fury of the flame; and in less than ten minutes, nothing remained but ashes. What rendered this sacrifice the more unnatural, was, his being an old man, and she a young woman; but then he was a Brahmin! and it is considered incumbent on the widow of a Brahmin to pay this respect to his remains, or become an outcast from her family for ever. These unfortunate women are taught to believe that, by this single act, they expiate not only their own, but the sins of all their family, and that their souls fly instantly to Paradise. In some instances, I was told that the priests are obliged to assist their exhortations by copious draughts of opium, which first intoxicates, then stupifies their victim. The British government in India are doing all they can to prevent the barbarous custom, by not suffering it to take place within reach of their troops; but the deluded natives find means to evade their vigilance.'

The divisions and sub-divisions of domestic departments, for which an establishment of servants in Bengal is required, are accu-

accurately enumerated; and, with some few variations, the statement is applicable to the other presidencies.

At Delhi, the fair traveller is introduced to the Emperor.

'When we were admitted into the royal presence, the Begum Sumroo made three *salaams*, and I followed her example. This is called the *tusleem*, and only performed to crowned heads. In compliance with eastern custom, I then advanced towards the throne, and presented, on a clean white napkin, the usual offering of four gold mohurs, (eight pounds sterling,) which the Emperor accepted, and with a condescending smile handed over to the Empress. I then, agreeably to the lesson I had been taught, retreated backwards to the edge of the carpet, again making the tusleem. The same ceremony, with two gold mohurs, was repeated to her Majesty; which she having graciously accepted, the same sum was presented to the Dowager; so that I paid rather dear for my curiosity. Having gone through the pantomime of again retreating backwards, (it not being the etiquette to turn our backs on royalty,) I regained my post, by sidling into the circle next to the Begum Sumroo. The Emperor immediately ordered a seat to be placed for me at the foot of the throne, which politeness, rather than inclination, induced me to accept; for I foresaw that a conversation with him would be the consequence; and so it proved. The first question he asked me was, "What relation are you, lady, to the royal family of England?" I hesitated to reply. Thinking that I had not understood him, he asked the Begum if I did not understand Persian. She replied, she believed I did, a little. He then repeated his former question to her. She said, she did not know. I still remained silent, affecting not to understand him, although wondering what could induce him to ask the question. Not wishing to lessen my own consequence, and still more averse to telling an untruth, (for I saw that he had an idea of my being so related,) I turned to the Begum, and addressed some observations to her in the Hindostanee language, which seemed to convince him that I could speak no other; and as that is not the language of the court, his Majesty's conference with me was but of short duration. As a particular mark of favour, he then took a betel-nut from his casket, and cutting it into two pieces, sent half of it to me by his youngest son, *Murza Selim*, a boy of about twelve years of age. I did not at all relish the idea of putting it into my mouth; but it would have been an affront if I had not; so I contrived, unperceived, to get it out again as quick as possible. His *hookah* was then brought, from which he took two or three whiffs, and sent it away. The Queen's was also placed before her; but as it is not etiquette to smoke in his Majesty's presence, unless he signifies his approbation, (which he omitted to do on the present occasion,) hers was also, after a few minutes, removed.

'On our preparing to take leave, the Queen took from a small tray (in the hands of one of her attendants) a pair of green shawls, which she gracefully placed upon my shoulders, saying

"Jeta

"Jeta ro!" which means, "Live for ever!" I then tusleemed to the King, who returned it by a slight inclination of the head; and, retreating backwards, we were soon out of the presence. I took this opportunity to inquire of the Begum Sumroo what his Majesty meant by asking me if I was related to the royal family of England? and what reason he had for supposing me related to them? From her reply, I discovered that this mistake had arisen from my having on a gold bandeau under my white lace veil, which owing to its weight had slipped over the left temple. This circumstance, added to the rich appearance of the bandeau, (it being of the Etruscan pattern of dead and shining gold, tastefully intermixed,) impressed his Majesty with the idea that I must be a branch of that illustrious family; a bandeau on the head being with them the insignia of royalty. *

'At the palace-gates the Begum and I separated, to dress for dinner; to which we afterwards sat down, at the resident's table, in number upwards of fifty persons. Contrary to the practice of women in this country, the Begum Sumroo always wears a turban, generally damson colour, which becomes her very much, and is put on with great taste. I had almost forgotten to mention a ceremony that struck me as being extremely ludicrous, which is, that of a man, with a long white beard, marching into the room while the party were at breakfast, and, without any preface, beginning to read as fast and loud as he was able, all the news of the day, from a paper in manuscript called the *Acbar;* in which was related every, the most minute circumstance respecting the royal family, somewhat resembling a bulletin, which I understood was the practice at this hour in the house of every great personage. The Emperor is, in like manner, entertained with anecdotes of the resident's family, the city-news, &c. I could scarcely avoid smiling at the profound attention paid by the Begum to this man's nonsense. These readers are much respected by the natives, who sit for hours while they relate Persian tales, the ladies of the family listening at the same time behind a *purdah.*† Both men and women are the greatest gossips in the world; but so averse are they to exertion, that they prefer paying a person for talking or reading to them, to doing either themselves.'

These specimens must serve to give our readers a notion of the author's accuracy and discernment as a traveller. Her orthography of Hindoo names, &c. &c. &c. is not uniformly regulated by the pronunciation, and her general style is not always perfectly correct: but an hour or two may be agreeably passed over her modest and unpretending narrative; and

'* Of this circumstance I was at that time ignorant.'

'† A purdah is a curtain, generally quilted, which hangs before a door, to denote that it is a private apartment; and so sacred a barrier is it considered, that no person, except the principals of a family, presumes to approach it.'

those

those who may wish to acquire a slight and superficial, but on the whole an accurate, idea of this part of India, or to revive their recollections of it, will not lament that the time has been passed in her society.

ART. VIII. *Private Correspondence of William Cowper*, Esq. with several of his most intimate Friends. Now first published from the Originals in the Possession of his Kinsman, John Johnson, LL. D., Rector of Yaxham with Welborne, in Norfolk. 8vo. 2 Vols. 1*l.* 4*s.* Boards. Colburn. 1824.

STRONG and natural is the popular horror against the exhumation of those who have been consigned to the grave; and yet, if we compare the rude surgery of savages with the scientific anatomy which directs the knife of the skilful professors, not only in our hospitals and lecture-rooms but in our cities and large towns, we shall see how much it is for the interests of the living that the dead should be dissected: — in short, that there must be a sacrifice either of the dead to the living or of the living to the dead. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind: we must dissect. The metaphysician examines the conformation of the one as the anatomist inspects the other, and imparts his knowlege to the moralist and the legislator for the ultimate purposes of instruction and government. The course of the veins and arteries, the position and connection of the bones, muscles, glands, cartilages, &c. are now well known: but it would be difficult to transmit an accurate idea of them to another generation without the aid of dissection. If this be requisite when all the organs are in a healthy state, and perform their various functions with uniformity, how imperative is the necessity when the regularity of those functions has been disturbed by disease, and when the disease of the organ has terminated in death? So with regard to the phænomena of the mind: its various functions are performed with sufficient regularity when in health; and the metaphysician investigates the nature of perception, sensation, memory, thought, reasoning, and judgment. With a still keener curiosity does he examine those ethereal and mysterious emanations from "a mind diseased," which often confound his most ingenious theories and elude his most specious hypotheses. Few individuals in the humble and secluded walks of life have excited and have maintained a stronger interest in the public mind than the poet Cowper. He lived in the retirement of a hermit, with the simplicity and purity of a saint: but the harp which he struck in the bowers of Weston sent forth its notes abroad, and found that

"There

" There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies."

In taking notice of the Memoirs of Mr. Hayley, in our last two Numbers, we ventured to make a few remarks on the genius of Cowper, as well as on the merits of his epistolary and his poetical compositions, which we need not now repeat. We mentioned, likewise, how much Mr. Hayley's life of the bard had whetted, but not gratified, the curiosity of the public to know more of that malady, which cast so deep a gloom over the mind of one towards whom they felt so strong a sympathy. In the volumes before us, Dr. Johnson has expressed his sense of the fault in his kinsman's biographer.

It should be observed that, with some exceptions, these letters were in the hands of Mr. Hayley when he prepared the Life of Cowper, but that he did not use them; and in rejecting some of them he did well, for they are trivial and insignificant, though occasionally brightened by those scintillations of fancy which, in his singular mind, were ever ready to beam forth at the call even of very trivial and insignificant occurrences.

' Many of them,' says the editor, ' are addressed to Mr. Newton, with two or three to Mr. Bull, on the subject of religion; which, though not of general application, but confined to its aspect on the mind of the writer, were decidedly worthy of Mr. Hayley's insertion; and the more so, indeed, on that very account; his concern, as biographer, being rather with the individual than the community. But these, out of tenderness to the feelings of the reader, I am persuaded, and for the gloominess they attach to the writer's mind, he has utterly excluded. In doing this, however, amiable and considerate as his caution must appear, the gloominess which he has taken from the mind of Cowper has the effect of involving his character in obscurity. People read " The Letters" with " The Task" in their recollection, (and vice versâ,) and are perplexed. They look for the Cowper of each, in the other, and find him not. The correspondency is destroyed. Hence the character of Cowper is undetermined; mystery hangs over it; and the opinions formed of him are as various as the minds of the enquirers.'

This is true; and when such a mind as that of Cowper was offered to Hayley for dissection, and the instruments were put into his hand, delicacy should not have induced him to shrink from the task. Hear Dr. Johnson again:

' There is one subject, however, connected, if not with the composition, yet with the matter of these letters to Mr. Newton, to which

which I would beg to call a few minutes' attention;—the aberration of mind which they so painfully develope. To this was indisputably owing all the gloominess of the character of Cowper: a point which I am the more anxious to establish, as it has been erroneously charged on his religious opinions. But no—the unhappiness of this amiable man is to be referred to the cause already stated; and that again, to an excess of hypochondriacal affection, induced, in the first instance, as I have repeatedly heard a deceased friend of his and mine observe, by his having, in very early life, improperly checked an erysipelatous complaint of the face; which rendered him ever after liable to depression of spirits. Under the influence of one of these attacks, attended with evident mental obliquity, he was impressed with an idea, originating in a supposed voice from heaven, that the Author of his life had recalled the loan. This was rapidly followed by another, to this effect;—That as he had failed to restore it, in the intervening moment, the punishment of his disobedience would be everlasting destruction.

'Now, I would ask those who have inadvertently charged the unhappiness of this pitiable sufferer on his religious opinions, to the operation of what theological tenets they can warrantably ascribe the supposition, not only of so preposterous a demand, but of a denunciation, under such circumstances, more preposterous still, as referred to the Supreme Being?—It will be readily conceded, I trust, that, as no known system of divinity can be justly charged with such absurd principles as the above supposition would imply, so that which Cowper adopted, (whatever it might be,) and through the influence of which on his divine poem "The Task" he obtained the high eulogium of being

'"With more than painter's fancy blest, with lays
Holy as saints to heav'n expiring raise," *

unquestionably cannot. And if this be granted, his unhappiness must undoubtedly be referred solely to his aberration of mind.

'Having conscientiously endeavoured, however feebly, to exculpate the religious opinions of Cowper from the charge of originating his mental distress, I am anxious to anticipate an important question, in reference to the desponding letters. Am I not afraid, it may be asked, lest, in affording an indiscriminate inspection into the gloomy interior of Cowper's mind, I should minister to the melancholy contemplations of some depressed spirit, and thus eventually assimilate it to his own? I answer, I should indeed fear it, but for the circumstance already mentioned; the striking irregularity of the writer's intellect on the subject of his own salvability. This is the frame, if I may so express it, in which all his gloomy pictures are *conspicuously set*; and as they cannot be separated, they must be transferred, both or neither, to the mind of another. But as experience teaches me that insanity is not transferable, so I set my heart at rest as to a transfer of the gloom, which in this case resulted from it.

'* Pursuits of Literature.'

'Should

'Should the eye, therefore, of any desponding person meet the letters alluded to, whilst he remembers the circumstances under which they were written, let him, in the exercise of the virtues and genuine though gloomy piety which they exhibit, anticipate a happy issue, sooner or later, out of all his afflictions, through the same Hand which delivered Cowper,

'Though sunk "beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulphs than he."'

These two lines are taken from the last of Cowper's original compositions, intitled "The Cast-away," which relates the affecting story, from Anson's Voyage, of a seaman who, having accidentally fallen over-board, was left to perish, from the impossibility of giving him timely assistance. The poem furnishes an apt commentary on the passage which we have just quoted, for the last stanza shews that it was dictated by despair and anguish of mind:

"No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone,
When snatched from all effectual aid
We perished, each alone;
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulphs than he."

Cowper was haunted with the dreadful idea of final reprobation, and well might his soul be wretched with such an appalling spectre always present! Dr. Johnson, we see, will not allow that this hallucination was in any degree attributable to his religious opinions: but, though it might not take its rise in the midnight gloom of methodism, it would perhaps have been chaced away by the bright warm sun-beams of a more cheerful and exhilarating creed. In one of his letters to Mr. Hill, inclosing his poem on the promotion of Lord Thurlow, he expresses himself thus: "I wrote it indeed on purpose for you; for my subjects are not always such as I could hope would prove agreeable to you. My mind has always a melancholy cast, and is like some pools I have seen, which, though filled with a black and putrid water, reflect the sun-beams from their surface." Now this is exactly what Cowper wanted, a radiant sun to shed its beams on his mind; and this he found for a time in the sprightly Lady Austen, in Lady Hesketh, and in the family of the Throgmortons. The *timor orci* and all the phantasmagoria of his brain vanished, for a season, under the magic of their lively conversation; together with the kind, affectionate, and soothing attentions (be it added to his honor) of his beloved kinsman, "Johnny of Norfolk," the editor of the volumes now before us.—In exculpating the religious

religious opinions of Cowper, however, from the charge of first occasioning his mental distress, Dr. Johnson has not attempted to release them from the imputation of fixing that distress and aggravating its intensity. Let any one peruse Cowper's own account (in Hayley's Life) of the manner in which he passed his time with the family of the Unwins, while he resided under their roof at Huntingdon;—reading sermons, praying, and singing hymns, literally from morning to night, and without intermission, to an omnipotent but inexorable Being who, he believed, had already doomed him to everlasting perdition;—and it will be impossible not to feel that, with such trembling nerves as Cowper had, and a mind so susceptible of impression, he was fixing, by the intensity and excess of his devotional exercises, those terrific images which change of place, change of society, and the stimulus of new and various objects, would probably have chased away. The delirious idea that he was a "cast-away" was always before him, and

> "He was troubled with thick-coming fancies
> That kept him from his rest."

A skilful physician of the mind would have differently ministered to its disease: he would have removed, as much as possible, all that might recall it, and have tried to produce forgetfulness (the mind's great panacea) of the object of delusion which caused the pain; and he would have endeavored to

> "Pluck from the memory its rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> That weighs upon the heart."

How delicately does Cowper touch on his own infirmity in the following letter to Mr. Newton, and also on the appropriate remedy for it!

'My dear Friend, *July* 12. 1780.

'Such nights as I frequently spend are but a miserable prelude to the succeeding day, and indispose me above all things to the business of writing. Yet with a pen in my hand, if I am able to write at all, I find myself gradually relieved; and as I am glad of any employment that may serve to engage my attention, so especially I am pleased with an opportunity of conversing with you, though it be but upon paper. This occupation above all others assists me in that self-deception to which I am indebted for all the little comfort I enjoy; things seem to be as they were, and I almost forget that they never can be so again.

'We are both obliged to you for a sight of Mr. ——'s letter. —How delusive is the wildest speculation when pursued with eagerness,

eagerness, and nourished with such arguments as the perverted ingenuity of such a mind as his can easily furnish! — Judgment falls asleep upon the bench, while Imagination, like a smug, pert counsellor, stands chattering at the bar, and with a deal of finespun enchanting sophistry carries all before him.

'If I had strength of mind, I have not strength of body for the task which, you say, some would impose upon me. I cannot bear much thinking. The meshes of that fine net-work, the brain, are composed of such mere spinners' threads in me, that when a long thought finds its way into them, it buzzes, and twangs, and bustles about at such a rate as seems to threaten the whole contexture. — No — I must needs refer it again to you.

'My enigma will probably find you out, and you will find out my enigma at some future time. I am not in a humour to transcribe it now. Indeed I wonder that a sportive thought should ever knock at the door of my intellects, and still more that it should gain admittance. It is as if harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chamber where a corpse is deposited in state. His antic gesticulations would be unseasonable, at any rate, but more especially so if they should distort the features of the mournful attendants into laughter. But the mind long wearied with the sameness of a dull, dreary prospect, will gladly fix its eyes on any thing that may make a little variety in its contemplations, though it were but a kitten playing with her tail.'

Again, in another letter, he says:

'At this season of the year, and in this gloomy, uncomfortable climate, it is no easy matter for the owner of a mind like mine to divert it from sad subjects, and fix it upon such as may administer to its amusement. Poetry, above all things, is useful to me in this respect. While I am held in pursuit of pretty images, or a pretty way of expressing them, I forget every thing that is irksome, and, like a boy that plays truant, determine to avail myself of the present opportunity to be amused, and to put by the disagreeable recollection that I must, after all, go home and be whipt again.'

These and fifty other passages prove that Cowper knew the cure, or at least the palliative, for his disease; and if his friends had examined the morbid organization of his mind, they also would have perceived the remedy and applied it. Once more:

'I do not at all doubt the truth of what you say, when you complain of that crowd of trifling thoughts that pesters you without ceasing; but then you always have a serious thought standing at the door of your imagination, like a justice of peace with the riot-act in his hand, ready to read it, and disperse the mob. Here lies the difference between you and me. My thoughts are clad in a sober livery, for the most part as grave as that of a bishop's servants. They turn, too, upon spiritual subjects, but the tallest fellow and the loudest among them all is he who is continually crying with a loud voice, *Actum est de te, periisti.* You wish for more attention, I for less. Dissipation itself would be welcome to me, so

it were not a vicious one; but however earnestly invited, it is coy, and keeps at a distance. Yet with all this distressing gloom upon my mind, I experience, as you do, the slipperiness of the present hour, and the rapidity with which time escapes me. Every thing around us, and every thing that befalls us, constitutes a variety, which, whether agreeable or otherwise, has still a thievish propensity, and steals from us days, months, and years, with such unparalleled address, that even while we say they are here, they are gone. From infancy to manhood is rather a tedious period, chiefly, I suppose, because at that time we act under the control of others, and are not suffered to have a will of our own. But thence downward, into the vale of years, is such a declivity, that we have just an opportunity to reflect upon the steepness of it, and then find ourselves at the bottom.'

It was a striking peculiarity in the malady of this amiable man that it never affected the operations of his mind on any subject to which he could apply it, whether serious or comic. Indeed, he had evidently, at least so it appears to us, a natural taste and relish for the ridiculous; and we not only often see him "smiling in tears," but sometimes "laughing 'mid severest woe," and enjoying some antic sportive thought which dances before his imagination, apparently at unseasonable times. We find a great mixture of gaiety and playfulness with the gloom which unhappily pervades his poetry and his prose; and his merriest fancies were not always embodied in his merriest moods. Whatever the fancy was, grotesque or sad, he pursued it with equal earnestness.

Dr. Johnson has given to these volumes the title of the 'Correspondence' of Cowper: but they contain *his* letters only, and a *correspondence* is incomplete without the counterpart. We do not mention this with any regret that the letters of Mr. Unwin, Mr. Newton, or even of Mrs. King, have not been inserted, but in order to remark the prodigious difference, almost amounting to a contrast, between those which Cowper addressed to Mr. Newton and those which he wrote to Mrs. King; and this we cannot refrain from ascribing to the different manner in which we suspect these two friends addressed him. When Cowper writes to Mrs. King, he is usually easy; tells her about his amusements, his gardening and greenhouse, his carpentry and his drawings; sends her some little poetical effusion; and acknowleges in sprightly terms some little present, perhaps, which he had received from her. He does, indeed, recur now and then to the state of his own mind, and closes with the melancholy episode. When he addresses Mr. Newton, however, all this is reversed. His religious terrors and sufferings, the outcast and abandoned state of his own soul, compose the very texture, and betray the

the mournful uniformity of his subject; while the unfrequent episode is only when some ludicrous incident has occurred, or a lively image shot across his mind. Mr. Newton was a most excellent man, and applied, with very affectionate perseverance, the remedy which *he thought* was best adapted to his friend's disease: but it may, nevertheless, have happened that he fixed it deeper. He certainly did not assuage it. He reasoned with Cowper too earnestly, and too frequently, about the salvability of his soul through the mercy of God; and in replying to these reasons, Cowper stamped on his own mind a deeper and more indelible impression of his state of abandonment and perdition. What good could result from arguing with a person who considered even the indulgence of hope to be a sin? In one of his letters to Mr. Newton he says;

'Since I told you that I had hope, I have never ceased to despair; and have repented that I made my boast so soon, more than once. A king may forbid a man to appear before him, and it were strange if the King of kings might not do the same. I know it to be his will that I should not enter into his presence now; when the prohibition is taken off, I shall enter; but in the mean time I should neither please him, nor serve myself, by intruding.'

Again;

'The weather is an exact emblem of my mind in its present state. A thick fog envelopes every thing, and at the same time it freezes intensely. You will tell me that this cold gloom will be succeeded by a cheerful spring, and endeavour to encourage me to hope for a spiritual change resembling it; — but it will be lost labour. Nature revives again; but a soul once slain lives no more. The hedge that has been apparently dead, is not so; it will burst into leaf and blossom at the appointed time; but no such time is appointed for the stake that stands in it. It is as dead as it seems, and will prove itself no dissembler. The latter end of next month will complete a period of eleven years in which I have spoken no other language. It is a long time for a man, whose eyes were once opened, to spend in darkness; long enough to make despair an inveterate habit, and such it is in me. My friends, I know, expect that I shall see yet again. They think it necessary to the existence of Divine truth, that he who once had possession of it should never finally lose it. I admit the solidity of this reasoning in every case but my own. And why not in my own? For causes which to them it appears madness to allege, but which rest upon my mind with a weight of immovable conviction. If I am recoverable, why am I thus? why crippled and made useless in the church, just at that time of life, when, my judgment and experience being matured, I might be most useful. Why cashiered and turned out of service, till, according to the course of nature, there is not life enough left in me to make amends for the years I have lost; till there is no reasonable hope left that the

fruit can ever pay the expense of the fallow? I forestal the answer: — God's ways are mysterious, and he giveth no account of his matters: — an answer that would serve my purpose as well as theirs that use it. There is a mystery in my destruction, and in time it shall be explained.'

The lady who inspired the muse of Cowper to write "The Task" and "Johnny Gilpin" was a much better physician than Mr. Newton, all worthy as he was. Those who are acquainted with the poet's writings know how agreeably he could trifle; and, as we have given but too many specimens of the dark strokes of his pencil, let us exhibit one or two of brighter hues. — A fire had occurred at Olney, and various petty depredations were committed on the occasion.

'Since our conflagration here, we have sent two women and a boy to the justice, for depredation; S—— R——, for stealing a piece of beef, which, in her excuse, she said she intended to take care of. This lady, whom you well remember, escaped for want of evidence; not that evidence was indeed wanting, but our men of Gotham judged it unnecessary to send it. With her went the woman I mentioned before, who, it seems, has made some sort of profession, but upon this occasion allowed herself a latitude of conduct rather inconsistent with it, having filled her apron with wearing apparel, which she likewise intended to take care of. She would have gone to the county gaol, had William Raban, the baker's son, who prosecuted, insisted upon it; but he good naturedly, though I think weakly, interposed in her favour, and begged her off. The young gentleman who accompanied these fair ones is the junior son of Molly Boswell. He had stolen some iron-work, the property of Griggs, the butcher. Being convicted, he was ordered to be whipt, which operation he underwent at the cart's tail, from the stone-house to the high arch, and back again. He seemed to shew great fortitude, but it was all an imposition upon the public. The beadle, who performed it, had filled his left hand with red ochre, through which, after every stroke, he drew the lash of his whip, leaving the appearance of a wound upon the skin, but in reality not hurting him at all. This being perceived by Mr. Constable H——, who followed the beadle, he applied his cane, without any such management or precaution, to the shoulders of the too merciful executioner. The scene immediately became more interesting. The beadle could by no means be prevailed upon to strike hard, which provoked the constable to strike harder; and this double flogging continued, till a lass of Silver-end, pitying the pitiful beadle thus suffering under the hands of the pitiless constable, joined the procession, and placing herself immediately behind the latter, seized him by his capillary club, and pulling him backwards by the same, slapt his face with a most Amazonian fury. This concatenation of events has taken up more of my paper than I intended it should, but I could not forbear to inform you how the beadle threshed the thief, the constable the beadle,

beadle, and the lady the constable, and how the thief was the only person concerned who suffered nothing.'

The following lively speculations on the occupation of the Antediluvians are contained in a letter to Mr. Newton:

'My dear Friend, *Nov.* 30. 1783.

'I have neither long visits to pay nor to receive, nor ladies to spend hours in telling me that which might be told in five minutes, yet often find myself obliged to be an economist of time, and to make the most of a short opportunity. Let our station be as retired as it may, there is no want of playthings and avocations, nor much need to seek them, in this world of ours. Business, or what presents itself to us under that imposing character, will find us out, even in the stillest retreat, and plead its importance, however trivial in reality, as a just demand upon our attention. It is wonderful how by means of such real or seeming necessities my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe that time is short, and by the time I have made the observation, time is gone. I have wondered in former days at the patience of the Antediluvian world; that they could endure a life almost millenary, with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration; and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented. How then could seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable? I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goats' milk, and a dozen good sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stript off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chace, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough, I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but in the mean time the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus, what with tilling the ground, and eating the fruit of it, hunting and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primæval world so much occupied, as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find, at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipt through his fingers, and were passed away like shadow. What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel

myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this? Thus, however, it is; and if the ancient gentlemen to whom I have referred, and their complaints of the disproportion of time to the occasions they had for it, will not serve me as an excuse, I must even plead guilty, and confess that I am often in haste, when I have no good reason for being so.'

Several letters on the events of the American war shew the whiggism of the writer, but might perhaps have been omitted without injury to the present collection. Others, containing explanatory remarks on passages in the poet's own works, will be read with interest. Despair made amusement necessary to him, and he found poetry the most agreeable employment. — As he was perfectly indefatigable in revising and correcting before he sent any thing to press, all his errors are in judgment, not one from carelessness. He was cloyed with the music of Pope, and the cacophony which frequently grates on the ears of his own readers is perhaps to be traced to that very circumstance: in avoiding Charybdis he was wrecked on Scylla. The ensuing criticism, addressed to Mr. Newton, justifies this remark:

'Your sentiments of Pope's Homer agree perfectly with those of every competent judge with whom I have at any time conversed about it. I never saw a copy so unlike the original. There is not, I believe, in all the world to be found an uninspired poem so simple as those of Homer; nor in all the world a poem more bedizened with ornaments than Pope's translation of them. Accordingly, the sublime of Homer in the hands of Pope becomes bloated and tumid, and his description tawdry. Neither had Pope the faintest conception of those exquisite discriminations of character for which Homer is so remarkable. All his persons, and equally upon all occasions, speak in an inflated and strutting phraseology, as Pope has managed them; although in the original, the dignity of their utterance, even when they are most majestic, consists principally in the simplicity of their sentiments and of their language. Another censure I must needs pass upon our Anglo-Grecian, out of many that obtrude themselves upon me, but for which I have neither time to spare nor room; which is, that with all his great abilities he was defective in his feelings to a degree that some passages in his own poems make it difficult to account for. No writer more pathetic than Homer, because none more natural; and because none less natural than Pope in his version of Homer, therefore than he none less pathetic.'

In a great many letters, Cowper speaks of poetry as the great or rather the only solace of his mind; and extreme distress of spirit drove him to touch the chords of his own lyre as well as to re-string the lyre of Homer:

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'For some weeks after I had finished "The Task," and sent away the last sheet corrected, I was through necessity idle, and suffered not a little in my spirits for being so. One day, being in such distress of mind as was hardly supportable, I took up the Iliad; and merely to divert attention, and with no more preconception of what I was then entering upon, than I have at this moment of what I shall be doing this day twenty years hence, translated the twelve first lines of it. The same necessity pressing me again, I had recourse to the same expedient, and translated more. Every day bringing its occasion for employment with it, every day consequently added something to the work; till at last I began to reflect thus: — The Iliad and the Odyssey together consist of about forty thousand verses. To translate these forty thousand verses will furnish me with occupation for a considerable time. I have already made some progress, and I find it a most agreeable amusement. Homer, in point of purity, is a most blameless writer; and, though he was not an enlightened man, has interspersed many great and valuable truths throughout both his poems. In short, he is in all respects a most venerable old gentleman, by an acquaintance with whom no man can disgrace himself. The literati are all agreed to a man, that, although Pope has given us two pretty poems under Homer's titles, there is not to be found in them the least portion of Homer's spirit, nor the least resemblance of his manner. I will try, therefore, whether I cannot copy him somewhat more happily myself. I have at least the advantage of Popes's faults and failings, which, like so many buoys upon a dangerous coast, will serve me to steer by, and will make my chance for success more probable.'

We must, however, desist; — with an observation which has been made on others, and which Cowper makes on himself. 'I have heard,' says he, 'of bodily aches and ails that have been particularly troublesome when the season returned, in which the hurt that occasioned them was received. The mind, I believe, (with my own, however, I am sure it is so,) is liable to similar periodical affection. But February is come; January, my terror, is passed; and some shades of the gloom that attended his presence have passed with him,' &c. &c. (Vol. ii. p. 211.) The approach of the month of January always made him tremble: — 'The year will go round and January will approach. I shall tremble again, and I know it.' What mysterious connection there exists between the periodical return of many diseases and the diurnal, or monthly, or annual rounds of time, it is not for us to say: but of the fact that the paroxysms of many diseases, both of mind and body, do return at stated periods, there is no doubt. It is a little curious that poets and lunatics — the latter deriving their appellation from the very circumstance — should often, like the tides of the sea, yield to the influence of the moon: but this

does not appear to have been the case with Cowper, who was more affected by the absence of the Sun, when he is held by Winter "a prisoner in the yet undawning east." * Philips relates of Milton, from his own mouth, that "his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal:" —Richardson says that his "poetical faculty would on a sudden rush upon him with an impetus or œstrum;" — and Mrs. Newton, the sister of the unhappy Chatterton, states, in a letter respecting her brother, that she "had frequently heard him say that he found he studied best toward the full of the moon, and he would often sit up all night and write by moonlight."

Although we cannot entirely agree with the high encomium passed on the letters now before us by an eloquent writer, the Rev. Mr. Hall of Leicester, who thinks that they are "of a superior description to the former," we concur with him in opinion that "the study of Cowper's prose may be as useful in forming the taste of young people as his poetry; and that to an air of inimitable ease and carelessness they unite a high degree of correctness, such as could result only from the clearest intellect combined with the most finished taste." The light which they throw on the distressing malady that affected him makes them also, as we observed at the beginning of this article, a valuable specimen of the morbid anatomy of the human mind, exhibited in a very interesting person.

Portraits of Mr. Cowper and of Mrs. Unwin are prefixed to these volumes.

ART. IX. *The Greek Revolution;* its Origin and Progress: together with some Remarks on the Religion, National Character, &c. in Greece. By Edward Blaquiere, Esq., Author of an "Historical Review of the Spanish Revolution," &c. 8vo. 12*s*. Boards. Whittakers. 1824.

WE believe that this is the only English work which gives an account of the Greek Revolution from materials collected on the spot, and from actors or eye-witnesses of the events which it describes; and we should have considered it as a very agreeable duty, therefore, to accompany Mr. Blaquiere, step by step, in his narrative, had we not very recently given some detail of that event, its origin and progress, and the character of several of its leaders, in our notice of a

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* See his beautiful Address to Winter in the fourth book of the Task: beginning,

"Oh Winter, ruler of the inverted year," &c.

foreign

foreign publication on the same subject, by a French officer of rank in the Greek service. (See our last Appendix, leading article.) The report made by Mr. Blaquiere concerning the persecution of the Greeks by their relentless masters; on the progress of education and knowlege among the latter, in various schools and colleges of Europe; on the encouragement given by the French war to the commercial spirit of the islanders, and the consequent opulence to which some of them attained; together with the origin of the Grecian navy; corresponds so precisely with that of Colonel Voutier, that each is a striking corroboration of the other.

The Hetæria was an association commenced about the period of the Congress of Vienna (1816), which Congress, like all those that followed, disappointed the hopes of the Greeks; who, preposterously enough, anticipated from the assembled sovereigns some sympathy and movement in their favor! This celebrated body was constituted by a secret society of patriotic Greeks, whose grand object was the emancipation of their country, slightly veiled under the various pretexts of distributing books, diffusing education, commercial speculations, or collecting donations for Greek families held in bondage by Ali Pacha. Its head-quarters were established at St. Petersburgh: but extensive ramifications, an active correspondence, and numerous agents, were spread throughout the Turkish provinces, and almost all the Greeks residing in Europe hastened to join it. The real purpose of those who journeyed to St. Petersburgh was to obtain, through the influence of their countryman, Count Capo d'Istria, who stood high in the Russian ministry, and was, moreover, a favorite of the Emperor himself, either the immediate assistance of a Russian army, or the promise of future support whenever a general revolt should break out among the Christian subjects of the Sultan. The minister rather evaded than discouraged these applications: stating that, in the actual situation of Europe, Russia could not openly assist the Greeks, but would always exhibit a personal interest in their success. The Hetæria had fixed on the year 1825 for carrying their great enterprize into execution, thus giving ample time for maturing plans and completing arrangements: but various unforeseen events conspired to hasten the explosion; and principally the rupture between Ali Pacha and the Porte, which took place at the commencement of 1820. The immediate consequences of this quarrel threw so many chances into the hands of the Greeks that, notwithstanding their want of resources and preparation, they resolved to seize the opportunity which fortune presented. Although the expulsion of the Suliotes from Epirus

Epirus had been one of the great objects of Ali's life, in the hour of distress he was glad to purchase their aid by delivering up to them the strong fortresses of Souli, with all their treasures and warlike stores. A Christian force being brought into the field, while the Ottoman militia, likewise, was withdrawn from the Peloponnesus and Livadia to the camp before Ioannina, the signal of universal revolt was given: a subscription was opened among the Hetærists of Russia and other parts of Europe; and a generalissimo was nominated by them to carry their measures into effect. The choice fell on Alexander Ipsilanti, brother of the more celebrated and fortunate Demetrius Ipsilanti, as being one of the bravest and noblest of his nation; whose father had been Hospodar of Wallachia, which, and Moldavia, are at once the most fertile and the most miserable countries of Europe. He had served three campaigns in the Russian army, had lost his right hand at the battle of Culm, and, though still under the age of thirty at the commencement of the Greek struggle, had attained the rank of Major-General in the Russian service, and was aide-de-camp to the Emperor.

While the Hetærists were negotiating with some of the chiefs who engaged to have a body in readiness to act under Ipsilanti, an adventurer, Theodore Vladimiresco, availed himself of the opportunity to press some claims on the Divan against the treasury, for certain sums of money which he alleged to have disbursed for the exigencies of the state. The Divan refusing to take cognizance of these claims, Vladimiresco became exasperated, and revolted with a small body of Arnauts. There is no reason to believe that he had any connection with the association of the Hetærists, his object being purely of a personal nature: but his revolt had the effect of hastening the movements of Ipsilanti, who crossed the Pruth on the 6th of March, 1821, entered Yassy, the capital of Moldavia, and proceeded towards Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, a few days after it had been seized by Vladimiresco's bands; — where an arrangement took place for the co-operation of these chiefs against the common enemy. The uniform of the Hetærists was entirely black, in sign of mourning for their country, and their banners bore a Phœnix rising from its ashes, as the emblem of regeneration. They had unquestionably been deluded by false hopes of Russian assistance; and when the Emperor issued a proclamation in which the Greek leader was treated as a rebel and incendiary, it fell like a thunderbolt among them. Ipsilanti now felt himself abandoned, and exposed to subordinate chiefs, who had perfidious designs. The Turks took the field, and soon recovered their

their lost provinces at the battle of Dragachan; while Ipsilanti, proceeding to Trieste with the intention of joining his countrymen in the Morea, was arrested by an order from the Austrian cabinet, and conducted under a strong escort to the castle of Mongatz, in Hungary, where he has been kept a prisoner ever since, by a power to which he owed no allegiance. In retaking Bucharest, the Turkish soldiery carried their barbarity so far as to hang up numbers of little children by the feet, on the trees along the public roads, and to impale such of the Hetærists as fell into their hands; and several monasteries, in which the inhabitants took refuge, were entered, and every person butchered, without distinction of age or sex.

However precipitate was Alexander Ipsilanti's enterprize, it operated as a very important diversion, by drawing the forces of the Turks to the north: for they would otherwise, at this early period, in all probability have crushed the Greeks in the Morea before they had time to gather strength and discipline for that glorious resistance which they have since made. Full of horrors also as these massacres were, and those which were perpetrated at Constantinople and in various parts of the Greek empire, — to the amount, it is estimated, of 30,000 Greeks in the first three months of the contest, — they likewise, by pointing to the devilish purpose of extermination, had a beneficial influence on the cause of Greece. The murder of the venerable patriarch, Gregory, was also a fearful note of intimation to the clergy; while the Greek nobles, merchants, and people generally, found themselves involved in a common proscription, from which no alternative but resistance or death was left to them. Accordingly, the war of revolt went on. For the reason already assigned, however, it is unnecessary for us to accompany Mr. Blaquiere in his account of it. — Why does he take such pains to rebut what he calls the *injustice* of assimilating or connecting the Greek contest with those efforts which have been made, with so little success, by the people of Spain, Portugal, and Italy, to acquire free constitutions? Frequently and earnestly does he express a feeling of indignation on this account. 'It cannot be too soon proclaimed, nor too widely circulated,' he remarks, 'and I will stake my existence on the exact veracity of the assertion, that there was not the smallest connexion, either directly or indirectly, between the rising in Greece and passing events in the rest of Europe.' When bad men *conspire*, said Mr. Burke, good men must *combine*; and, when the continental sovereigns of Europe are conspiring against the liberties of the people of Europe, it is no disgrace of the latter to combine for

for the purpose of frustrating their politics, confounding their devices, and co-operating for mutual encouragement and assistance. That the Greeks had no connection with the Italian Carbonari, or with the patriots of Spain and Portugal, as a matter of fact, it may be proper to state: but we do not applaud Mr. Blaquiere's vehement and repeated disclaimer of an unison which would have entailed no disgrace on any of the parties. On the other hand, we are not pleased with the reiterated application of the word 'Infidel' as a term of reproach to the Turks, which is to be found in almost every page of this volume. We may reproach the Turks with their ignorance, ferocity, sensuality, &c., but not with their infidelity; for they may be as conscientiously attached to their religious creed as we are to ours. We recollect that Mr. Macgill, in an account of his travels through Turkey about twenty years ago, took some pains to soften the character of the Turks and relieve it from its degradation: he confessed, indeed, that they were in some respects brutal and barbarous, but he said that "this arose from their religion, which *absurdly* makes them regard all those who are not Mussulmen as infidels;" and from their having constantly under their eye "the subtle Jew and the perfidious Greek." That a Turk should call an unbeliever in Mohammed "Infidel" is not more absurd than that a Christian should give the same denomination, as a reproach, to an unbeliever in Christ.

The contest of the Greeks and Turks has been marked by those sanguinary excesses on both sides which a spirit of exasperation, unmitigated by the forms and usages of civilized warfare, could not fail to produce; and the horrors of Tripolizza were committed by an infuriated soldiery, flushed with victory, and panting to slake their vengeance for the recent atrocities which their countrymen had suffered. That the Peloponnesians, on this occasion, have shewn themselves cruel and relentless, and also greedy of plunder, can never be too much deplored: but, if we compare this ungovernable burst of fury with the cold-blooded and wide-wasting massacres at Scio, long previously deliberated in the infernal councils of the Turkish Divan, it sinks into insignificance.

'A population of more than 100,000 souls was then doomed to general destruction; not by an unbridled and undisciplined soldiery, stimulated by the opposition and privations attendant on a long siege, but by a positive order from the sovereign, and government, whose legitimacy had been solemnly proclaimed by the Christian potentates assembled at Laybach and Verona. That the whole of this terrific drama had been got up at Constantinople, a variety of concurrent circumstances tend to prove beyond the shadow of a

doubt.

doubt. When the messenger who announced the descent from Samos reached the capital, it was decided in full Divan, that the Capitan Pacha, whose preparations were still incomplete, should sail with all possible dispatch, and take such measures with the people of Scio as would effectually prevent their joining the confederation. All the most opulent Sciot merchants resident in the capital were at the same time seized and thrown into prison as hostages. The fate of these unfortunate persons leaves no room whatever to doubt, that the proceedings at Scio were fully approved of at Constantinople; for it was immediately after the arrival of the Capitan Pacha in the former place, and when the steps he had taken must have been known, that the whole of them were impaled alive by a mandate from the Sultan himself.'!!

As we observed in our notice of M. Voutier's work, the establishment of a constitutional government at Epidaurus wrought an instant and beneficial change in the discipline and character of the Greek armies: from that moment, "*bravery in battle*" was only the one half of their motto; "*mercy to the fallen foe*" was the remainder. At the surrender of the Turkish garrison of Napoli, the Greeks punctually fulfilled every engagement; offering not the slightest violence, and committing not the slightest excesses, towards those who had fallen into their hands.

In the four or five concluding chapters of his work, Mr. Blaquiere has given some observations on the revenues and resources of Greece, on the moral condition of its inhabitants, and on their domestic manners, which will be read with much interest. That the abominable slavery, to which they have been so long subject, has engendered in them many of the vices of the Turks, is not to be denied: but, if a man enters a city where the plague rages, are we to wonder if he becomes infected? Is it not more calculated to excite our admiration that the Greeks have any thing in the shape of moral virtue, industry, or taste for arts and science remaining, than that they should have caught some contamination from contact with those who despise these things? — According to Mr. B., the most virulent detractors of the Greek character are those European traders who have formed factories at Smyrna, Constantinople, and other parts of the Mediterranean, and the whole tribe of Jews. He attributes this circumstance to 'that grovelling and sordid spirit of trade which cannot bear the thought of successful competition conducted by superior talent;' and he adds that the Greek merchants, who have settled in the large trading towns of the Continent, are remarkable for their probity and fair dealing. Industry, sobriety, and abstemiousness, are represented as being proverbial traits in the Greek character; and the voluntary devotion of individual property

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to the wants of the state is an evidence, if evidence indeed were not now superfluous, of the patriotism which exalts it.

'The intellectual qualities of the Greeks are not less striking and conspicuous than those which I have mentioned. They are principally displayed in their aptitude for agriculture, commerce, and navigation, and, wherever the advantages of education are afforded, in acquiring all the higher branches of knowledge. The peasantry have gone farther in the art of cultivation than any other people of Europe, considering their limited means; and whenever they happen to be employed in learning the imitative arts, their progress seems to be quite intuitive. It cannot be too often repeated, as illustrative of the national character generally, that the Greek peasant and soldier will undergo fatigues and privations, without murmuring, upon such scanty means as would exhaust the natives of any other country in Europe.

'Such is the tenacity and firmness of the Greek character, that there is reason to believe the people have preserved much more of their ancient usages and manners than any other nation in the world. Many of the traits, noticed in Barthélémy's excellent work, are hourly witnessed by travellers in the present day. And with respect to the physical conformation of the Greeks, it has been preserved to a surprising degree of exactness. It has been somewhere observed that the figure and physiognomy of the Greeks are different from those of every other people; in agreeing with this assertion, it might be added that nature seems to have exhausted all her power in the human figure, as it is to be found to this day, among all classes of the people. No wonder that sculpture should have made so great a progress, and attained such a degree of perfection, when the models were abundant and beautiful. Those who have compared the present form of the Greeks, with their master-pieces in sculpture, cannot deny that an artist of the present day might find models for the Apollo Belvidere, Meleager, and Gladiator, in almost every town and village of the confederation. Though, like every thing else which gave Greece such pre-eminence over the ancient world, painting and sculpture be now lost, it is only necessary to travel through the Peloponnesus, to be convinced with what facility they may revive in a country, which is replete with the most sublime and beautiful scenes of nature at every step.

'With respect to the habits of the lower classes, it should be observed that, as in ancient times, the labors of the field are indifferently partaken by men and women: the lighter portion, such as reaping, weeding, and hoeing, being of course allotted to the weaker sex. Unprovided with manufactures, the resources of a Greek family, whether among the peasantry, or in the middling walk of life, up to the highest rank, might well surprise our English matrons. In the lowest class, almost every cottage is furnished with its loom, oven, and mills, while every member of the family is taught the use of the distaff. I ought not to pass by this class, without bearing testimony to that admirable constancy with which they

they have borne up against the innumerable evils of their situation, preserving all the pristine virtues of hospitality, and an urbanity of manners not exceeded by any other people of Europe. If they are superstitious, the fault is not theirs, but that of teachers who have in Greece, as in other countries, converted religion into an instrument of worldly profit and personal ambition.

'Some account of the family, with which I resided while at Tripolizza, will afford a fair specimen of the middling class of society in Greece. It consisted of the proprietor, who was an opulent merchant before the contest commenced, and is still engaged in trade; his wife, and four children, of whom three were daughters, who might, in other days, have served as models to Zeuxis or Praxiteles. — Each of the latter has her regular duties assigned to her, either in the kitchen, at the loom, embroidering, needle-work, or the washing tub! It is easy to conceive how an English mother would be astonished to see the youngest of these, scarcely yet in her ninth year, a perfect sylph in form and agility, occupied in all the business of house-keeping. The eldest, who was in her fourteenth year, had been betrothed for some time, and has probably been ere now led to the hymeneal altar. Young as she was then, the bridal clothes and household linen, nearly all made and woven by her own hands, were ready; she gave me specimens of her weaving in silk, that would not disgrace our best artisans of Spitalfields. The whole of this amiable and interesting family, whose attentions were unceasing, vied with each other in civilities to Luriottis, who also resided in the same house as myself.

'The education of these girls, besides a thorough knowledge of domestic concerns, does not go beyond reading, writing, and a limited share of arithmetic; and I could perceive from their natural aptness, as well as the eagerness with which they sought for information on every point connected with the manners and usages of other nations, that they were capable of rapid advancement in all those accomplishments which give our women the superiority.

'What the venerable and virtuous Bishop of Blois calls Domesticity, and has made the subject of his valuable essay, is no where on so good a footing as in Greece. The practice of sending their children out to be nursed is scarcely ever resorted to by Greek mothers: where a weak constitution or other cause renders it necessary to have recourse to a nurse, she is brought into the house, and rarely quits it till death or ill health compels her to leave it. The Greek nurse becomes, in fact, completely identified with the family; and what is more, her husband is generally either employed in the house, or at all events by the master of the family. But the ties between masters and servants do not stop here. The children of the nurse, if not very numerous, are brought up in the house, and treated with almost the same attention as those of her mistress. The servant, who attended us at Tripolizza, had been twenty-one years in the family, and had nursed all the children; while her daughter, a child of seven years old, was on a perfect equality with the rest.

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'I have already had occasion to observe, that hundreds of Turkish children, whose parents have either fled or perished since the Revolution, have been adopted in Greek families of every class. The gaiety and cheerfulness which form so distinguished a feature in the national character of Greece were exemplified in the amusements of this family, where the song, the dance, and the gambol, filled up almost every moment that was abstracted from the more solid occupations of the domestic circle. I regret to say that music is in as backward a state in Greece as painting and sculpture.

'The religious duties of the above family were performed in the house most scrupulously, twice every day during my stay; and in adding that the greatest harmony seemed to prevail, it is equally due to the excellent Giorgio Joannis to state that, in the whole of my intercourse with society, I never met a family possessing more apparent goodness of heart, modesty, and propriety of conduct, than his amiable wife and fascinating daughters.'

It seems impossible to make any thing like a trust-worthy estimate of the population of Greece: for massacres and battles have swept away whole communities, and forced multitudes to change their position or seek refuge in foreign countries. Mr. B. thinks, however, that continental Greece may contain at least one million six hundred thousand persons. Candia numbers more than two hundred thousand; and the population of the other islands of the Archipelago, including Cyprus, Rhodes, and Mytelene, may be estimated at four hundred thousand. If to these be added a population of above a million and a half, scattered about in the principalities, Asia Minor, Thrace, Bulgaria, and the different countries of Europe, he considers that the gross number will be about four millions. That the resources of such a population, ingenious, industrious, and inhabiting a soil of unrivalled fertility in a climate of unequalled serenity, must be very great, is indisputable: nothing, indeed, but the vast facilities of Greece could have enabled her single-handed to carry on, with such glorious success, a contest by sea and land against the whole power of the Porte; supported, at any rate clandestinely, by the agents of foreign States, and by the traders of Smyrna, Constantinople, and Zante, who have been suppliers and carriers to the Mohammedans from the very commencement of the struggle.

The Turks have made great preparations for opening another campaign in the Morea: but we fear not for the ultimate issue of the portentous struggle; fervently hoping that it may lay the foundation of a government, in which the blessings of independence and freedom may be enjoyed by those who have so nobly fought to acquire them.

We must not omit to state that Mr. Blaquiere has prefixed to his volume a full and well-executed map of Greece.

ART.

ART. X. *A Report of the Speech delivered in the House of Lords, March* 15. 1824, *by the Marquess of Lansdown*, on a Motion for the immediate Recognition of the Independence of the late Spanish Colonies in South America, by the British Government. 8vo. pp. 48. Murray.

ART. XI. *Substance of the Speech of the Earl of Liverpool on the Marquess of Lansdown's Motion*, &c. 8vo. pp. 44. Murray.

THE circulation given to the debates in Parliament by the daily news-papers, and the general accuracy with which they are reported within a few hours after they are delivered, render it seldom necessary that we should do much more than announce the appearance of any speeches that are separately published for the convenience of being bound up in a volume of political tracts. On the present occasion, however, we must make a few observations. Those regions, for which the Marquess of Lansdown solicited the recognition of independence, present an extent of territory from about 37 degrees north to 41 degrees of southern latitude, equalling the whole continent of Africa in length, exceeding the whole of the vast Russian empire in breadth, and already inhabited by a population of twenty-one millions; presenting every element of future strength, and ready to expand under the influence of free government and free trade. The *right* of making the recognition rests on the *de facto* independence of the South American republics; and of this actual independence there can be no doubt: nor does the doubt seem more rational whether Spain and Portugal, crippled, degraded, and convulsed at home as they both are, can possibly recover the dominion over their antient colonies which they formerly possessed. These colonies are now united in a quadruple alliance, offensive and defensive, by which they have bound themselves to listen to no overture, individually or collectively, which even pretends to annex any condition to the enjoyment of their independence.—As to the question of *expediency*, it will not be denied that it becomes this country, with a rapidly increasing population at home, and with jealous rivals in every thing connected with commerce and manufactures on the Continent, more active and enterprizing than ever; it becomes us, we say, thus situated, to look about in order to ascertain by what means we may increase our power; 'how we may multiply the means of commercial intercourse, create new connections, and strengthen alliances with new and more congenial states,—those states, to whose systems of policy more congenial with our own, we may look as a compensation for diminished confidence in our former allies, or for aid in future dangers.'

The extent to which a trade may eventually be carried on with the South American republics is illimitable, and its value is consequently inappreciable. Lord Liverpool says, 'If any one wishes to know the commerce of America generally, compared with the rest of the world, he would state, in round numbers, that the whole of the commerce of British manufactures to every part of the world is 43 millions; of which 21 millions go to Europe; of the remaining 22 millions, 17 to North and South America, and about 5 millions to the Cape of Good Hope and Asia; so that, taking the clearest view of the subject, the commerce carried on with different parts of America amounts to not less than 17 out of 41 millions, the official value of the whole of our exports.' The year 1821 was the first in which the trade with the South American colonies was fairly opened; and our exports to that country, according to official returns, amounted to 3,227,500*l.* This great export, however, so far from producing a glut, was followed by the absorption of a still greater extent in the next year, when it amounted to 3,867,959*l.*, being an increase of 640,000*l.* * The population of the United States of America has advanced from between two and three to ten millions of people within the last fifty years; and that of the states of South America at present amounts to 21 millions, according to the following table:

	Surface in square leagues of 20 to a degree.	Population, 1823.
'1. Possessions of the Spanish Americans	371,380	16,785,000
Mexico or New Spain	75,830	6,800,000
Guatimala	16,740	1,600,000
Cuba and Portorico	4,430	800,000
Columbia, Venezuela	33,700	785,000
Columbia, New Granada and Quito	58,250	2,000,000
Peru	41,420	1,400,000
Chili	14,240	1,100,000
Buenos Ayres	126,770	2,300,000
2. Possessions of the Portuguese, Americans, Brazil	256,990	4,000,000'

* The accounts for the year 1823 were not made up when the Marquess of Lansdown delivered his speech: but the direct exports of British produce and manufactures to those parts for that year amounted to not less than 5,648,769*l.*

Should

Should the population of these states increase in a ratio corresponding with that of North America, it will extend to sixty millions in the course of the next fifty or sixty years.

In resisting the Marquess of Lansdown's motion, the Earl of Liverpool adverts to the liberal policy adopted by this country in the year 1808, when the Spanish people rose against the French authorities. Many persons thought that France must succeed against Spain, and that it was the policy of Great Britain to take advantage of circumstances, by endeavoring to separate the American provinces from the mother-country, and to form a connection with them: but the British cabinet certainly adopted a more generous course, in refusing to avail itself of the perilous condition of an old ally to strip that ally of her colonies, and resolving to support her in her struggle for independence, as well with respect to the colonies abroad as to herself. The integrity as well as the independence of the Spanish dominions was accordingly stated to be the object of the policy of this country. The revolution in Spain, however, was accompanied by a revolution in several of the American provinces: the policy of this country has been, from the very first, and with every successive government of Spain, whether a Supreme Junta, a Cortes, a Constitution, or an absolute King, to endeavor by mediation to reconcile the mother-country and the colonies; and Lord Liverpool acknowleges that such reconciliation might, without doubt, have been accomplished at any of these periods, if the Spanish government would have solicited or *even acquiesced in* our assistance: but, whatever was the government, King, Cortes, or Junta, they all declined or evaded the proffered mediation. This is a very important admission in favor of the provinces, and inculpates the mother-country in the most blind and perverse obstinacy. The noble Earl, however, goes on to say that the practical independence of the South American states is actually acknowleged by us. His words are these:

'In the year 1822, a noble and respected friend of his (Lord L.), now no more, intending to leave this country for Verona, had prepared instructions, under which he intended himself to act, and which were afterwards delivered to the noble Duke whom he saw in his place, and on which he acted afterwards, — but before those instructions were prepared the government took this line; they submitted an Act which received the confirmation of Parliament, which to all intents and purposes went to an acknowledgment of the *de facto* government of these provinces; for what did we then do? (It was extraordinary the noble Lord should have omitted to have referred to this.) By the 3d of the King, cap. 43., an Act was passed giving to all these provinces

the rights of independent states under the Navigation Act, enabling them all to trade as the ships of independent powers; and that in an Act in which we affirmed, except with regard to these provinces, and with respect to the United States, our general principle, that all commerce with Asia, Africa, and America, could only be carried on with British ships. By this Act, therefore, a free intercourse was completely established with those countries as independent states from that time, without questioning the title of the states themselves, — without questioning the title of the mother-country. It was a complete free trade.'

From this time, therefore, his Lordship affirms, the practical independence of these states was acknowleged, every advantage that we could have in commerce had been acquired before, and every reciprocal advantage that they could have was granted by this act. He therefore said, 'The measures taken with respect to these colonies combined every thing that could be essential to the interests of this country, and combined every thing practicable that was consistent with honor, justice, and good faith, with respect to the colonies themselves.' (P. 15.) As to the acknowlegment of independence, his Lordship derides the notion of it: 'we have no right to acknowlege the independence or dispute the independence.' The only thing remaining to be done was the opening of a diplomatic intercourse; and the question as to what time, and under what circumstances, a diplomatic intercourse ought to be commenced with a foreign state, ought peculiarly to be left to the executive government.

Perhaps the best reply that can be given to the noble Earl's assertion, that 'the measures taken with respect to these colonies combined every thing that could be essential to the interests of this country,' is to be found in the proceedings at a public meeting which was held no longer ago than the 5th of this month (June) in Liverpool, consisting of the most opulent and influential merchants and other inhabitants of that town, for the purpose of petitioning his Majesty to make a prompt and unqualified recognition of the independence of South America. The petitioners state that they, in common with European merchants, have availed themselves of the emancipation of Mexico, and the other states of South America, to carry on that trade *directly* with those countries which was formerly carried on *indirectly* through Spain itself, or through Jamaica and the other West India islands. They represent, however, that this trade is extremely hazardous, inasmuch as it is contrary to the existing fiscal laws of Spain; which threaten their ships and merchandise with confiscation, if they be found trading with those colonies over which she yet

yet claims sovereignty. These threats, moreover, are not vague and indefinite, but founded on various acts and declarations of the Spanish government, and are put in execution, as appears by various depredations to a vast amount committed on British commerce by the Spanish forces. Nor have these acts of violence been confined to property alone; the persons of British merchants and supercargoes and the crews of vessels having been made prisoners, many of whom have died during their detention from diseases incident to the climate, and the inhuman treatment which they received from the Spanish authorities,—under those very 'measures which combine every thing essential to the interests of this country.'

As a question of policy, it becomes doubly imperative on this government to recognize the independence of the South American states; because an extensive and direct trade is now carried on by the merchants of the United States, not only in their own products, but in their manufactures, particularly with Mexico, Columbia, and Buenos Ayres, in consequence of the recognition which the republic of North America has already made, and to its honor has been the first to make, of their independence. The advantages which the merchants of the United States have derived from this early recognition on the part of their government are prodigious, and only to be estimated by the inconveniences, difficulties, and losses which British merchants have sustained from the want of it. Great quantities of British manufactures, cleared out hence for the United States and the West Indies, are subsequently re-shipped there, and exported to the Mexican and South American markets.

The example set by the merchants of Liverpool has been followed by the merchants of London; whose petition to the House of Commons was presented by Sir James Mackintosh, only a few nights ago, with one of those pregnant and decorated speeches, full of matter, argument, and historical illustration, which he pours out with unrivalled eloquence on all questions relating to international jurisprudence. These petitions will undoubtedly be backed by others from various manufacturing towns, in England, Scotland, *and Ireland*; which latter is by no means uninterested in the issue. They come from a body of men of such importance in the state, and who have capitals embarked in the trade with these regions of such immense magnitude, that we can scarcely believe that the whispered prejudices and antipathies of any *individual* in the cabinet will long be able to resist the general demand.

ART. XII. *Redgauntlet*; a Tale of the Eighteenth Century. By the Author of "Waverley." 3 Vols. Crown 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst and Co. 1824.

THE genius of the great Scotch novelist is in perfect accordance with that *intemperantia librorum*, that prodigality of the press, which has distinguished the present century; and the improvements, which he has introduced into the celerity of novel-writing, can be compared with scarcely any thing but the ingenious addition of Mr. Perkins to the capabilities of the cannon, which, by the aid of steam, is made to fire upwards of 240 balls in a minute. We were wont formerly to think that the works of Richardson, in 20 volumes, made a goodly shew on our shelves: but how insignificant do they now appear, ranged side by side with the labors of "the author of Waverley!"

Scarcely had the name of St. Ronan's Well died away in the drawing-rooms, when *Redgauntlet* was announced as approaching, and now behold he stalketh forth! On opening the first volume, we were struck with dismay to observe that it was entirely occupied with letters, and that the correspondence was carried on solely between two young gentlemen, of the names of Darsie Latimer and Alan Fairford. The running title instructed us to expect little variety in those epistolary communications; and 'Latimer to Fairford' and 'Fairford to Latimer' promised only a very moderate share of amusement. Moreover, the author had never before attempted a novel in the epistolary style, which in truth requires very high and peculiar powers; and we could not but remember Richardson's novels, and the extraordinary talent there displayed. In vain we endeavored to discover in the correspondence before us the wonderful but distinct variety of character, the marked and happy appropriation of style, the truth and individuality of feeling, which are so conspicuous in the letters of Richardson; so perfectly indeed has *he* invested himself with the character of the writers, that it is really difficult to believe that the whole of the correspondence, of which his novels are composed, could have proceeded from one and the same pen. There seems a sort of internal evidence that the solemn high-bred epistles of Sir Charles Grandison, and the gay, giddy-hearted communications of Lady G., are not the product of one brain; so essentially do they differ in style, expression, and feeling. The only writer who can be said to approach Richardson in this excellence is Smollett; who, in his tale of Humphrey Clinker, has succeeded in preserving the character and style of his correspondents, caricatured as they are, perfectly distinct and appro-

appropriate. It may almost be said that not a single sentence in the letter of any one of the personages could, with any regard to keeping and propriety, be transferred to that of another; and we will even maintain that a line out of one of Mrs. Tabitha Bramble's epistles would be misplaced in one from Winifred Jenkins. It is this distinctness of character, so skilfully preserved, which throws so great a charm over Humphrey Clinker, and renders it very nearly the best novel in our language.

Remembering these works, we proceeded with something like discontent through the letters of 'Latimer to Fairford' and 'Fairford to Latimer;' and it was with real satisfaction that we discovered, on opening the second volume, that the author had abandoned the epistolary style. We apprehend that his original intention must have been to comprize the whole of his novel in a series of letters; and accordingly, on relinquishing that plan, he enters into a kind of apology, which appears to us to be wholly unnecessary. Whether he does possess the peculiar talents essential to this species of novel-writing, may be a matter of speculation: but nobody, we think, will maintain that he has displayed them in the present correspondence. To distinguish the letters of Darsie Latimer from those of Alan Fairford by any internal evidence would be quite impossible; and we are therefore prudently informed, at the top of the page, to which of the young gentlemen we owe each particular letter.

The narrative-portions of these volumes are much more consonant to our own taste, for the talent of the writer has a decided bias towards narrative and description, in which his great superiority over his contemporaries consists; a superiority which he has scarcely room to display in an epistolary novel. What novelist has ever so happily described the personal appearance and habits of his personages, as the "author of Waverley?" Almost every one of his prominent characters might be accurately dressed for the stage, from the minute and careful descriptions which are to be found in his novels. What novelist, again, has ever traced with so vivid and faithful a pen the rich and changing scenery through which he leads his readers? A painter might with ease transfer the scenes to canvass.—It is observable, however, that the exertion of these powers must have some limits. Scotland, for instance, from which the novelist has drawn the greater part of his materials, can only furnish a certain quantity of matter for his pen. She has Jacobites, and freebooters, and Highlanders, and provosts;—she has hills and valleys, moors and mountains;—she has her antient feuds

and frays: — but neither in character nor in scenery, nor in manners, can she supply her votary with an endless variety of subject. This circumstance has deprived many of the later Scotch novels of the interest which would have attached to them if their predecessors had never existed: but in no instance has it forced itself more strongly on our attention than on the present occasion. When *Waverley* first made its appearance, the characters had all the agreeable freshness of novelty about them: "never yet in tale or history" had we been presented with any thing like the Baron of Bradwardine or Daft Davie, like Callum Beg or Evan Maccombich: but now, from Prince Charles-Edward in *Waverley* down to little Benjie the fisher-boy in *Redgauntlet*, what class of persons is there between the Tweed and the Hebrides, worthy of being put on record, that may not find their faithful representative in the long series of this writer's novels?

In laying the scene of another tale in Scotland, the author is therefore attempting to draw a crop from a soil which he has already exhausted. It is true that he may present us with new sketches of individual character, but the class to which they belong is become too familiar to us. We are tired, for instance, of the Jacobites; and we have heard so much of the year Fifteen and the year Forty-five, that the numbers have become rather obnoxious to our ears. The name of Preston-pans is "stale and unprofitable," and we would at last willingly dissolve our acquaintance with Claverhouse and Lauderdale. In *Redgauntlet*, however, we are once more plunged into the vortex of Jacobite conspiracies, and compelled again to listen to Jacobite toasts and to associate with Jacobite lairds. We acknowlege the skill and ability displayed by the author in all his novels, from the first to the present: but we must, at the same time, remark that this continual recoction of his materials produces, on our literary palates, somewhat of the effect that a long observance of the same diet produces on our physical organs. Notwithstanding all the efforts of a skilful cook, who will endeavor with consummate art to disguise the viands which he presents, it is impossible to banquet for ever on the same food, however it may at first propitiate the palate; and the conclusion of the old epigram, "We thank the Lord we've had enough," is equally applicable to a surfeit of rabbits and a repletion arising from Scotch novels.

We have already adverted to the disjointed manner in which the author has here attempted to connect his tale together by means of letters and narrative: but, not contented

tented with the variety of style thus occasioned, he has also given us a *Journal*, extending through the greater part of the second volume. The plot which this complicated machinery is intended to unravel seems scarcely worthy of so many ingenious devices; for it consists of little more than the not extraordinary adventures (in such times) of a young gentleman who is bred up in ignorance of his genealogy, and falls into the clutches of a stern Jacobite uncle without being aware of his kindred. The interest of the tale, which we presume is intended to rest on the mystery of Darsie Latimer's birth, is by no means of a very powerful character: nor does it receive much additional force from the collateral incidents of the novel; for, with the exception of a very few spirited and well-managed scenes, there is nothing in *Redgauntlet* that is calculated to strike the imagination or to awaken the affections. Even the love-plot, that essential ingredient in all novels except those of Mr. Godwin, is in the present tale so very faint and meagre as scarcely to merit the name. Nor is any interest created by the political intrigues in which the hero is forcibly involved. The period of the story, it must be understood, is shortly after the accession of George III.; and the author, notwithstanding all the licence which fiction allows him, has too strict a regard to the truth of history, to introduce into those times any very formidable and fatal movements on the part of the Jacobites. From the first, therefore, we feel well assured that all the insurrectionary designs of Mr. Redgauntlet will have a very peaceful termination.

We must add that the work does not possess any greater novelty in point of character than in incident. Of Darsie Latimer, alias Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet, the hero of the tale, (if it has a hero,) we have nothing more to say than that he is the true Waverley hero who has done duty under so many various disguises. His friend Alan Fairford is a young gentleman just called to the Scotish bar, "the expectancy and rose" of the Court of Session, and wise beyond his years. Like that wonderful young lawyer, Mr. Alfred Percy, who performed such judicial prodigies under the guidance of Miss Edgeworth, he astonishes the whole court with the extent of his learning and industry in a certain cause of Peebles versus Plainstanes; the report of which affords the author an opportunity of treating his readers with a discourse on multiplepoinding, and other astounding mysteries of the Scotch law. Poor Peter Peebles, the plaintiff in this interminable cause, is a variety of the Edie Ochiltree genius, and may be fairly termed the *bore* of the novel. The Quaker Geddes and his sister Rebecca are new sketches, but display little originality

or genius. Nanty Ewart, the son of a Scotch minister, who had changed the Bible for the binnacle, and turned smuggler, is a compound of *Dirk Hatteraich* and *the Pirate.* — On the whole, then, the characters are we think less original, less marked, and less amusing, than in any of the author's former novels. Strange to say, however, we had nearly forgotten the most important personage in the whole plot, viz. *the Pretender;* — who, contrary to all historical fact, is introduced as taking part (disguised as a priest) in the intrigues of Mr. Redgauntlet and his other partizans. It is amusing to observe the tone in which "the author of Waverley" speaks of the last descendant of the Stuarts, whose pretensions really seem to find no small favor in his eyes: but this jacobitism is at the same time accompanied with a due reverence for the reigning powers; so that his allegiance appears to be fairly divided between the two monarchs. Of the heroine, Miss Lilias Redgauntlet, it is scarcely necessary to speak: — she is a mere shadow, without any thing like marked and decided character or action.

The following account, given by Maxwell of Summertrees, (or Pate-in-Peril, as he is called,) of his escape from the King's troops after the battle of Culloden, is an amusing and spirited sketch:

'"Ye have heard of a year they call the *Forty-five,* young gentleman; when the Southrons' heads made their last acquaintance with Scottish claymores. There was a set of rampauging chields in the country then that they called rebels, — I never could find out what for. — Some men should have been wi' them that never came, Provost, — Skye and the Bush aboon Traquair for that, ye ken. — Weel, the job was settled at last. Cloured crowns there were plenty, and raxed necks came into fashion. I dinna mind very weel what I was doing, swaggering about the country with dirk and pistol at my belt, for five or six months, or thereaway; but I had a weary waking out of a wild dream. Then did I find myself on foot on a misty morning, with my hand, just for fear of going astray, linked into a handcuff, as they call it, with poor Harry Redgauntlet's fastened into the other; and there we were, trudging along, with about a score more that had thrust their horns ower deep in the bog, just like ourselves, and a serjeant's guard of red-coats, with twa file of dragoons, to keep all quiet, and give us heart to the road. Now, if this mode of travelling was not very pleasant, the object did not particularly recommend it; for you understand, young man, that they did not trust these poor rebel bodies to be tried by juries of their ain kindly countrymen, though ane would have thought they would have found Whigs enough in Scotland to hang us all; but they behoved to trounce us away to be tried at Carlisle, where the folks had been so frightened, that had you brought a whole Highland clan at once into

into the court, they would have put their hands upon their een, and cried, 'Hang them a',' just to be quit of them."

'"Ay, ay," said the Provost, "that was a snell law, I grant ye."

'"Snell!" said his wife, "snell! I wish they that passed it had the jury I would recommend them to!"

'"I suppose the young lawyer thinks it all very right," said Summertrees, looking at Fairford,—"an *old* lawyer might have thought otherwise. However, the cudgel was to be found to beat the dog, and they chose a heavy one. Well, I kept my spirits better than my companion, poor fellow; for I had the luck to have neither wife nor child to think about, and Harry Redgauntlet had both one and t'other.—You have seen Harry, Mrs. Crosbie?"

'"In troth have I," said she, with the sigh which we give to early recollections, of which the object is no more. "He was not so tall as his brother, and a gentler lad every way. After he married the great English fortune, folks called him less of a Scotchman than Edward."

'"Folks lee'd, then," said Summertrees; "poor Harry was none of your bold-speaking, ranting reivars, that talk about what they did yesterday, or what they will do to-morrow: it was when something was to do at the moment, that you should have looked at Harry Redgauntlet. I saw him at Culloden, when all was lost, doing more than twenty of these bleezing braggarts, till the very soldiers that took him cried not to hurt him,—for all somebody's orders, Provost,—for he was the bravest fellow of them all. Weel, as I went by the side of Harry, and felt him raise my hand up in the mist of the morning, as if he wished to wipe his eye,—for he had not that freedom without my leave,—my very heart was like to break for him, poor fellow. In the meanwhile, I had been trying and trying to make my hand as fine as a lady's, to see if I could slip it out of my iron wrist-band. You may think," he said, laying his broad bony hand on the table, "I had work enough with such a shoulder-of-mutton fist; but, if you observe, the shackle-bones are of the largest, and so they were obliged to keep the hand-cuff wide; at length I got my hand slipped out, and slipped in again; and poor Harry was sae deep in his ain thoughts, I could not make him sensible what I was doing."

'"Why not?" said Alan Fairford, for whom the tale began to have some interest.

'"Because there was an unchancy beast of a dragoon riding close beside us on the other side; and if I had let him into my confidence as well as Harry, it would not have been long before a pistol-ball slapped through my bonnet.—Well, I had little for it but to do the best I could for myself; and by my conscience it was time, when the gallows was staring me in the face. We were to halt for breakfast at Moffat. Well did I know the moors we were marching over, having hunted and hawked on every acre of the ground in very different times. So I waited, you see, till I was on the edge of Errickstane brae.—Ye ken the place they call the Marquis's

Marquis's Beef-stand, because the Annandale loons used to put their stolen cattle in there?"

'Fairford intimated his ignorance.

'"Ye must have seen it as ye came this way; it looks as if four hills were laying their heads together, to shut out day-light from the dark hollow space between them. A d—d deep, black, blackguard-looking abyss of a hole it is, and goes straight down from the road-side, as perpendicular as it can do, to be a heathery brae. At the bottom, there is a small bit of a brook, that you would think could hardly find its way out from the hills that are so closely jammed round it."

'"A bad pass indeed," said Alan.

'"You may say that," continued the laird. "Bad as the place was, Sir, it was my only chance; and though my very flesh creeped when I thought what a rumble I was going to get, yet I kept my heart up all the same. And so just when we came on the edge of this Beef-stand of the Johnstones, I slipped out my hand from the handcuff, cried to Harry Gauntlet, 'Follow me!'—whisked under the belly of the dragoon horse,—flung my plaid round me with the speed of lightning,—threw myself on my side, for there was no keeping my feet, and down the brae hurled I, over heather, and fearn, and blackberries, like a barrel down Chalmers's close in Auld Reekie. God, Sir, I never can help laughing when I think how the scoundrel red-coats must have been bumbazed; for the mist being, as I said, thick, they had little notion, I take it, that they were on the verge of such a dilemma. I was half way down,—for rowing is faster wark than rinning,—ere they could get at their arms; and then it was flash, flash, flash,—rap, rap, rap,—from the edge of the road; but my head was too jumbled to think any thing either of that or the hard knocks I got among the stones. I kept my senses thegither, whilk has been thought wonderful by all that ever saw the place; and I helped myself with my hands as gallantly as I could, and to the bottom I came. There I lay for half a moment; but the thoughts of a gallows is worth all the salts and scent-bottles in the world, for bringing a man to himself. Up I sprung, like a four-year-auld colt. All the hills were spinning round with me, like so many great big humming-tops. But there was nae time to think of that neither; more especially as the mist had risen a little with the firing. I could see the villains, like sae mony craws on the edge of the brae; and I reckon that they saw me; for some of the loons were beginning to crawl down the hill, but liker auld wives in their red-cloaks, coming frae a field-preaching, than such a souple lad as I was. Accordingly, they soon began to stop and load their pieces. Good e'en to you, gentlemen, thought I, if that is to be the gate of it. If you have any further word with me, you maun come as far as Carriefraw-gauns. And so off I set, and never buck went faster ower the braes than I did; and I never stopped till I had put three waters, reasonably deep, as the season was rainy, half-a-dozen mountains, and a few thousand acres of the worst moss and ling in Scotland, betwixt me and my friends the red-coats."'

We

We might select many passages in which "the flash and outbreak" of the author's genius is visible: but we shall take only one other extract, viz. the narrative of Nanty Ewart's life, as related by himself:

"'"I have no doubt," said Fairford, "your present occupation is more lucrative; but I should have thought the church might have been more ——"

'He stopped, recollecting that it was not his business to say any thing disagreeable.

'"More respectable, you mean, I suppose?" said Ewart, with a sneer, and squirting the tobacco-juice through his front teeth; then was silent for a moment, and proceeded in a tone of candour which some internal touch of conscience dictated. "And so it would, Mr. Fairford, — and happier, too, by a thousand degrees, though I have had my pleasures too. But there was my father, (God bless the old man!) a true chip of the old Presbyterian block, walked his parish like a captain on the quarter-deck, and was always ready to do good to rich and poor. — Off went the laird's hat to the minister, as fast as the poor man's bonnet. When the eye saw him — pshaw! what have I to do with that now? — Yes, he was, as Virgil hath it, '*Vir sapientia et pietate gravis.*' But he might have been the wiser man, had he kept me at home, when he sent me at nineteen to study divinity at the head of the highest stair in the Covenant-Close. It was a cursed mistake in the old gentleman. What though Mrs. Cantrips of Kittlebasket (for she wrote herself no less) was our cousin five times removed, and took me on that account to board and lodging at six shillings, instead of seven shillings, a week? it was a d—d bad saving, as the case proved. Yet her very dignity might have kept me in order; for she never read a chapter excepting out of a Cambridge copy, printed by Daniel, and bound in embroidered velvet. I think I see it at this moment! And on Sundays, when we had a quart of two-penny ale, instead of butter-milk, to our porridge, it was always served up in a silver posset-dish. Also she used silver-mounted spectacles, whereas even my father's were cased in mere horn. These things had their impression at first, but we get used to grandeur by degrees. Well, Sir! — Gad, I can scarce get on with my story, — it sticks in my throat, — must take a trifle to wash it down. — Well, this dame had a daughter, — Jess Cantrips, a black-eyed, bouncing wench, — and, as the devil would have it, there was the d—d five-story stair, — her foot was never from it, whether I went out or came home from the Hall. I would have eschewed her, Sir, — I would, on my soul; for I was as innocent a lad as ever came from Lammermuir; but there was no possibility of escape, retreat, or flight, unless I could have got a pair of wings, or made use of a ladder seven stories high, to scale the window of my attic. It signifies little talking, — you may suppose how all this was to end, — I would have married the girl, and taken my chance; — I would, by Heaven! for she was a pretty girl, and a good girl, till she and I met; but you know the old song, "Kirk would

would not let us be." A gentleman, in my case, would have settled the matter with the Kirk-treasurer for a small sum of money; but the poor stibbler, the pennyless dominie, having married his cousin of Kittlebasket, must next have proclaimed her frailty to the whole parish, by mounting the throne of Presbyterian penance, and proving, as Othello says, "his love a whore," in face of the whole congregation.

'"In this extremity I dared not stay where I was, and so thought to go home to my father. But first I got Jack Hadaway, a lad from the same parish, and who lived in the same infernal stair, to make some inquiries how the old gentleman had taken the matter. I soon, by way of answer, learned, to the great increase of my comfortable reflections, that the good old man made as much clamour, as if such a thing as a man's eating his dinner without saying grace had never happened since Adam's time. He did nothing for six days but cry out, 'Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory is departed from my house;' and on the seventh he preached a sermon, in which he enlarged on this incident as illustrative of one of the great occasions for humiliation, and causes of national defection. I hope the course he took comforted himself, — I am sure it made me ashamed to shew my nose at home. So I went down to Leith, and, exchanging my hoddin grey coat of my mother's spinning for such a jacket as this, I entered my name at the rendezvous as able-bodied landsman, and sailed with the tender round to Plymouth, where they were fitting out a squadron for the West Indies. There I was put aboard the Fearnought, Captain Daredevil, — among whose crew I soon learned to fear Satan (the terror of early youth) as little as the toughest Jack on board. I had some qualms at first, but I took the remedy (tapping the case-bottle) which I recommended to you, being as good for sickness of the soul as for sickness of the stomach. — What, you won't? — very well, I must, then, — here is to ye."

'"You would, I am afraid, find your education of little use in your new condition," said Fairford.

'"Pardon me, Sir," resumed the Captain of the Jumping Jenny; "my handful of Latin, and small pinch of Greek, were as useless as old junk, to be sure; but my reading, writing, and accompting, stood me in good stead, and brought me forward. I might have been school-master, — ay, and master, — in time; but that valiant liquor, rum, made a conquest of me rather too often, and so, make what sail I could, I always went to leeward. We were four years broiling in that blasted climate, and I came back at last with a little prize-money. — I always had thoughts of putting things to rights in the Covenant-Close, and reconciling myself to my father. I found out Jack Hadaway, who was *tuptowing* away with a dozen of wretched boys, and a fine string of stories he had ready to regale my ears withal. My father had lectured on what he called 'my falling away,' for seven Sabbaths, when, just as his parishioners began to hope that the course was at an end, he was found dead in his bed on the eighth Sunday morning. Jack Hadaway assured me, that if I wished to atone for my errors, by

by undergoing the fate of the first martyr, I had only to go to my native village, where the very stones of the street would rise up against me as my father's murderer. Here was a pretty item: — well, my tongue clove to my mouth for an hour, and was only able at last to utter the name of Mrs. Cantrip. O, this was a new theme for my Job's comforter. My sudden departure, — my father's no less sudden death, — had prevented the payment of the arrears of my board and lodging, — the landlord was a haberdasher, with a heart as rotten as the muslin wares he dealt in. Without respect to her age, or gentle kin, my Lady Kittlebasket was ejected from her airy habitation, — her porridge-pot, silver posset-dish, silver-mounted spectacles, and Daniel's Cambridge Bible, sold to the cadie, at the Cross of Edinburgh, who would bid highest for them, and she herself driven to the workhouse, where she got in with difficulty, but was easily enough lifted out, at the end of the month, as dead as her friends could desire. Merry tidings this to me, who had been the d—d (he paused a moment) — *origo mali;* — Gad, I think my confession would sound better in Latin than in English!

'"But the best jest was behind, — I had just power to stammer out something about Jess; — by my faith he *had* an answer! I had taught Jess one trade, and, like a prudent girl, she had found out another for herself; unluckily, they were both contraband, and Jess Cantrips, daughter of the Lady Crossbasket, had the honour to be transported to the plantations, for street-walking and pocket-picking, about six months before I touched shore."

'He changed the bitter tone of affected pleasantry into an attempt to laugh; then drew his swarthy hand across his swarthy eyes, and said, in a more natural accent, "Poor Jess!"

'There was a pause, — until Fairford, pitying the poor man's state of mind, and believing he saw something in him that, but for early error and subsequent profligacy, might have been excellent and noble, helped on the conversation by asking, in a tone of commiseration, how he had been able to endure such a load of calamity.

'"Why, very well," answered the seaman; "exceedingly well, — like a tight ship in a brisk gale. — Let me recollect. — I remember thanking Jack, very composedly, for the interesting and agreeable communication; I then pulled out my canvass pouch, with my hoard of moidores, and taking out two pieces, I bid Jack keep the rest till I came back, as I was for a cruise about Auld Reekie. The poor devil looked anxiously, but I shook him by the hand and ran down stairs in such confusion of mind, that, notwithstanding what I had heard, I expected to meet Jess at every turning.

'"It was market-day, and the usual number of rogues and fools were assembled at the Cross. I observed every body looked strange on me, and I thought some laughed. I fancy I had been making queer faces enough, and perhaps talking to myself. When I saw myself used in this manner, I held out my clenched fists straight before me, stooped my head, and, like a ram when he makes his race, darted off right down the street, scattering groupes

of

of weather-beaten lairds and periwigged burgesses, and bearing down all before me. I heard the cry of 'Seize the madman,' echoed, in Celtic sounds, from the City Guard, with 'Ceaze ta matman;' — but pursuit and opposition were in vain. I pursued my career; the smell of the sea, I suppose, led me to Leith, where, soon after, I found myself walking, very quietly, on the shore, admiring the tough round and sound cordage of the vessels, and thinking how a loop, with a man at the end of one of them, would look, by way of tassel.

'"I was opposite to the rendezvous, formerly my place of refuge, — in I bolted, — found one or two old acquaintances, made half-a-dozen new ones, — drank for two days, — was put aboard the tender, — off to Portsmouth, — then landed at the Haslaar hospital in a fine hissing-hot fever. Never mind, — I got better, — nothing can kill me, — the West Indies were my lot again, for since I did not go where I deserved in the next world, I had something as like such quarters as can be had in this, — black devils for inhabitants, — flames and earthquakes, and so forth, for your element. Well, brother, something or other I did or said, — I can't tell what; — how the devil should I, when I was as drunk as David's sow, you know? — But I was punished, my lad; — made to kiss the wench that never speaks but when she scolds, and that's the gunner's daughter, comrade. Yes, the minister's son of — no matter where — has the cat's scratch on his back! This roused me, — and when we were ashore with the boat, I gave three inches of the dirk, after a stout tussle, to the fellow I blamed most, and so took the bush for it. There were plenty of wild lads then along ashore, — and — I don't care who knows — I went on the account, look you, — sailed under the black flag and marrow-bones, — was a good friend to the sea, and an enemy to all that sailed on it."

'Fairford, though uneasy in his mind at finding himself, a lawyer, so close to a character so lawless, thought it best, nevertheless, to put a good face on the matter, and asked Mr. Ewart, with as much unconcern as he could assume, "whether he was fortunate as a rover?"

'"No, no, — d—n it, no," replied Nanty; "the devil a crumb of butter was ever churned that would stick upon my bread. There was no order among us, — he that was captain to-day was swabber to-morrow; and as for plunder, — they say old Avery, and one or two close hunks, made money; but in my time, all went as it came; and reason good, for if a fellow had saved five dollars, his throat would have been cut in his hammock, — and then it was a cruel, bloody work. — Pah — we'll say no more about it. I broke with them at last, for what they did on board of a bit of a snow, — no matter what it was, — bad enough, since it frightened me, — I took French leave, and came in upon the proclamation, so I am free of all that business. And here I sit, the skipper of the Jumping Jenny, — a nut-shell of a thing, but goes through the water like a dolphin. If it were not for yon hypocritical scoundrel at Annan, who has the best end of the profit, and takes none of the risk, I should be well enough, — as well as I want to be.

'Here

Here is no lack of my best friend," touching his case-bottle;—"but, to tell you a secret, he and I have got so used to each other, I begin to think he is like a professed joker, that makes your sides sore with laughing, if you see him but now and then; but if you take up house with him, he can only make your head stupid. But I warrant the old fellow is doing the best he can for me, after all."

"And what may that be?" said Fairford.

"He is KILLING me," replied Nanty Ewart; "and I am only sorry he is so long about it."

At pages 96. 231. and 239., of vol. i., and elsewhere, it seems as if portions of the sheets of this work had been cancelled or cut off; though no inaccuracy in the enumeration of the pages, nor any hiatus in the text, has been left apparent.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

FOR JUNE, 1824.

POETRY.

Art. 13. *Poesie di Guido Sorelli, da Firenze; i. e.* Poems by Guido Sorelli of Florence. 8vo. Pamphlet. Dulau and Co.

Art. 14. *Un Saggio sull' Uomo, da Pope,* &c.; *i. e.* Pope's Essay on Man, an Italian Paraphrase. By Guido Sorelli. 8vo. Pamphlet. Dulau and Co. 1823.

We have frequently been pleased, in casting an eye over the Italian productions of Signor Sorelli, to trace in them some portion of that *estro poetico* which is so indisputably the meed of the vivacious poets of his country. We say *some* portion: for his muse by no means boasts that strong pinion which is capable of a bold and sustained flight; and we do not meet with any thing to remind us of the grandeur or the sweetness of the old poets of Italy,—of the dignity of Dante,—of the wild graces of an Ariosto,—or of the lively and piquant sallies of the lyric songsters of the sixteenth century. Still, we think, there is sufficient evidence of a poetic mind to intitle Signor Sorelli's effusions to attention. His language is, in general, simple, chaste and harmonious; his sentiments, if not always new, are not unpleasing; and his lines have a warmth and delicacy if not a depth of feeling, which never fail to assert some degree of influence over the heart of the reader.

The justice of these remarks, however, will best appear from one or two specimens which, as they are within very moderate limits, we propose to give. One of these is a spirited sonnet on the author's unhappy country, written with an exile's and a patriot's indignation and regret, though by no means a *perfect* model of the Italian sonnet. The other is a beautiful piece on a Sleeping Infant; and the merit of both is such as to render them fully

deserving of an English version, — of such, at least, as our time and ability can afford.

' *Nell' Italico suol posar lor trono*
Disposer cortesia, virtù, valore,
Quando dal cielo lo Divino Amore
Volle fare alla terra il nobil dono.

' *Premio fù il merto al merto ed il perdono*
Sentenza sola del commesso errore,
Chè i cori allor sì cupidi d'onore
Bastò solo a punir d'errore il suono.

' *Oh Italia bella, oh virtuosa, oh forte,*
U' son le tue virtù, la gloria avita?
Dormi tu in braccio al sonno od alla morte

' *Sveglia, Gran Dio! la sua virtù sopita!*
O, se morta la volle iniqua sorte,
Rendile, Tu che puoi, rendile vita!'

Once on th' Ausonian soil, to raise their throne,
Came courtesy and virtue, valor rare,
Gifts of Heaven's love; and earth shone fresh and fair,
And honor followed merit's steps alone.
Not then for errors did man's blood atone,
But mercy beamed upon the soul's despair. —
Hearts emulous of worth, whose only care
Was honor, asked no laws to guard their own.
Oh, Italy! — the virtuous and the brave
No more; — where is thine ancient glory fled?
Sleep'st thou; or is't the slumber of the grave?
Just Heavens! awake! lift up thy lordly head.
Fallen as thou art, may God, who frees the slave
And wakes to life, restore thee from the dead!

Animated and touching as this is, it is surpassed in beauty by the following Ode:

' A FANCIULLO CHE DORME NELLA CUNA.

' *Dormi, o caro, un dolcissimo sonno*
Cui festeggino immagini liete,
Per te giace nel fondo di Lete
Della vita l'affanno e 'l piacer.

' *Piena l'alma di dolce contento*
Già la madre ti stringe al suo cuore:
Te contempla il materno suo amore
Come rosa che all' alba sbocciò.

' *Dormi, o caro! Al tuo lieve spirare*
Dalle belle regioni del Polo,
Verso te dirigendo il suo volo,
Veglia l'angel che il cielo ti diè.

' *Refrigerio a tue tenera membra*
È l'angelico soffio ch' ei spira;
Nel suo libro il tuo nome si mira
Destinato all' eterno gioir.

' *Dormi,*

'Dormi, o caro! Al tuo placido sonno
Nuovo echeggia in così bel momento
Il più bello il più dolce concento
Che dai cori celesti si udì.

'Possa tu non svegliarti giammai
Delle lagrime al suono funesto:
Della vita ogni affanno molesto,
O Innocente, sia lungi da te.

'Quella pace che eterna nel cielo
T'accompagni nel breve viaggio:
Per te splenda più bello quel raggio
Che alla santa Innocenza brillò!

'Ah non turbi nemico il destino
Questo placido voto del core:
Guidi te col suo laccio l'Amore
Delle rose ch' ei colse nel ciel!

'Gl' ideali — ahimè! — svaniranno.
Tale è il fato del viver terreno:
Una rosa sull' altra vien meno,
Ogni fiore languisce sul fior.

'Versi allor generosa in tuo core
La speranza suo magico dolce:
Te coroni coll' erba che molce
Della vita l'affanno e il dolor.

'Tien pur chiusi i tuoi placidi lumi,
Chè le cure e l'affetto del padre,
Chè l'amor della tenera madre
Mai si assonnan, mio caro, per te.

'Ma già tutto l'oriente s'indora
Del bel lume che sparge d'intorno
Lieta l'alba che a te fà ritorno
Risvegliandoti agli aurei dì.'

LINES ON A SLEEPING INFANT.

Soft dreams play round thee. Sleep in peace, my boy;
Life's future joys and woes alike unknown;
A mother's eyes, a mother's arms, are nigh,
Watching to clasp thee, when thy slumber's flown.

With her full soul she'll gaze upon her flower
Of beauty, like a rose when newly blown.
Yet sleep: — for o'er thee hangs some angel-power
That seems to greet thee from Heaven's guardian throne.

Angel of life! to cherish, and to breathe
Fresh health and beauty thro' thy joyous frame;
To write thy name in Heaven's rolls, and wreathe
Thy head with amaranth-buds, thy latest claim.

How soft thou breath'st! Wavés Love his purple wings,
And cools the summer-air, to glad thy rest;—
Wakes he sweet music from th' aérial strings
Of seraphs' harps, to make thy young dreams blest?

Sleep on! and never may thine eyes awake
In tears, to meet life's dreaded ills too nigh;
But the same peace of innocence still make
Thy course on earth pure as yon orbs on high.

So let me dream that no unhappy fate
Shall mar these hopes or these fond vows for thee!
May true love smile,—may joy and hope elate
Thy breast, and glowing faith and charity!

All else that springs beneath the moon must fade:—
Bud after bud—flower after flower—decays,
Leaving life's branches bare: but love repaid
With love, and charity, win deathless praise.

But see the beams of morn bright and more bright,
Awaking Nature, burst upon thy view,
And call thee to enjoy the golden light
Of youth and love while yet thy joys are new.

Imperfect and paraphrastical as we confess this last version to be, it will serve to convey some idea of the compass of Signor Sorelli's powers;—of his capacity for touching some of the finer chords of our common nature, and awakening feelings in unison with poetic ideas, at a single stroke. Yet his faults, at the same time, can scarcely escape the notice of Italian readers more skilled in the niceties of Tuscan verse than we can presume to be. If, however, he be a young poet, he promises well; for his poems every where afford sufficient evidence of a poetic mind to lead us to form favorable auspices of his future success. His blemishes will be found in the want of a severe and chastened taste, of perspicuity, and of clearness and coherence of meaning and expression; qualities which are essential to the formation of a true poet. We should recommend, then, to Signor Sorelli's most serious consideration, a strict and repeated perusal of the writers of the Petrarchan school; to whom he might afterward add with advantage the polished graces of Bembo, Cara, Molza, and the unrivalled Tasso.

In addition to the original pieces of which we have been speaking, Signor S. appears to have turned his attention to the version of several poems from other tongues. One of these is a translation of Pope's Essay on Man into *versi sciolti;* and it is a very respectable though not always a very exact performance. Yet in general the translator has caught the meaning of his original, and his deviations are chiefly confined to forms of expression, for we have collated some hundreds of lines without detecting any error sufficiently strong to merit reproof. As we might expect, however, Signor S. has failed to breathe into his version the fire and the soul-stirring descriptions which animate the work of Pope.

Art.

ARTS, &c.

Art. 15. *Description of a Railway on a new Principle;* with Observations on those hitherto constructed: and a Table shewing the comparative Amount of Resistance on several now in Use, &c. &c. By Henry R. Palmer, Civil Engineer. With Plates. 8vo. Price 4*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Taylor. 1823.

Every person who has paid attention to the political economy of this country, in its present state, is aware of the immense advantages which we have derived from the improvement of our public roads and the construction of our canals and rail-ways. To these, says a learned French writer, "England is principally indebted for her amazing resources in opulence and physical power;" and that there is much truth in this remark will be admitted, when we consider how few are the articles of commerce of which the nominal value is not greatly dependent on facility of conveyance. In many cases, the carriage of an article constitutes by far the greater part of the charge; as in the instances of manure for agricultural purposes, materials for roads, fuel of all descriptions, &c. Let us consider the advantages derived from the facility of conveyance in the case first named; viz. marl, loam, or clay, for agricultural manure. First, the proprietor of the material is benefited by the sale of a commodity which, but for an easy and cheap conveyance, must have been to him of no value; for the agriculturist can only use such means of improvement when he can obtain the material at a small charge. It is probable, therefore, that, but for the facility of carriage, the land in question would have remained uncultivated, or its produce would have been very small, and consequently its value to the cultivator very inconsiderable. This increase of produce, however, would be still of comparatively small importance to the farmer, if he, in his turn, had not easy and cheap means of conveying his abundance to a market which offers a better price than he could obtain in his immediate neighbourhood. To him, therefore, the advantages of canals and good roads, or rail-ways, are of as much importance as to the proprietor from whom the manure was procured; and, ultimately, the public in large towns participate in the general benefit, by the abundant supply thus sent into their markets. In a similar manner, the advantages of these constructions may be traced from the proprietors of mines, quarries, and pits, through various sources to the community at large; and, viewing the subject in this light, we can scarcely call in question the accuracy of the estimate which foreigners have made of our artificial means of conveyance.

It appears from recent documents that we have at this time, in Great Britain, more than 2700 miles of artificial canal-navigation; and it is probable that our rail-ways are at least of equal extent. In Newcastle alone, there are said to be 300 miles of under-ground and over-ground conveyance by rail-ways; and on one of these, properly constructed, a single horse is equal to the transport of 7½ tons of actual material, on a horizontal plane, or of 24½ tons on an inclination which gives the same labour to return with the empty carriages as to descend with those that are loaded.

Much, however, of the useful effect of rail-ways is lost by a carelessness in the manner of laying them; so that in many cases, although by judicious means the above quantity may be transported, yet not more than one-third of the effect is produced in actual practice; and it may, moreover, be stated as a general maxim, that in all such instances the wear and tear are greater in about the same proportion as the useful effect is less. It is to be observed, also, that in the above estimate of the effect of a horse on a rail-way, we have referred only to those of the usual construction: but, on the one now proposed by Mr. Palmer, the effect produced will be nearly double the greatest above stated. We fear that, without the assistance of diagrams, it will be difficult to convey to our readers a very distinct idea of this ingenious innovation: but we must endeavour to explain it. Every body has seen the toy in which a posture-master is placed on a point balancing himself in all situations, by the assistance of two leaden balls, or weights, attached to him by wires, and hanging considerably below the point of support. This is precisely the principle of Mr. Palmer's rail-way. The reader has only to imagine the two leaden weights converted into two iron carriages, or boxes, the point of support changed into a small iron wheel, and the stand itself into a rail on which the wheel can revolve, and he will have an idea of the general principle of this new and valuable proposition: but, instead of the single wheel above mentioned, Mr. Palmer has two, one in front and one behind; so that, instead of a single carriage with four wheels, he has two carriages with only two wheels between them; and, instead of two rails, on or near the road, he has a single rail elevated about three feet above the road, which, by a simple and ingenious contrivance, he can adjust to the nicest degree of horizontality, or to any given or required angle of inclination.

The advantages to be derived from such a disposition are, that we are enabled to construct, in many cases with precision, that plane which is most effectual, and where the shape of the country would occasion too great an expenditure on the former plans. It is unencumbered with extraneous substances, and is retained in perfect adjustment at a trifling expense. It is not interrupted by snow, as a brush preceding the first carriage in a train will clear all that can lie upon the rail, and the receptacles are too far from the ground to find any impediments there. The arrangement also enables us to continue a conveyance by other means with very little interruption, as it is evident that the receptacles may be received from the one, and lodged on to another kind of carriage or vessel separately from the wheels and frame-work, without displacing the goods. The receptacles being suspended, their weight preserves their position, and the articles conveyed are therefore not liable to fracture. *A vessel of water may be conveyed without losing a part.* It may be constructed on the side of a public road without occupying more space than can usually be afforded, and its effect needs not be diminished by the dust, &c., from the road, as is seen on others. It may be erected on waste and irregular margins of rivers, which on account of the number of culverts and bridges

bridges usually required has hitherto been too expensive. From the removal of a great portion of resistance, the effect which can be produced upon it is greater than has before been performed, as seen in the Table. The original cost, in those cases for which it is adapted, and where it offers most advantages, will be much inferior to the ordinary plan: in fact, it enables us to obtain a more direct line, and approach nearer the best inclination at a less cost than has before been done, and retain the same in repair at a much cheaper rate. It occupies less land, and is less objectionable to land proprietors. The motion may be impelled by steam, either as a locomotive or stationary power, and well admits of expeditious conveyance with perfect safety.'

We have not heard that any new rail-ways on these principles have yet been constructed, or are constructing; which may be attributed to the caution and reserve generally exercised in the adoption of any entirely new principle of operation: but we know that this proposition has met with the decided approbation of eminent practical engineers in the metropolis; and we have little doubt that, when a first construction has been made, it will as generally supplant the one now in common use as this last superseded the old *tram-road*. The difficulty is always in a first trial. The steam-engine of Mr. Watt, which has wrought almost miracles in the mechanical sciences of this country, was not brought into use for a long time; and, but for the spirited conduct of Mr. Goodwin, (then at the head of the firm of Goodwin and Co.) the arts and manufactories of England might have been even yet deprived of the important uses of this admirable invention. It had been offered in the first instance to Mr. Whitbread, who declined the proposition; and when it was afterward proposed to another eminent brewer of that time, he also declined it, because Mr. Whitbread had done so. It came at last to the gentleman above named, who engaged, on certain conditions, to have an engine erected on his premises; and the success attending the construction set an example to other proprietors. The result was such as to realize to the inventor an immense fortune, and to provide the country with a mechanical force equal in power to the manual labor of 1,200,000 men. We hope that Mr. Palmer will soon find a proprietor of sufficient spirit to make the first attempt; and we have no doubt that all parties will then reap the advantages of this highly ingenious and original idea. — Mr. P. states that a short rail is erected on the premises of Mr. Smart, Pedlar's Acre, near Westminster Bridge, which is open to public inspection.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Art. 16. *Secret Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV. and of the Regency.* Extracted from the German Correspondence of the Duchess of Orleans, Mother of the Regent. Preceded by a Notice on this Princess, and accompanied with Notes. 8vo. 14s. Boards. Whittakers. 1824.

In our Review for February, 1789, (vol. lxxx. O. S. p. 151.) we gave an ample account of two small volumes, then recently published

lished on the Continent, called "Fragments of Original Letters from Madame Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, Widow of Monsieur, only Brother of Louis XIV.;" and in the second volume of our New Series, p. 113., we briefly mentioned an English translation of the work: taking that occasion to observe that some doubts, which we had at first entertained respecting the authenticity of the publication, had been removed, and converted into an acknowlegement of its genuineness.

The editor of the volume now before us states that the above-mentioned *Fragments* formed only a mutilated specimen of the original correspondence of the Duchess; which was so very extensive, that 'nearly 800 of her letters, written to the Princess Wilhelmina Charlotte of Wales, and the Duke Antoine Ulric of Brunswick, were found among the papers left by the Duchess Elizabeth of Brunswick, at her death in 1767. These appeared to be so curious, that the court of Brunswick ordered De Praun, a privy councillor, to make extracts of such parts as were most interesting.' A copy of these extracts was sent to France, and they were first published in the imperfect edition of 1788: but a more faithful impression of them was issued at Strasburgh in 1789, under the direction of Count de Veltheim; from which the present memoirs have been translated, and to which a more complete biography has been added.

Such is the statement made in this volume, and from it and all other appearances the reader is disingenuously led to suppose that it is an English translation from the Strasburgh edition. We find, however, that it is a translation from a *French translation* of the Strasburgh work, printed at Paris in 1823, in one volume, octavo, unaccompanied, however, by the very good portrait of the Duchess which ornaments the English version. — The French editor observes that he has made no alterations, except to qualify some of the grossnesses of expression in which Madame de Baviere indulged, and the English editor says the same: but the former has not so scrupulously fulfilled this expurgatory task as the latter; and even *he* has not completely discharged it. For an example of deficiency in this respect, we refer to p. 89.

We may repeat our former remark that these letters are amusing, *piquant*, and illustrative of the history of France at the period to which they refer; while they evince an independence of spirit and openness of conduct which are very creditable to the writer of them. Still they are throughout of a gross character, as describing the dissolute manners and transactions of those profligate days, in language which was then more tolerated than it is now, and was rendered worse by the Princess's German bluntness being added to French license.

NOVEL.

Art. 17. *Haubeik Hall;* a Series of Facts. By Henry Brebner. 2 Vols. 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Sherwood and Co. 1823.

It has pleased the writer of this tale to assure us, in his preface, as well as in his title-page, that it is absolutely and positively founded

founded on fact; and that no event is mis-stated, though names of persons and places, &c. are altered, so as to prevent discovery. We should not be well-bred, nor should we be justified, in expressing doubts of the truth of this assertion: but many things would induce us to say, like the author's vulgar Miss Warr, "Lord! who'd have thought it?" — This Miss Warr, by the way, is a tiresome repetition of a character often introduced in common novels, and generally (as in this case) unnatural, or rather improbably placed in the society and circumstances represented. The whole of the first volume has but *mediocre* merit, as a tale: but, when we subsequently come to the hero's adventures abroad, by sea and land, we have more of the semblance of reality, and something more like information and amusement, though hastily and superficially narrated.

The composition of the work is by no means invulnerable to criticism; nor can the author's taste and delicacy be approved when he inserts so extremely dirty a story as that which we find in vol. i. p. 258. — At p. 237., speaking of persons visiting a place, he says, 'Among the *et cæteras* who had come,' &c.; and at p. 76. he eulogizes the charity of a nobleman who gave away *three-fourths* of his income; rather an extraordinary stretch of benevolence, certainly, and savoring a little of the want of common prudence, — if this also be *fact*. — In p. 199. several ornamental plants are mentioned, with a trifling distortion of their nomenclature; thus: corcharus, for *corchorus*; rododendron, for *rhododendron*; and fuschia, for *fuchsia*. Altogether, however, the story is told — not meaning that the author *tells stories* — with vivacity and interest sufficient to render it amusing for an idle hour.

MEDICINE, &c.

Art. 18. *Observations and Commentaries on Medicine*, compared as a Science, with the other learned Professions, Theology, Law, &c.: together with comparative Illustrations, shewing the important Advantages to be derived from the improved modern System of Medical Education and Practice, as now adopted in various Parts of Europe and America: also an Elucidation of the Economy of the Human Body. By Adam Dods, M.D., &c. Worcester. 8vo. pp. 82. 2*s*. 6*d*. sewed. Longman and Co. 1823.

In speaking of some previous tracts by this writer, we have already introduced him to the notice of our readers. On the present occasion, he has returned to his favorite subject of what he terms the improved modern system of medical practice. He attacks with considerable keenness, and some symptoms of hostility towards certain individuals, the prevailing distinction of medical men into apothecaries, surgeons, and physicians: on which subject we briefly stated our sentiments when we noticed his "*Physician's Guide*;" (see Monthly Review for July, 1823;) and Dr. Dods has been pleased to quote, in his present work, not only that portion of the article to which we refer, but a selection of the most commendatory expressions which it contains. A rigid sense of justice,

justice, however, would have required that some qualifying sentences should have been also extracted; from which his readers would have learned, that we were not quite so much gratified with his writings as they must hence be inclined to think, unless they have recourse to the pages of the Review itself.

In the latter portion of the small volume before us, Dr. Dods gives a brief and popular explanation of some part of the anatomy and physiology of the human body. Although in general sufficiently correct, it is occasionally deformed by inaccuracies. For example: *synovia* is termed oil, or mucus, (p. 66.) and the *sternum* is described as a long square bone lying over the heart. (P. 68.) — We presume, from the manner in which the work is broken off, that it is the intention of Dr. Dods to continue these popular elucidations of medical knowlege: but we confess our apprehension that the public eye requires to be gratified with something more amusing, and less loaded with technical terms. — We regret that the author has betrayed, in this tract, so much personal feeling, and has indulged in so rambling and unconnected a mode of writing. The frequency of his publications affords sufficient evidence of his anxiety for literary reputation: but, if he be truly earnest in his pursuit of this object, he must in future avoid all topics of personal contention, and more carefully digest and mature his opinions before he ventures to submit them to the world.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 19. *Glympses* across the Irish Channel.* By a Friend, not a Flatterer. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* Hatchard and Son. 1824.

The animated panegyrics of Mr. O'Driscol on his countrymen, and on their fair associates of the softer sex, seem to have excited in the present author a desire to rub off some of his varnish; and consequently heroes and heroines, gods and goddesses, are here reduced to the level of mortality, — if not a little under it. The high and the low, the gentle and the rude, the married and the single, male and female, come in for their share of rebuke.

'In glancing my eye up and down the frame-work of society, as constituted in this unfortunate land, I must impartially declare, that I feel the lower class to be the least guilty part of the community; and I do maintain that very few in comparison with the mass of gentlemen evidence in their religious and moral character such respect for the ordinances of God, and the laws of their country, as affords a living example to those beneath them.'

Nearly the only point on which the Irish, of all parties and persuasions, seem to agree is in their repugnance to pay tithes.

'Almost every man in the island lives beyond his means, which impedes the exercise both of justice and generosity. Bankruptcies are innumerable amongst the traders, who can shew thousands on their books when they cannot command the payment of

* What is this writer's authority for thus spelling the word *Glimpse*?

a guinea.

a guinea. A remarkable feature in the Irish character is indifference to the future; provided that money can be procured to keep up the ball at *present*, futurity may shift for itself. Lands, houses, every species of property is mortgaged and encumbered, frequently to the amount of twice the value. To make out an Irish title and arrive at the possessor in fee, is like seeking for a mustard-seed in the sands of the ocean; and yet, if you visit at the house of a man who is over head and ears in debt, worried by duns, and beset by executions, it is ten to one that all things are going on with such smoothness and conviviality, that you do not dream of aught but peace and plenty. This mode of living, however, as it is unnecessary to observe, is utterly destructive of progressive improvement. When people are at their wits' end to make out money for daily supply, there is no surplus to expend on works that might employ the poor, and add permanent value to property; and accordingly, with the exception of a few wise and provident men, who lay by a certain portion of income for better purposes, every thing is eaten up; and when a reputed rich man dies, it frequently happens that his family are left without the means of subsistence, and, accustomed to profusion, sink into penury.'

On the whole, we are not perfectly well pleased with the spirit of these letters. The author, who can find very little to satisfy his fastidious taste in the society of Ireland, is positively out of temper at the eager desire which he observes in every class "to kibe the heels" of its immediate superior. 'Every man, your shoemaker and tailor inclusive, sends a son to the University.' This, to be sure, is a heavy reproach on the Irish character! We have never heard, however, that the University has lowered itself in the public estimation by this indiscriminate admission of every suitor [query, *sutor?*] to literature and science; and what are the odds that it does not owe some of its celebrity to the very circumstance? It is added, however, that a Dublin shop-keeper, some time ago, entered his son as a Fellow-commoner at Trinity-College, while he continued his trade. What abominable pride! and the author actually knew a man who had been a ploughman in his father's fields, 'who found money so *plenty*,'—no mark of academic education here,—'that he set up a splendid coach, drove four-in-hand,' and attended balls with his daughters! In worthy conformity with the feelings of indignation which these and similar instances of meritorious emulation excite in the mind of this writer, is his wretched tirade against a general diffusion of the elements of education among the children of the poor. He offers, however, some useful observations on the defective management of day-schools in the eighth and nine letters, with suggestions for the improvement of them.

Art. 20. *A Treatise on the Education of Public Men in England*, both Civil and Military. 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*. Hatchard. 1823.

Education is a stale but not an exhausted topic: for the art is still imperfect, and the multitude of disquisitions concerning it form the completest proof of that imperfection. The idea, therefore, of

of a perfect school is as visionary as that of a perfect commonwealth. Even the genius of Milton failed in building a rational scheme of education; and his Tractate addressed to Master Hattlib, ennobled as it is by passages of the loftiest eloquence, is a crude, mis-shapen, impracticable theory. Cowley's imaginary College was equally unsubstantial. The truth seems to be that a complete system of education, like a complete system of government, is never likely to issue from the brains of projectors or experimentalists, however comprehensive and powerful their talents. The best written plans of education, with which we are acquainted, are of little more use to parents or tutors with regard to the training of youth, than the paper-constitutions of the Abbé Sieyes, nicely ticketted and labelled, were to the governors of a nation.

A written plan presupposes the same course of instruction for all capacities, and nearly the same pace of improvement. It is impossible, therefore, that any antecedent plan can adapt itself with facility to the various tempers, dispositions, and intellects, which constitute the aggregate of a large school. Method, indeed, is essentially necessary to the tuition of youth: but method is better than system; for a previous scheme of institution is too likely to be carried into general and inflexible operation, inasmuch as, Pygmalion-like, we are too apt to be blindly enamoured of our own systems. We are not very obstinate sticklers for that which is *auncient:* but we conscientiously believe that the old forms of education, by which so many great and flourishing men have been trained, and so many bright and powerful intellects have been nursed, at the respectable schools of our island, are fully competent both to the civil and the military education of our countrymen.

Nevertheless, Mr. Addison, the author of this tract, is intitled to much respect for the good sense and the ability which it displays on a subject that, however beaten, concerns more nearly than almost any other the moral dignity and essential interests of man. We are glad that he agrees with us in attributing due importance to maternal instruction in the early years of childhood.

'From the diversity arising,' he says, 'from natural causes, no particular age can be fixed as a general standard of limitation for the above periods. But few, perhaps, will deny, that every boy under six years of age should be considered and treated as a mere infant, and principally consigned to the charge of his mother. As to woman he owes his birth, so to her must infant-man be indebted, during at least the first few years of childhood, for what must be termed his incipient education. Men, the most distinguished in war and politics, have confessed, that they owed much of their greatness to a mother's tuition,—a mother's tender anxiety in forming their infant-characters. To mothers belongs the pleasing task of laying the foundation of all those embryo qualities which, taking root in infancy, may in their future growth exhibit corresponding fruits of greatness and goodness. This is a duty beyond comparison the most important that a woman can fulfil. It calls for all her wisdom, firmness, and tenderness. As soon as the infant can speak, he ought to commence his mental

progress by learning his letters. As soon as he can conveniently handle a pen, he ought to be taught to write. Not to damp his genius by excess of mental fatigue, only a certain, and that a very moderate portion of each day, should be devoted to sedentary pursuits. Reading correctly and fluently, writing, and the fundamental rules of arithmetic, constitute all that good sense will require or ever approve, in an infant-germ of the brightest genius. But the acquirement of these initiative sciences should be enforced by a systematic and rigidly undeviating application. This should be done so as to impress upon the merest child, that it is the business of his life, his principal and almost only serious occupation, to which all amusements must yield. Thus, as soon as he is capable of thinking, he will learn to distinguish duty from pleasure. Much of the child's future excellence or failure, much also of his future happiness or misery, depends mainly on this early tuition, which should be extended to that minute attention to all his most apparently insignificant words and actions which a mother's fondness might induce her to bestow. Lost in the vortex of folly and dissipation, too many of our women of quality affect a silly contempt of those important duties to which they are in fact unequal. Silently conscious of personal insignificance, they seek for gratification, and aspire to be admired, through the indulgence of that ill-judged profusion, which seems to think that elegance, and a taste for the fine arts, like an expensive dinner, may be acquired by purchase. Poor, indeed, is that superiority which solely depends on the possession of money. The Graces, in their most attractive form, are but the external polish, which indicates the intrinsic excellence of the metal. Where that is not genuine gold, these lovely attendants of Venus fly away in disgust, and their vacant place is supplied by a monstrous brood, of unenglish origin, which Folly, in libelling the genius of our country, misnames Fashion. But, in this land, which Genius and Virtue, twin-sisters, have hitherto patronized as their favorite abode, there are not wanting, among the highest class, many excellent females whose accomplishments render this duty as easy as their maternal feelings must consider it sacred. To them these remarks are principally addressed.

'Not only ought the initiative acquirements of reading, writing, and arithmetic, to be imparted with an undeviating regularity of method; but a certain precision of action and expression, the foundation of all elegance, should invariably and systematically be enforced. Let a boy, on all occasions, be compelled to speak grammatically and correctly. This a child of tolerable comprehension will much sooner acquire from habit and example than from studying a book upon the subject. Any grammar, English or Latin, when made an object of study at this early age, is an unintelligible jargon, productive of no real good, and strongly tending to disgust the little sufferer with study altogether. It intrudes, too, upon time which might be infinitely better employed in the simple occupations of reading, writing, and arithmetic, which are acquirements easy of attainment, and, when moderately

moderately required, are attractive and pleasing to childish ingenuity. Reading well is an object of the first importance in preparatory education. Half an hour a-day devoted to this elementary instruction, under a proper and patient superintendence, will accomplish wonders. Let all mumbling, stammering, peculiar whine or brogue, be carefully, as they may easily, be suppressed on their first appearance, either in reading or speaking. Lord Chesterfield's admirable rule, "that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," is universally applicable; peculiarly so, to the manner of doing a thing. Women, themselves the model of elegance, ought to instil a taste for it into their children, not only by banishing vulgarity from their expressions, and awkwardness from their actions as far as possible, but by a minute attention to their general manner; — habits so easily contracted in infancy, are afterwards, if good, retained with ease, — if bad, eradicated with difficulty. Things trifling to the inconsiderate eye are often important to a man's character and success in the world; and, by inference *à posteriori*, of momentous consequence to the infant. Not only, therefore, ought the utmost vigilance of the mother to be exerted to crush in its birth every noxious habit.'

Though Mr. Addison is friendly to classical education, he takes too limited a view of its utility when he considers it as a mere key to the acquisition of other languages, and to the grammatical knowlege of our own. Antient literature, we conceive, has much higher recommendations; for it unfolds to the young and inexperienced another world, both of thought and of action. Truth, patriotism, morals, all that constitutes the moral greatness of man, are recommended not merely in living examples, rendered more venerable by time, and enlarged as it were by the haze of interposing ages, but by precepts instilled with every charm and every fascination which can embellish the discourse of man. It is not a mere exercise of the understanding, but a discipline of the heart and the affections. Trained for active or contemplative life, the studious youth sees in this faithful mirror of his nature that which he is to admire, and that which he is to shun; not, indeed, in the dry forms of abstract precepts or ethical admonitions, but embodied in actual events and living agents. He thus acquires experience without having to seek it in the school of suffering, and learns the best moral philosophy and the most fitted for real life, — that which is the most durably impressed, because it is illustrated by the largest number of facts, and supported by the greatest variety of inductions.

Among the manly exercises recommended by this author, we were surprized to find that of boxing. That this practice should have had its advocates, particularly as an *English* practice, is not extraordinary: for even gladiatorship, the disgrace of antient times, found apologists in some of the greatest masters of moral virtue. "*Oculis nulla poterat esse fortior contra dolorem et mortem disciplina*," says Cicero, speaking of that brutal and brutalizing exhibition. Those, however, who wish to see this art of self-defence well defended, should avert our glances from its pro-

fessors and its admirers; — a set of men, an *ambubiarum collegia*, who must furnish matter of loathing and disgust to all whose moral taste is still healthy and uncontaminated.

Art. 21. *A Guide to the Giants' Causeway*, and the North-east Coast of the County of Antrim. Illustrated by Engravings, after the Designs of George Petrie, Esq., and a Map. By the Rev. G. N. Wright, A.M. 12mo. 6*s*. Boards. Baldwin and Co.

Having already given our opinion, in favorable terms, of Mr. Wright's previous labors as a *Guide* to several of the more remarkable parts of Ireland, we need not say much in order to characterize this continuation of them; which is decorated by four neat views, and a map. Mr. W. speaks with deserved approbation of Dr. Hamilton's "Letters on the Coast of Antrim," but remarks that they treated of only ten miles of it; while in this little volume he 'minutely describes each object from Belfast to Bally Castle, a distance of 49 additional miles, along the eastern coast, which is equally interesting to the naturalist, and infinitely more picturesque; and has reduced the scientific statements of the philosopher to the standard of popular apprehension.' With regard to the monastic history of the county, but few materials have been furnished to the writer, 'the records of its religious houses appearing to have sunk in the stream of time:' but he hopes to make some compensation for this deficiency by supplying particulars of its military history, accompanied by anecdotes of illustrious families, hitherto unpublished, which he has been allowed by the Countess of Antrim to extract from an antient MS. in her possession. A table of the heights of mountains in the county is subjoined, the highest of which is Knock Lade, near Bally Castle, viz. 1820 feet.

By far the greater portion of this work is occupied in describing the places which form the approaches to the Giants' Causeway: but, when Mr. Wright arrives at this extraordinary spot, he does not neglect to give an apparently sufficient description of it; as also a statement of the contending opinions of those philosophers who are called *Neptunists* and *Vulcanists*, or *Plutonists*, from their respective theories of the agency of water or of fire in the formation of these wonderful basaltic columns.

Art. 22. *The Port Folio;* a Collection of Engravings from Antiquarian, Architectural, and Topographical Subjects, curious Works of Art, &c. &c., with Descriptions. Crown 8vo. 2*s*. 6*d*. each Number. Demy 8vo. 4*s*. Nornaville and Fell, &c.

Among the numerous *Beauties of England, Picturesque Tours, Antiquarian Cabinets*, &c. &c., with which the taste of the British public has already been gratified, 'the Port Folio' now claims and merits a place. The engravings are well and clearly executed, by J. and H. S. Storer, the descriptions are concisely but neatly given, and the subjects are in general well chosen. The work appears in monthly numbers, and has already extended, we believe, to more than fifty, without any specified limitation: but we

we have before us only the first six numbers, forming vol. i. — The design comprizes views of seats, churches, cemeteries, antiquities, &c. Eight views of Fonthill Abbey are given in the first volume; one of Wanstead House, since pulled down; one of the East India College in Hertfordshire; six views of Newark church; four of Wycombe House, Bucks; &c. &c.

Art. 23. *Best Intentions;* or Reflections and Thoughts for Youth, Maturity, and Age. 12mo. 6s. Boards. Boys. 1824.

To frustrate *good* intentions would be to commit an act of violence against our feelings: but to frustrate *the best*, by any severity of criticism, must be still more hostile to our nature. The author of this little volume appears to be a man of much piety and religious fervor; and we will hope that his meditations may excite in others that Christian charity which animates his own breast.

CORRESPONDENCE.

In a note from Mr. Churchill, author of the English Grammar mentioned in our Number for May, p. 103, 104., he reminds us that the words *attractical* and *alkalizate*, to which we objected, occur in Johnson's Dictionary. This is true, and releases him from the charge of parentage of them, but does not alter the ground of our observation. He thinks, too, that the orthography of *pudding* is proper, though it be derived from *boudin*, because 'the French terminal *n* has the sound represented by *ng* in English.' This we do not allow, for it would be a very coarse and *John Bullish* pronunciation: but he adds that his objection 'was to the omission of the vowel-sound in the final syllable, and the substitution of the semi-vowel sound of *n* for that of the vowel and *ng*; while he reprobates the sounding of *g* after the simple sound *ng*.'

N. G. has our thanks, and shall have our farther consideration.

To *W. W. W.* we do not yet know what to say definitively, and must ask for a little delay in our answer.

Our request, in our last *Correspondence*, to be enabled to communicate with the writer of some MS. sent to us, has not yet been fulfilled; and we beg to repeat it.

*** The APPENDIX to vol. ciii. of the M. R. was published with the Number for May on the first of June.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW,

For JULY, 1824.

ART. I. *Memoir descriptive of the Resources, Inhabitants, and Hydrography of Sicily and its Islands*, interspersed with Antiquarian and other Notices. By Captain William Henry Smyth, R.N. K.S.F. &c. Dedicated, by Permission, to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and intended to accompany the Atlas of Sicily, published at their Office. 4to. With Fifteen Plates. 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Murray. 1824.

FREQUENT representations have lately been made from various quarters to the Board of Admiralty, respecting the defective state of the charts of the Mediterranean, in which the position of several important land-falls and capes on the Sicilian and African shores is erroneously laid down; and many unaccountable losses of vessels have at various times taken place on the southern and western coasts of Sicily. In consequence of these circumstances, the Admiralty determined on ordering a survey of that island, which was confided to the author of the volume now before us; who had a command in the flotilla of Sicily while the British army occupied the military fortresses, and who had, therefore, many local advantages for the execution of that important duty. The political changes, however, that ensued shortly afterward, rendered impracticable the design which he had projected, of cutting a meridian through the island; and which, if executed, would have established the relative situations of the adjacent coasts on the surest ground of calculation, and have afforded also considerable elucidation of the true figure of the earth. He was obliged, therefore, to execute his survey on a chronometric basis; and the result of his labors was the Atlas mentioned in the title-page, of which the present volume was intended as a sort of commentary or text-book.

So much has been written about Sicily, that, however we might feel disposed to render justice to Captain Smyth's researches, we could not venture on an analytic examination of his work without incurring the danger of surfeiting our readers with a stale and exhausted subject. Indeed, so many have reaped in the field, that little more than a few scanty

gleanings are left to those who follow them. Brydone, Moore, Thompson, Cockburn, and more recently Hughes, have illustrated this interesting island with so much diligence of research, and so much elegance of language, as to gratify the most inquisitive and delight the most fastidious in the reading part of the community. Moreover, such is the deadening weight of religious bigotry and political oppression, that Sicily presents the same points of observation, with the same moral and civil aspects, at widely distant periods of time; and, where the intellectual energies of man remain torpid through ages, the first traveller must necessarily have described that which is noticed by the latest. All is stationary and quiescent; and society, like the heavy and inert masses of inanimate nature, retains the same lifeless and unvaried attitudes.

Captain Smyth is as acute and as diligent an observer as any of his predecessors; and, if he is inferior to them, it is only in the unimportant point of style. We say unimportant, for, where we are anxious to find information, we feel little or no solicitude about the form in which it is conveyed to us. His profession as a seaman, also, would absolve him from a severe critical responsibility on that score, if the graces of writing were justly required from a Sicilian traveller: but we can well spare those adventitious ornaments when solid and substantial knowlege is administered. Something of a want of ease, indeed, is observable in his narrative; and his sentiments are occasionally encumbered with a greater number of words than are necessary: but these are faults incidental to all unpractised writers, and are fully redeemed by the laborious and painful research which every page of his volume manifests. With the laudable desire of avoiding unnecessary prolixity by omitting trivial occurrences and personal adventures, he has divided his materials, like the heads of a geographical dictionary, into geology, mineralogy, climate, natural productions, &c.: but this distribution shuts us out from that pleasing participation in the course of the tourist, which we are sure to experience when his progress is related in the first person. Lord Bacon recommends, in such cases, the form of a diary: — but, without emptying on us all the various contents of a journal, the author might easily contrive to let us accompany him on his journey. The living and actual observations of such a traveller are more pleasing than the disquisitions, which are the mere result and fruit of those observations. In the one case, we travel with the author as our friend and companion, sharing his dangers and partaking his delights: — in the other, we listen to him as a teacher or a lecturer.

Of

Of the climate of Sicily, Captain S. speaks very judiciously, and the accuracy of his observations is unquestionable, for he has evidently devoted much of his time to meteorological science.

'The temperature of the climate may be pronounced excellent, except that from there being few running streams many morasses and pools of stagnant water are formed, the effluvia of which corrupt the air around, and render it unhealthy. The medium height of the thermometer is 62°.5, of the barometer 29°.80, and of the pluviometer twenty-six inches. The thermometer in the hottest day rises as high as 90° or 92°, and very seldom falls lower than 36°, even in the depth of winter. The highest barometrical index I have observed in very severe weather, and light westerly airs, was 30°.47; and the lowest, in gloomy weather and south-east gales, 29°.13. In the year 1814, there were one hundred and twenty-one overcast and cloudy days, on eighty-three of which rain fell; thirty-six misty days; and one hundred and fifty-nine fine bright days.

'Whilst the sun is in the northern signs, the sky, although it seldom assumes the deep blue tint of the tropics, is, nevertheless, beautifully clear and serene; but after the autumnal equinox, the winds become boisterous, and the atmosphere hazy and dense; the dews and fogs increase, particularly on the coasts, and the rain falls in frequent and heavy showers.

'In summer it is generally calm early in the morning, but a breeze springs up about nine or ten o'clock, freshens until two or three, and gradually subsides again into a calm towards evening. The winds are variable both in their force and their direction. The most prevalent are the northerly and westerly, which are dry and salubrious, producing, with the clearest sky, the most refreshing sensations. Those from the east round to southerly are heavy, and loaded with an unwholesome mist, often accompanied with heavy rain, thunder, and lightning, during which the luminous meteor, called by seamen *compasant*, (a corruption of Corpo Santo,) is sometimes seen, and hailed with similar ideas to those which inspired the ancients on the appearance of their Castor and Pollux.

'About the time of the vernal equinox, the force of the south-west wind is very sensibly felt along the shores of Trapani, Marsala, Mazzara, and Girgenti; but as the sun advances the winds blow more from the northward, with fresh gales at intervals, which, however, are seldom experienced with violence in bays or harbours, and their power rarely continues longer than forty hours. The most experienced pilots say, that storms which commence in the day-time are more violent, and of longer duration, than those which spring up during the night.

'The most annoying wind is the sirocco, or south-east, which, coming from the deserts of Africa, is moderated by its passage over the sea, to a tolerable degree of temperature; and on the east coast, where it first arrives, its effects are inconsiderable; but,

seeming to acquire additional heat in its progress over the land, becomes a serious inconvenience as it advances. At its commencement the air is dense and hazy, with long white clouds settling a little below the summits of the mountains, and at sea floating just above the horizon, in a direction parallel to it. The thermometer does not, at first, experience a very sensible change, though it rises with the continuance of the wind to 90° and 95°, which last is the highest I have observed, though the feelings seem to indicate a much higher temperature; but the hygrometer shews increased atmospheric humidity; and the barometer gradually sinks to about 29°.60. The sirocco generally continues three or four days, during which period such is its influence, that wine cannot be fined, or meat effectually salted; oil paint, laid on whilst it continues, will seldom harden, but dough can be raised with half the usual quantity of leaven, and though blighting in its general effects in summer, it is favourable to the growth of several useful plants in winter. This wind is peculiarly disagreeable at Palermo, a city situated in a plain in the north-west part of the island, surrounded on the land-side by mountains, which collect the solar rays as if to a focus. Although inured to the heat of the East and West Indies, and the sands of Arabia and Africa, I always felt, during a sirocco, more incommoded by an oppressive dejection and lassitude than in those countries. At such times the streets are silent and deserted, for the natives can scarcely be prevailed on to move out while it lasts, and they carefully close every window and door of their houses, to exclude it. Notwithstanding it possesses so unpleasant and relaxing a quality, and may be troublesome to people of a plethoric habit, yet I believe no danger or contagion is to be apprehended from it. In spring and autumn, it is more frequent than in summer; and in winter possesses no disagreeable qualities, except to invalids.'

Travelling in Sicily, we are told, is by no means easy. It it is generally performed in a lettiga, (*lectica,*) or narrow coach, with room for two to sit opposite each other, suspended on two poles on the backs of mules, who proceed at the rate of about three miles and a half in an hour. Miserable beds, bad wine, and dirty cookery, are the only accommodations of the inns. Inexperienced travellers expect no bad weather in such a climate, but, though the cold lasts for a short time, it is occasionally severe. In summer, the evil most to be dreaded is the *mal'aria;* which, beginning in June, increases till after the first rains of September. The precise extent of its influence has been so accurately marked, that a careful tourist may avoid it by attending to its ordinary indications; — such as the smell and density of the miasma, &c. It acts strongly on the constitution during the night: the patient becomes drowsy and feverish, assumes a pallid aspect, wastes rapidly, and generally expires in a dropsy.

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'The usual process from [of] agriculture, after clearing the stones from the ground, is, to commence with sowing wheat, of which the best kinds are, the farro, or triticum spelta, a long grain, and nearly twice the size of the common English wheat; it is generally boiled whole, as a substitute for barley or rice, — and the Majorca, or triticum sativum, an oval, soft wheat, of which the flour is remarkably white, and used only for the best bread, biscuits, pastry, &c. The crop of wheat is succeeded by hemp, maize, lentils, or other pulse; and in the ensuing seasons generally by barley and beans, followed by mixed esculents and a fallow. The harvest begins in the latter end of June, and continues through July and August; nor are there two successive crops of any one thing in the year, except what are forced in such grounds as are artificially irrigated, called ortaggi. Indeed, in many parts, from the scarcity of manure, the peasants are reduced to the necessity of leaving their fields fallow every other season.'

The proportion of produce in Sicily is twenty-eight for one, which is a wonderful degree of fertility: — but it is the vine which is the chief object of agricultural care.

'The vines are commonly planted about four feet from each other; but in very fertile plains, rather wider asunder, in order to admit of the use of the plough instead of the hoe. The ground is turned up three times a year; first, in January, immediately after the pruning, when the buds that will bear fruit are already distinguishable; secondly, in April, when the branches are sufficiently grown to show where the support of reeds will be needed, and which are placed accordingly; and, lastly, in June or July, when it is advisable to expose the grapes to the sun, by tying up the leaves, but not taking them off, as that would force the plants to throw out fresh shoots at an improper season. Some farmers give an additional hoeing in the course of the spring, for the purpose of raising a crop of pulse between the vines. The grape is not produced until the third year after the planting of the vine, but then begins to ripen in July, and is plucked for the vintage in September. The produce of a thousand vines varies from about a pipe and a quarter to four pipes of wine, according to the season, to their situation, age, and culture. On planting a vineyard, olive-trees are sometimes intermixed, in the proportion of one to fifty, and in other instances they are more thickly strewed, because the vine begins to bear, as before stated, after the third year, but the olive-tree not until after the tenth year, by which time the vine is already past its prime; thus oil is made to succeed to wine, and the land continues equally profitable, without any loss of time. There are nineteen different species of grapes, of which the most esteemed are, the zibibbo, the carniola, the Greek, the muscatel, the canicula, the dry, and the winter grape, and from the greater part is expressed a great variety of rich-flavoured wines of every kind.'

The olive, — manna, which is an extract from the *fraxinus ornus*, — the rich vegetable salt of the barilla, obtained from

the salsola-kali, a plant of expensive and troublesome cultivation, — saffron, — and sumach, — are all articles of exportation, and produce considerable profit. The Sicilians are extremely partial to the Indian fig, or prickly pear, the fruit of the *cactus opuntia.* Pistacia nuts, an article of exportation, are produced both by the male and female plants, though the latter would be barren but for the sprinkling of the farina from the former. Both males and females, therefore, are generally planted near to each other. The nuts are of a green color, and have a delicate flavor. The Sicilian figs are delicious when fresh, but are badly preserved. The cultivation of the date-tree has fallen into disuse. Almond-trees form numerous groves throughout the island, and, when covered with their delicately-tinted blossoms, are extremely beautiful. The fruit ripens in July; and both the nut and its oil are staple articles of exportation. The liquorice-plant, *glycyrrhiza glabra*, grows spontaneously on the plains of Milazzo and Catania. The roots are cut into slips, bruized, then thrown into a caldron, and boiled till they are soft; they are then strained; and the liquor is again boiled till it condenses into a thick paste, in which state it is packed up in bay leaves for sale. — The most delicate plants flourish here in the open air; viz. some species of the *musa*, the *lotus*, the *antholyza*, the *zizyphus*, the *euphorbia*, &c.; more especially in the luxuriant soil of Palermo, Girgenti, and the Ætnæan regions.

Sicily boasts the finest fisheries in the Mediterranean. The *scomber*, *xiphias*, *coryphæna*, *mullus*, *muræna*, *gadus*, *raia*, &c., are extremely abundant. Many varieties of testaceous and crustaceous fish also occur. Of the former the principal are the *buccinum*, *cardium*, *patrella*, *ostrea*, *murex*, &c.: of the latter, the lobster is rare, but the prawns are gigantic; and shrimps, crabs, and the *echinus esculentus*, are to be found in great plenty.

With these advantages, we might naturally expect a corresponding population in Sicily: yet the whole present population of the island does not exceed that which Syracuse and Agrigentum possessed in antient times. The nobles are a very numerous class; consisting of 127 princes, 78 dukes, 140 marquisses, and counts, barons, and knights *ad infinitum:* but only the baronial peers possess any influence, and are intitled to sit in the Upper House of Parliament. Among this class, primogeniturеship is so rigorously exercised, that only the eldest son has a provision made for him; the others subsisting on a small pittance, (*il piatto,*) or dinner-cover at the father's or elder brother's table. A pompous affectation of title

title is the great weakness of the Sicilian character: the superscriptions of letters even among the middling ranks are addressed to the "Most Illustrious;" and a letter to a person about the rank of an English squire runs thus: "*A Sua Eccellenza, l'Illustrissimo Signore Stimatissimo, e Padrone Collendissimo,* Don ———," &c. The palaces of the nobility are too large in general for the fortunes of their owners, who let even the *appartamento nobile,* or second floor, and inhabit the inferior rooms. Yet so addicted are they to ostentation, that they starve themselves in order to appear in the evening with an equipage; which, after all, only serves more strongly to indicate their poverty. On the subject of Sicilian weddings, we have a statement which in general accords with that of Hughes, Brydone, and other travellers, but adds a few particulars that escaped their observation. — Female beauty in Sicily fades almost as soon as it blooms; and women are so inattentive to their dress, as to be wholly regardless of the medium between extreme slovenliness and the most gaudy ostentation of attire. Their knowlege also is limited, and their acquirements are superficial. In their modes of life, the Sicilians do not differ from the other southern countries of Europe. In general, they rise early, dine at noon, then take their siesta for an hour or two; after which comes the principal toilette of the day, for then visiting and amusement begin. Their supper, like the *comessatio* of the Romans, is their heartiest and most social meal.

In proportion to the small population, scarcely exceeding (Captain Smyth thinks) a million and a half, Sicily abounds in literary persons: but the literature of the greater part of them is mere pretence. A few tolerable sonnets, and some works on jurisprudence, ethics, mineralogy, and antiquities, are produced occasionally: but periodical literature, romances, and dramas, scarcely exist there. It has few private libraries, though many public collections: but foreign writers are strictly excluded, because freedom of thinking on political or even moral subjects is most devoutly dreaded. Scarcely any English works but Young's "Night Thoughts" and Hervey's "Meditations" are in circulation: the great ornaments of English letters, such as Milton, Dryden, and Pope, not being allowed a place on their shelves. Their poetry has dwindled down into macaronics and the effusions of improvisatori, who sometimes, but rarely, amid much empty and verbose nonsense, strike out occasional sparks of poetic fancy. Their public orators in the senate, at the bar, or in the pulpit, exhibit little talent; their delivery being monotonous, their gestures extravagant, and their ideas scanty. The Sicilian dialect

differs considerably from the Italian, inasmuch as it retains many Greek and Arabic words, with several Norman and Spanish phrases: but its open sounds render it as harmonious, sportive, and pastoral, as the Syracusan Doric of Theocritus. It is totally unlike the vulgar cacophonous jargon of Naples, and its diminutives and superlatives are favorable to the lighter kinds of poetry. It abounds, however, with so many contractions, that it requires much practice to be read with ease.

The only species of drama cultivated is the opera, for the theatres are large, and adapted to ballets and shewy spectacles. They make these theatres a rendezvous, where they receive and pay visits, take coffee and ices, and even play at cards. The pleasing operas of Metastasio, set to music by Cimarosa and Paesiello, and the comedies of Algarotti and Goldoni, are sometimes acted: but the ordinary performances, by admitting much extempore amplification, spoil the actors for more regular pieces. Among the comic actors is Lapanio, who has a small theatre at Palermo, and is highly popular with his countrymen, whose vices and singularities he is allowed to satirize without restraint or disapprobation. 'Music,' says Capt. S., 'is not so universal an accomplishment in these southern regions as it is usually imagined to be, for it is restricted to professional people.'

Gambling is the over-ruling vice among all orders in Sicily. The rural amusements are hunting, shooting, fishing, and the *riccolo*, or catching of birds by decoys. The chace of the wild boar, the wolf, and the fox, is also conducted with spirit. Partridges and plovers are decoyed by the call. Quails abound in April, May, and September. The delicious *molecilla fidecula* (*beccaficos*) is taken from March to September. Horse and carriage races, the *pallone*, an antient game, (viz. throwing backwards and forwards a leathern ball filled with air,) the *cuccagna*, a smooth pole greased, and hung round the summit with provisions, which form a reward to the successful climber, the noisy old game "*micare digitis*," (*morra*), blind-man's buff, &c., are their chief amusements.

The religion of the country, its festivals, its ceremonies, its clergy, and its monastic orders, have been so often described, that we must wholly pass over Captain Smyth's remarks on this important head.—He notices also the striking analogy between the Pagan and Roman Catholic polytheisms: but he has evidently availed himself of the elegant and valuable treatise of Mr. Blunt,—an obligation which might have been repaid by an acknowlegement.

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The third chapter of the volume consists of details relative to the north coast of the island. We have a short notice of the interesting but scanty ruins of Ægesta: but we could have spared the historical recapitulations of its antient state, which are familiar to most well-educated gentlemen, and, we might add, ladies, of the present day.

'At a short distance from Castell' à Mare are the interesting remains of a Doric temple, which, with vestiges of an ancient theatre, a little to the northward, are the only relics of Ægesta, the acrimonious foe of Selinus,' and the fomenter of two of the most memorable wars that ever desolated Sicily. They stand in a bleak, deserted, sterile situation, to the eastward of the boundary of the ancient city, and the only resting-place for the traveller is the shade of a neighbouring fig-tree, where there is a good spring of fresh water; the scenery and stillness, however, make it appear wild, grand, and impressive.

'The temple is built of a marine concretion, and from the unequal shape of some of the shafts, the want of a cella, and the form of some projecting stones, is supposed to have remained unfinished. It is, notwithstanding, almost entire: the stylobate, frieze, and architrave, are perfect, and none of the interior is deficient; a few stones of the entablature only are wanting. The columns are curious from being without flutings, although of the Doric order, and suddenly diminishing at both ends in a kind of groove, supposed to have been for the reception of the bronze astragal and torus. The intercolumniations are rather irregular, and at several of them the plinth is cut through for facilitating the entrance to the temple, so that the columns appear to rest on pedestals. On the whole, though of later date than those of Girgenti, it forms a singular and valuable architectural relic.'

Palermo stands on a large fertile plain, surrounded by mountains; and its population (about 180,000) is healthy, owing to the cleanliness of the streets and an abundant supply of water. It has been too often described, however, to render it necessary for us to follow Captain Smyth in his account of its appearance. — On the summit of the pile forming the royal palace is the Observatory, erected in 1748, when a singular phænomenon occurred for the first time in the history of astronomical science, — the conjunction of five planets in one sign of the zodiac. If the horizon visible from it had been expanded sufficiently, it would have been one of the first institutions of the kind in Europe. Here Piazzi discovered a new planet, and first observed two several comets; and his classification of the stars enabled other astronomers to discover the planets Pallas, Juno, and Vesta.

The Sicilian parliament sits in the Jesuits' college. Much was gained in the year 1812. The representation was more equally

equally balanced, and the press obtained a little more freedom; vassalage was annulled; the corn-laws were ameliorated; the tribunals were placed on a less arbitrary footing; and torture was abolished: but unfortunately the "*damasi*," cruel damp dungeons, without air, in which prisoners were confined for 40 days in order to force them to confess, (a period of time which they rarely survived,) are not destroyed. In 1816, again, the annexation of Sicily to Naples threw a dark shadow over the political hopes of Sicily. — Monreale, Bagaria, Termini, Cefalù, Caronia, Patti, Tyndaris, Milazzo, and Spadafora, occupy the rest of Captain Smyth's survey of the north coast; while Messina, Taormina, Riposto, Aci, Trizza, Catania, Mount Ætna, Lentini, Augusta, Syracuse, and Passaro, are the chief points in his detail of the east coast of the island. We insert his remarks on Scylla:

'As the breadth across this celebrated strait has been so often disputed, I particularly state, that the Faro Tower is exactly six thousand and forty-seven English yards from that classical bugbear, the Rock of Scylla, which, by poetical fiction, has been depicted in such terrific colours, and to describe the horrors of which, Phalerion, a painter, celebrated for his nervous representation of the awful and the tremendous, exerted his whole talent. But the flights of poetry can seldom bear to be shackled by homely truth, and if we are to receive the fine imagery, that places the summit of this rock in clouds brooding eternal mists and tempests, — that represents it as inaccessible, even to a man provided with twenty hands and twenty feet, and immerses its base among ravenous sea-dogs; — why not also receive the whole circle of mythological dogmas of Homer, who, though so frequently dragged forth as an authority in history, theology, surgery, and geography, ought, in justice, to be read only as a poet? In the writings of so exquisite a bard, we must not expect to find all his representations strictly confined to a mere accurate narration of facts. Moderns of intelligence, in visiting this spot, have gratified their imaginations, already heated by such descriptions as the escape of the Argonauts, and the disasters of Ulysses, with fancying it the scourge of seamen, and, that in a gale its caverns "roar like dogs;" but I, as a sailor, never perceived any difference between the effect of the surges here and on any other coast, yet I have frequently watched it close in bad weather. It is now, as I presume it ever was, a common rock, of bold approach, a little worn at its base, and surmounted by a castle, with a sandy bay on each side. The one on the south side is memorable for the disaster that happened there during the dreadful earthquake of 1783, when an overwhelming wave (supposed to have been occasioned by the fall of part of a promontory into the sea) rushed up the beach, and, in its retreat, bore away with it upwards of two thousand people, whose cries, if they uttered any in the suddenness of their awful fate, were not heard by the agonized spectators around.

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The town is built partly on the hill, and stretches down to the sea-shore on each side. A tolerable road leads up, though the steepness of the ascent in several places renders many windings necessary: the neighbourhood is exceedingly romantic, and there are many public buildings, but they often suffer so severely by lightning, especially the castle, that fatal accidents are frequent.'

With regard to the streight, Captain S. thinks that, from the adhesive quality of the sands, and from a strict examination of several localities, the channel has not widened. The currents in the Faro he found so numerous and varied, as to render it difficult to ascertain any precise fact relative to them: but the statements of the most experienced pilots generally approximated to each other. The profession of the writer gives unquestionable authority to his interesting remarks on this perilous navigation.

Messina contains a population of 73,000. Earthquakes are of frequent occurrence at this celebrated city; and strangers are advised, when such a visitation occurs, to repair instantly to the door-ways or windows, in order to avoid the falling beams, floors, &c., which invariably give way first. Southward of Messina, the country onwards towards Scaletta is fine and fruitful, and the whole coast is a series of villages, gardens, and vineyards. Contessa, Tremistiri, and Lardaria, carry on a thriving trade in raw silk. The silk-worms, originally introduced by Count Roger from Greece, have ever since continued to be cultivated in these places: but it seems that, genial as the climate is, the eggs are kept in warm rooms, admitting merely air enough for their preservation. In April, just before the hatching of them, the windows are closed, and a slow fire is kept up; the incubation having first been promoted by the women keeping the eggs in their bosoms, and putting them at night under their pillows. As the caterpillars are very voracious, an ounce of eggs will devour, to the third and last casting, on an average, 1500 pounds weight of mulberry leaves. The three changes take 40 days, when they roll themselves in pods, a few of which are preserved for the continuation of the species; the others are placed in the sun or a slow oven, to kill the chrysalis, and are then thrown into hot water to dissolve the glutinous particles. The raw silk is wound off over glass-hooks on reels; an occupation which supports great numbers of the female peasantry.

Catania is one of the most interesting cities in Sicily, but has been dreadfully ravaged by volcanic eruptions and by earthquakes. The remains of an hippodrome, theatre, odeum, naumachia, and gymnasium, temples, aqueducts, and baths, attest its antient importance. Its successive disasters have caused

caused the modern city to be frequently rebuilt: but that it should have been replaced on a spot so liable to destruction is among the many problems and inconsistencies of man. Its population is about 74,000. The environs of Catania, except the places over-run by the lava of 1699, are fertile and cultivated: but the volcanic nature of the soil gives it a black and sombre appearance.

Mount Ætna has been accurately and elaborately described both by antient and modern geographers. Among the modern writers who have done justice to its sublimities by the power of eloquence is Brydone: but we have always read him with some incredulity. The embellishments of style have in our opinion thrown considerable indistinctness over his celebrated description; for poetical phrases, and highly-wrought delineations of that which is in itself still grander than any picture whatever, excite no clear sensible image. We are dazzled, pleased, and delighted with a goodly assemblage of words: but they leave as little impression as the description of Vulcan's cavern in the same mountain by Virgil;

"*Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ,*" &c.

The sober account of Captain Smyth, however, carries with it an air of authenticity and truth, which are the first virtues of a traveller; and we shall extract some parts of his description, which, we think, brings the astonishing scenery of that wonderful volcano more clearly to the eye than any other with which we are acquainted. Having, by a base line trigonometrically estimated on the sea during a calm, from stasimetric points previously ascertained on shore, deduced the height of Ætna to be 10,074 feet, and its base to be about 87 miles in circumference, he observes:

'The ascent is very various on its different sides; that from Catania being about twenty-four miles, from Linguagrossa eighteen, and from Randazzo scarcely twelve. The extent of the base gives so easy an inclination to the sides, in most places, as greatly to facilitate the ascent; but, at the same time, it diminishes the grandeur of its aspect at first sight, and its commanding elevation is scarcely perceived, until the traveller has got nearly half way up, and begins to look down on the rest of Sicily, while the summit still seems as far from him as at first; then, indeed, the mountain assumes an appearance so noble, majestic, and imposing, that, associated with the considerations of its cause and effects, it excites the most intense interest, mixed with a degree of awe that elevates the mind, and inspires sublime feelings.

'Ætna is divided by nature into three distinct parts, or zones, distinguished by the appellations of the fertile, the woody, and the

the desert regions; each materially differing from the other in aspect, climate, and produce.

'The first region comprises the delightful country round the skirts of the mountain, and is very unequal in its dimensions, being in many parts from six to nine miles wide, and above Catania, nearly eleven; while, on the northern side, where the woods encroach, it is little more than a mile and a half. The whole is well cultivated, and thickly inhabited, with tolerable means of communication between the towns and villages. The soil is decomposed lava, consisting of argil, mixed with various kinds of triturated scoriæ, and beds of tufa; the last is an aggregation of volcanic substances produced by humidity, and often occasioned by the falling of heavy rain through clouds of ashes, during an eruption. This soil is easily worked, and extremely productive, yielding the finest corn, oil, wine, fruit, and aromatic herbs, in Sicily. The inhabitants, however, of many of these districts, from the numerous minute particles of volcanic dust that fly about, severely injuring and disfiguring their eyes, and soiling their persons, their furniture, and their houses, have a squalid, slovenly, and dejected appearance. These circumstances, with the want of water, and the numerous arid patches of lava amidst the surrounding vegetation, leave such a paradise little to be envied. In addition to these inconveniences, the constant danger of losing both landed and moveable property by an eruption must be borne in mind; a disaster, compared with which, earthquakes, hurricanes, plagues, and other visitations, are light, as these may be counteracted in a few years, whilst the other destroys for ages.

'To this part succeeds the woody region, an extensive forest of about six or seven miles in width, encircling the mountain, and affording abundant pasturage to the numerous flocks and herds that are fed there. The woods are irregularly distributed, according to the ravages of the burning lava, and the impolitic destruction of them by the natives. The neighbourhood of Maletto is richly clothed with fine oaks, pines, and poplars; above Nicolosi and Milo are produced stunted oaks, with fir, beech, cork, hawthorn, and bramble; and in the districts of Mascali and Piraino, there are groves of cork, and luxuriant chestnut trees. The vicinity of Bronte abounds with pines of great magnitude; but the Carpinetto boasts that father of the forest, the venerable "Castagno di cento cavalli," supposed to be the oldest tree in the world. It appears to consist of five large and two smaller trees, which, from the circumstance of the bark and boughs being all outside, are considered to have been one trunk originally; some say, the two smaller ones are saplings, planted purposely to complete the circle; the peasants strongly affirmed that the roots, having been inspected, were found to be in common, but not having had the means or permission myself, of examining further into the fact, I could not form a decided opinion. The largest trunk is thirty-eight feet in circumference, and the circuit of the whole five, measured just above the ground, is one hundred and sixty-three feet; it still bears rich foliage, and much small fruit, though

though the heart of the trunks is decayed, and a public road leads through them. Some other trees, of the same species, and of a very large size, are spread over the adjacent grounds; a vigour to be attributed, perhaps, to the quantity of nitrous particles contained in the soil of this part of the mountain, assisted by the decay of the numerous vegetable substances that flourish so luxuriantly around. Nothing can be more picturesque or romantic than several parts of this region; and the beneficial influence of its cool, refreshing temperature, is extremely grateful, when contrasted with the heat of the lower zone. Several extensive caverns have been formed by the action of gases and subsequent atmospheric erosion, among which, one is well known by the name of the Goat's Grotto, where travellers, on their ascent, formerly rested; but it has been neglected since the erection of the more convenient shelter higher up the mountain, called the English House.'

The desert region consists of black lava, scoriæ, and ashes; in the centre of which, on a desolate plain, rises the cone, to the height of about 1100 feet, the grand vent of the awful abyss below. Just under the cone stands the English house erected by the British officers stationed in Sicily, containing rooms and stabling,—a great convenience to those who ascend in the proper season, but for the most part of the year buried under the snow. The season for ascending is between the middle of June and the first rains of autumn; and from the equinox till the middle of October. The ascent from Catania through Nicolosi to the English house is easy either on mules or by a lettiga: but the progress thence to the top of the cone is a fatiguing achievement. The surface is so hot as frequently to render it impracticable to rest; and the soil, consisting of scoriæ, pozzolana, and triturated ashes, occasions the feet to sink or recede at every step.

'All the toils, however, are amply compensated on arriving at the desired point, a station inspiring at once delight and awe; and though from the change of climate, (amounting to upwards of 50° of Fahrenheit,) from the nitrous vapours, and from the rarefaction of the air, oppression and indisposition are sometimes felt, those sensations quickly wear off, and leave the mind in the full enjoyment of this glorious scene. Travellers usually arrange so as to arrive at the English house in the evening, when the dead silence between the occasional intonations of the volcano, the total seclusion from "the busy haunts of men," the brilliant stars sparkling in the pure ether above, unveiled by terrestrial mists, the mantling clouds excluding the view of the world beneath, all combine to create a high tone of feeling, and to inspire the imagination with an extraordinary warmth of colouring. It is highly gratifying in the morning to watch the transitions from the twilight before sun-rise, to the bright effulgence of the full orb of day; to

mark the progressive expansion of the superb panorama that breaks on the view; to trace the effects of a peculiarly brilliant light, and the powers of refraction, which show the varied objects with a distinctness and precision that produce an almost magical effect. I was induced, on my second visit, by a desire to avail myself of the translucid atmosphere, to take a theodolite, and observe the direction of various points; having failed to do so on my first journey, owing to the indisposition of my friend and companion, Captain Henryson, of the Royal Engineers, arising from a violent ejection of dense and sulphureous smoke, while we were exposed to all its influence.

'The crater, formed by the progressive accumulation of sand and ashes, is, from its nature, liable to constant changes; it was, on my last visit, surrounded by four eminences, the two northernmost of which were the largest, and formed the bifid summit. The upper periphery is an oval, stretching from east and by north to west and by south, with a conjugate diameter of four hundred and ninety-three yards. I was prevented from ascertaining the transverse by a dense cloud that arose before my operations were completed. From the edge of the crater, the interior, through successive strata of volcanic substances, is incrusted with various coloured efflorescences of ammonia, sulphur, and martial vitriolic salts, to the depth of about a hundred yards on the east, but considerably less on the west side. The efflorescences of a beautiful orange yellow are the most predominant. The bottom of the crater is plain, and tolerably hard, though, from being composed of loose cinders, the feet sink in some places. Near the centre, are two mounds of scoriæ and ashes, each with a large aperture at the summit, and several fissures around, from whence, at intervals, issue volumes of thick smoke, with a rumbling noise and hissing sound. There is also a light thin vapour, occasionally oozing from the bottom and sides of the huge amphitheatre, in every direction. I endeavoured to look into the principal chasm, but the rapid ejection of the cinders, and the strong sulphureous vapours that exuded, prevented me from attaining my object; and, indeed, I could not but feel apprehensive that a nearer approach, where the footing was so frail, might prove too hazardous; besides which, the heat and smoke had increased to such a degree, that it was high time to regain the summit.

'I afterwards walked round the Piano del Lago, (so called from melted snows having once formed a lake there,) adjacent to the cone, and noticed that the report of the prevalence of a southerly wind, generally blowing fresh and bleak in this elevated region, was not without foundation; the vapour being driven to the northward, falls in the form of water on that side, and has worn many small gulleys which the rains deepen into ravines as they descend; and, in the neighbourhood of Mascali, these fissures are so large, as to appear rather the effect of some great convulsion of nature, than the gradual operation of slow causes; yet it is by such agency alone, that the interior structure of Ætna is partially made known to us.

'While

'While making these observations, on a sudden, the ground trembled under our feet, a harsh rumbling, with sonorous thunder, was heard, and volumes of heavy smoke rolled over the side of the crater, while a lighter one ascended vertically, with the electric fluid escaping from it in frequent flashes in every direction. The shortness of the time that had elapsed since I was in the crater rendered me thankful for so providential an escape; but even from the spot on which we stood it was necessary to remove with the utmost expedition; and before we could effect our retreat, we were overtaken by a disagreeable, cold, humid cloud, that annoyed and retarded our progress. During some time, the ground shook so violently, that we apprehended the whole cone would tumble into the burning gulf (as it actually had done several times before), and destroy us in the horrible consequences; however, in less than a couple of hours all was again clear above and quiet within. The guide, indeed, did not seem to enter into our apprehensions, remarking, though he appeared to be one of the most ignorant of mortals, that it was only the giant turning himself!

'The symptoms which precede an eruption are generally irregular clouds of smoke, ferilli, or volcanic lightnings, hollow intonations, and local earthquakes, that often alarm the surrounding country as far as Messina, and have given the whole province the name of Val Demone, as being the abode of infernal spirits. These agitations increase until the vast caldron becomes surcharged with the fused minerals, when if the convulsion is not sufficiently powerful to force them from the grand crater, (which from its great altitude and the weight of the candent matter requires an uncommon effort,) they explode through that part of the side which offers the least resistance, with a grand and terrific effect, throwing red-hot stones, and flakes of fire, to an incredible height, and spreading ignited cinders and ashes in every direction. These occasional mouths are so numerous, that from one spot I counted upwards of fifty, and the quantity of matter they throw out quickly forms a mount round the new crater, usually from five hundred to a thousand feet above the surface from which they rise, though some are considerably higher; and many having been extinct for ages, are richly clothed with an exuberant vegetation.

'In a short time after the eruption, the lava bursts forth in a state of fusion, and glides at first with an awful velocity, but progressively decreases its rate as it cools and removes from the yawning source to a more level ground. As it increases its density, the sides begin to cake, and the surface becomes loaded with scoriæ, which falling over repeatedly in scaly waves, with a crackling rumble, retard the progress of the lava, until at length, unless very sulphureous and ferruginous, it does not move a furlong an hour, and in a few days its motion is so slackened as to be scarcely perceptible. It then, from the crusty scum that covers it, bears no terror in its appearance, being a moving mass of gigantic black cinders, burning and desolating, however, every thing in its course. When the component parts have been favourable to re-ignition, a shower of rain has been known to re-produce considerable

able heat and smoke, after a lapse of many months. From not having been able to keep pace with the real or imaginary daily discoveries in chemistry, I have retained the hypothesis as it struck me, respecting sulphureous and ferruginous lavas continuing longer in motion than other streams, although it may be objected to by those who maintain all lavas to have been perfectly fused, and to have assumed their stony texture and fracture from gradual cooling; but it would also be difficult, in that case, to explain the phenomenon of the presence of such a multitude of zeolites, schorls, chrysolites, and specular iron. The formation of basalts is a subject that has entirely baffled my researches.'

The length of our last quotation in particular, and the various extracts before made, must be our excuse for closing this volume without even a passing mention of the many interesting places which Captain S. commemorates in his view of the southern and western coasts, and of the Æolian or Lipari islands. We cannot take our leave, however, of this most industrious and well-informed writer, without expressing a strong sense of obligation to him for the valuable Appendix which is added to the work. To the nautical reader it contains matter of most useful reference; and the hydrographical remarks on the coasts and harbours of Sicily must be studied by all who are desirous of acquiring a minute knowlege of a very difficult and dangerous navigation. Accurate directions are given as to the soundings of every part of the coast; the relative points of it are distinctly enumerated; and the courses and distances from all the principal parts and headlands to the adjacent parts are noted in the degrees of the compass and nautic miles. These tables must be of incalculable benefit to his Majesty's service, and to seamen in general. Captain S. has also subjoined a table of the chief points of the survey in latitude north and longitude east of Greenwich, difference in time from that observatory. To make his publication still more extensively useful, he has enriched it also with a statistical table of Sicily, the compilation of which does great credit to his talents and perseverance. It contains a concise view of the present political constitution of the island; and future travellers will have reason, we predict, to thank him for the table in which he has noted all the places, in alphabetical order, where mal'aria may be expected, by phrases corresponding to the degrees of salubrity or insalubrity at each: viz. salubrious, wholesome, bad, very bad, execrable, damp, moist, tolerable, &c.

On the whole, we earnestly recommend Captain Smyth's book to our readers; who will derive from it much amusement and great information.

ART. II. *History of the Commonwealth of England*, from its Commencement to the Restoration of Charles II. By William Godwin. Volume the First. 8vo. pp. 496. 14*s*. Boards. Colburn. 1824.

WE never refuse an invitation to meet Mr. Godwin. Whether it has been our fortune to concur with him in opinion or to oppose him, we have generally found something ingenious in his argumentation to admire, occasionally something sophistical to detect, and always a fearlessness in the deduction of consequences which makes him, like the falconer in pursuit of his game, disdain all difficulties and brave all dangers. Various, also, are the departments of literature in which his ambition has led him to seek fame. In works of imagination he has been very successful; and in efforts of grave meditation and consecutive reasoning, as an "Enquirer" and as a "Moral and Political" philosopher, he has at least been eminently conspicuous: — he has provoked discussion on various questions of deep import to the well-being of society; and has never shrunk from the encounter which his doctrines have summoned him to sustain. His biography of Chaucer, unlike his "Lives of Milton's Nephews," was indeed a cumbrous and prolix performance, a "Much ado about Nothing;" in which, besides a spirit of egregious self-gratulation on some unimportant discoveries that had been elicited by his antiquarian research, he manifested a less venial spirit of depreciation towards those who had labored before him in the same field.

On the present occasion, likewise, as a reason for undertaking to write a 'History of the Commonwealth of England,' Mr. Godwin has judged it necessary to say, 'that there is no part of the history of this island which has been so inadequately treated as the characters and acts of those leaders who had, for the most part, the direction of the public affairs of England from 1640 to 1660. The men who figured during the interregnum were, immediately after the Restoration, spoken of with horror, and their memoirs were composed after the manner of the Newgate Calendar. What was begun from party-rage has been continued from indolence. No research has been exercised; no public measures have been traced to their right authors,' &c. &c. We may presume Mr. G.'s two-fold object, then, to have been, *first*, to bring new matter to light; and, *secondly*, on known characters and transactions to shed a new coloring. As to new matter, the obvious question to ask is, Where could he find it? What treasures have been unlocked to him, or what records unfolded, which have not been accessible to others? Avowedly, none. — He observes:

'With

'With respect to the materials of my history I have not much to remark. I trust it will not be found, that I have neglected any accessible means of information, or that I have been wanting in industry, and the careful sifting and examination of authorities. My most copious source of knowledge and certainty has been of a very obvious kind, the Journals of the Two Houses of Parliament. I was at first astonished to find that this source had been so little explored: but afterwards I perceived the cause. The Journals of the Commons were not put in print till 1742; nor those of the Lords till 1767; too late to allow of their being incessantly consulted by Hume and our most considerable historians.

'I am much deceived, if there will not be found a great degree of novelty in the following pages. Yet I do not even fear to be charged with betraying a love of singularity. The principal sources of my novelty are, first, patient industry and investigation, and, secondly, a determination to look at the facts themselves, undisturbed by the glosses of party-writers.'

A great portion of interesting matter, however, relating to this period of our history, has been laid before the public within the last twenty years; and much concerning 'the characters and acts of those men who figured during the interregnum, and who had the direction of public affairs from 1640 to 1660,' is to be found in Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs of her husband; a work to which we see no reference in these pages, and only a single one to the very ample Memoirs of Evelyn by Bray, or to the Life of Cromwell by his descendant.* While we give Mr. Godwin ample credit for patient investigation, and for resolution in looking steadfastly at facts alone, we do not acknowlege his claim to *exclusive* patience and resolution: nor have we found that 'great degree of novelty' in his volume which he had led us to anticipate, with respect either to fulness of detail or to vivacity of coloring. It is of the Republicans, or Commonwealthmen, he tells us, 'that it is the purpose of this work specially to treat. They were a set of men new in this country; and they may be considered as having become extinct at the Revolution in 1688. It will not be the object of these pages to treat them, as has so often been done, with indiscriminate contumely. They were many of them men of liberal minds, and bountifully endowed with the treasures of intellect.' He adds: 'That their enterprise terminated in miscarriage is certain; and a falling party is seldom spoken of with sobriety or moderation by the party that is victorious. Their enterprise might be injudicious: the English intellect and moral feeling were

* See our account of all these works in M. R. vol. liii., vol. xci., and vol. xcv.

probably not sufficiently ripe for a republican government: it may be, that a republican government would at no time be a desirable acquisition for the people of this country. But the men may be worthy of our admiration, whose cause has not prospered; and the tragic termination of a tale will often not on that account render the tale less instructive, or less interesting to a sound and judicious observer.'

This is perfectly true; and had the manifest misrepresentations of Lord Clarendon* and the partialities of Mr. Hume been left unexposed to the present day,—or had the illustrious and patriotic labors of the first Long Parliament, and the characters of the Puritans and Republicans of that period, been transmitted to us only in the pages of high prerogative and Tory writers,—Mr. Godwin would indeed have performed a most exemplary and welcome duty: but this duty had previously been fulfilled; and, without intending any disrespect, we must add that it had been at least quite as well executed. A history more extended, and written to elucidate that very period which Mr. Godwin seems to have imagined himself called to describe for the purpose of 'filling up a

* The great Lord Chatham says, in one of his letters to his nephew, Lord Camelford, (Letter ix. p. 59.) "I desired you some time since to read Clarendon's History of the Civil Wars. I have lately read a *much honester* and more instructive book: it is the History of the Parliament by Thomas May, Esq." The noble editor of Lord Chatham's Letters, the present Lord Grenville, volunteered a defence of Lord Clarendon against this broad charge of dishonesty, in the preface with which he introduced them to the public notice. This, however, is not the occasion to discuss the merits of Lord Clarendon as an historian or a politician:—as a personal friend, his character is unquestionably most exemplary:—but he had the misfortune to serve, and to be sacrificed and persecuted by, an unfeeling, corrupt, and profligate master, for whom he abandoned not only the ease and opulence but even the common necessaries of life. (See many of his Letters in Bray's Memoirs of Evelyn.) Yet Mr. Godwin has no tenderness towards him; and in his literary capacity we have as little. Still it is impossible not to feel respect for the zeal and self-devotion which he displayed in the day of his master's adversity, or indignation that these virtues could not elicit one solitary spark of gratitude from him in whose interests they had been displayed. When Lord Grenville asserts that Clarendon "was a lover of truth, and a sincere friend to the constitution of his country," we can give a very qualified assent to either of the propositions: for evidence without end to prove his disingenuousness as an historian, and to bring his love of freedom into suspicion, is to be found in the pages of Mrs. Macaulay as well as of Mr. Godwin.

chasm in our annals,' has been before the public considerably more than half a century; and the materials for it, too, were mainly collected from that 'copious source of knowledge and certainty' which he was, at first, 'astonished to find so little explored,' namely, the Journals of Parliament. The work to which we are alluding came from the hand of a woman: it was written, like that of Mr. Godwin, for the purpose of making us acquainted with the real character, dispositions, views, and opinions, not only of the leading men of the day but of the mass of the people; it breathes all those liberal and enlightened sentiments which naturally arise in the mind of one who, from her early youth, had read with delight those histories which exhibit liberty in its most exalted state, the annals of the Roman and the Greek republics; it contains a luminous and minute account of political and military affairs, during this, the most interesting and animating period of English history; and it conveys the evidence of a fervent devotion to the civil rights of her country, with a due expression of homage to patriots who sacrificed their tender affections, their property, and life, to secure those rights. Is it possible that Mr. Godwin has not read "The History of England from the Accession of James I. to the Elevation of the House of Hanover, by Catherine Macaulay?" Yet, if he had, he would surely not have pronounced that the characters and acts of those leaders, who had the direction of public affairs from 1640 to 1660, had been inadequately treated, nor have denominated that period 'a chasm in our annals' which it became him to fill up.

In a very good chapter (xiii.), Mr. Godwin expatiates on the spirit of the Presbyterian system, draws the portrait of the Independents, and describes the constitution and character of the Assembly of Divines, with the five different steps of gradual descent and diminished authority of church-government, as it has been practised in different ages and countries professing Christianity. These are, 1. Popery; the system of most perfect and absolute despotism. 2. Diocesan Episcopacy; issuing its canons and decrees, and fulminating its excommunications; aiming, though at a distance and with diminished flight, at the same splendor with the Roman Catholic religion. 3. Presbyterianism; not less exclusive and intolerant, and impressed with not less horror of the blasphemy and perniciousness of sects than the former. 4. Independency; 'its generous spirit of toleration and fearlessness of sects come in beautiful contrast with the systems before described: it demands no other liberty for itself than it is willing to yield to all others.' 5. Erastianism; so called

from Thomas Erastus, a German, contemporary with Luther. The Erastians held that religion is an affair between the creature and his Creator, in which no other man or society of men can be intitled to interpose; and, proceeding on this ground, they maintained that every person, calling himself a Christian, has a right to resort to any Christian place of worship, and partake in all its ordinances. The Erastians fancied that they detected a latent error, and saw a seed of despotism and oppression, even in the simple creed of the Independents; while their own strikes at the root of all priestcraft, as Mr. Godwin observes, and all usurpation of one man over the conscience of another.

'The crisis produced by the debates in the Assembly of Divines was one of the most momentous that could occur in the history of any country. The Presbyterians infinitely outnumbered their opponents in the assembly: a great majority of the citizens of London were Presbyterian; and the party was now fearfully and formidably reinforced by the general consent of the Scottish nation. The Scottish parliament and general assembly had entered into the recently concluded alliance, solely or principally, from their devoted love to presbyterianism. They had sent up their commissioners (the commissioners of the Scottish parliament arrived on the fifth of February), to watch that the league should be executed in the strictest construction which their party put upon it, by establishing an entire uniformity of church-government. A Scots army of more than twenty thousand men had entered England in the commencement of the year; and one of the Scottish divines sent up on the occasion very frankly acknowledges: "We purpose not to meddle in haste with a point of so high consequence, till it please God to advance our army, which we expect will much assist our arguments."

'The presbyterianism of all these parties was rigid. They held the necessity of a presbytery, congregational, provincial, and synodical, and asserted this system in all its parts to be of divine institution. They were filled with ideas of the beauty of religious uniformity. Truth was one; and God could only be suitably worshipped in truth. Latitudinarianism of principle was intimately connected with impurity of conduct. Christians were edified by a consent in one universally admitted creed; but were perniciously acted upon and distracted by a variety of discordant beliefs. It was easy to discountenance and prevent the growth of error, if the undertaking were entered upon in time. An impregnable barrier should be opposed; and then the nascent and imperfect inclination to wander would be checked in the beginning. What on the other hand could be more audacious towards God, and offensive to all good men, than the co-existence of a variety of sects? There was nothing so extravagant and monstrous in opinion, that had not at some time been adopted by one sect or another, till our common Christianity was rendered a scorn and

contempt in the eyes of its adversaries. The mind of man was prone to absurdity, and sought out many inventions; and, if not affectionately admonished, and wholesomely restrained, would run wild in inconceivable follies. Popery itself, in the eyes of a Presbyterian of this period, was less to be deplored, than a labyrinth of sects and schisms, in which reason was deserted, piety trodden under foot, and every kind of scandal obtruded on the observation of the holy and pure of heart.

'Such were the ideas of the Presbyterians. But a variety of circumstances were unfavourable to the establishment of their projects. England never abounded more in men of bold and independent thought than at this period; and, what was worse for the projectors in question, a great portion of these men were serious and conscientious, full of piety towards God, impressed with a deep sense of duty, and a strong conviction of what belonged to them as reasonable beings, each man accountable for his own actions. Scotland was at this time comparatively a nation of children; England of full-grown men, each individual in the most honourable sense a priest and a prophet for himself. The parliamentary armies in particular were full of such men. They had originally embarked in the cause of liberty in opposition to the usurpations of the king and the hierarchy. Could such men submit to the issue that they were to be priest-ridden by a set of church-governors, different indeed in habit, but acting on principles considerably similar to those against which they had first risen? Could they be contented to be told, You must think as the established national church thinks; you must pray and worship God as the national synod and parliament shall appoint? Or, if in your hearts you think otherwise, you must in outward form demean yourselves, as if the creed of each was formed to one imperious and prescribed pattern?

'No; each man was prepared to shed his blood in opposition to such tyranny. Had they fought against the king and the priest whom their hearts abjured; and was the issue of all to be, that they must submit to a legal uniformity? The terrors of fine, imprisonment, and pillory, the threats that, if they worshipped otherwise than in the mode prescribed by law, their places of worship should be shut up, and they themselves dragged before a magistrate to answer for their conduct as a crime, had originally put arms in their hands. They had fought for liberty, and perhaps most of all, for the liberty of obeying their own consciences, and consulting foremost the judge that every freeman feels as presiding in his own bosom.

'*The careless and imitative set of men that we call historians, have misrepresented all this. They have considered it as a struggle between two sects, the Presbyterians and Independents, and have necessarily led their readers to the enquiry which of these two sects was the worthiest. It is true that, at the times of which we are treating, the parties were called by these two names. But this was purely accidental.* The Presbyterians, indeed, were one: but the Independents, considered as a political party, were many, united

only in their love of intellectual liberty, and their zeal for toleration. It happened, that there was a certain small number of clergy in the assembly of divines, who pleaded for the independent government of particular churches, and that these men were exemplary in their lives, and of distinguished ability. But the party of the Independents, in this limited sense of the word, was always small. A number of sects, however, and sets of men embracing different religious opinions, enlisted themselves in the political party of the Independents. Erastians, Anabaptists, Millenarians, Fifth-monarchy men, individuals who even in these times did not borrow their creed from the country in which they were born, but thought like citizens of the universe, and sects, the very names of which have perished, all embarked in the sacred cause against Presbyterian usurpation, and a compulsory uniformity of religious worship and belief.'

The words which we have printed in italics sufficiently shew the very complacent opinion which Mr. Godwin entertains of himself, and the very contemptuous estimate which he makes of the 'careless and imitative set of men that we call historians.' — This chapter is written with great compression and perspicuity: but Mr. Godwin must not imagine that he is the first person who has explained the difference between the Presbyterians and the Independents: let him consult the fourth chapter of the fourth volume of Mrs. Macaulay. What does he mean by saying that the names by which these two parties were called was purely accidental? The Presbyterians were the only known party which, in the commencement of the civil war, had opposed the tyranny of the times. From the beginning, a secret distinction lurked among them, which common danger and a consciousness of the weakness that attends the infancy of party had for some time suppressed: but, as these dissenters increased in numbers, and as the power of the crown approached nearer to its dissolution, they no longer sheltered themselves under the wings of the Presbyterians: for then, avowing different principles and different views, they divided into a distinct party, and were styled Independents, — not accidentally, as Mr. Godwin supposes, — but from the nature of the tenets which they professed, and which rejected all church-power as productive of the worst kind of tyranny. They were called Independents because they allowed of no ecclesiastical subordination; all their congregations were formed on the principle of co-ordinacy; all essential distinction was denied between the laity and the clergy; vocation, institution, and imposition of hands, were rejected as politic snares; and the election of the congregation alone was sufficient to bestow the sacerdotal character. The Independents were an offset from the Presbyterians, and Mr. Godwin truly says that a number

of

of sects and sets of men inlisted themselves under their political banners. The doctrine of toleration, adopted by the liberal of almost all persuasions, owed its origin to the Independents; whose declared averseness to persecution and church-tyranny was too opposite to the bigotry and views of the Presbyterians, not to produce high contest and animosity. "Do unto others as ye would be done unto" is a maxim of Christ, but not always of sectarian Christianity. The Independents, indeed, were perfectly consistent: but not so the Presbyterians, who although they had nobly resisted civil tyranny, and had loudly complained of ecclesiastical tyranny when exercised against themselves, now exclaimed that toleration was only an indulgence for soul-murder, maintained the eternal obligation of their covenant to extirpate heresy and schism, and menaced all their opponents with the same rigid persecution which they had themselves suffered. Such was the horror entertained of freedom from ecclesiastical restraint at this period, that the reformed churches of France, Swisserland, Geneva, &c., gave their judgment against the pretensions of the Independents to the full rights of conscience; asserting that it was better to suffer episcopacy itself, though the vestments and apparel of the great whore, than to bring in such a horrible confusion as was veiled under the name of Independency. The whole Scotch nation, likewise, joined with the English Presbyterians; and such is the inconsistency of human nature, that, when the Scotch church were themselves struggling against the King's tyranny in endeavoring to force Episcopacy on them, they passed an act against the toleration of dissenters from Presbyterian doctrine and discipline: thus committing the same violence on the consciences of their brethren which they so justly opposed in the King. Publications, also, contrary to the Presbyterian doctrine were burnt by order of parliament: but, when the Assembly of Divines had voted presbytery to be of divine right, the Independents, assisted by Selden, Whitelock, and others, had so far prevailed that the Parliament refused their assent to the doctrine.

Mr. Godwin thus briefly draws the characters of Fairfax and of Cromwell:

'It was undoubtedly a strong measure, that, at the very moment that a law was pressing, to exclude all members of either house of parliament from holding offices civil or military, *a single exception*, and that of so conspicuous a nature, should have been determined on, as the appointment of Cromwell to be second in command under Fairfax. But there are emergencies of so striking a nature, as to supersede all rules. Fairfax was an admirable officer: but it will be decided by all posterity, as it was decided by their contemporaries, that it was impossible to name a man in the island of

so consummate a military genius, so thoroughly qualified to conduct the war with a victorious event, as Cromwel. He was also, whatever some historians have said on the subject, of scarcely less weight in the senate than in the field. Cromwel was besides an accomplished statesman. There was in this respect a striking contrast between him and Fairfax. Fairfax, richly endowed with those qualities which make a successful commander, was in council as innocent and unsuspecting as a child. He had great coolness of temper, an eye to take in the whole disposition of a field, and to remark all the advantages which its positions afforded, and a temper happily poised between the yielding and severe, so as to command the most ready obedience, and to preserve a perfect discipline. Fairfax was formed for the executive branch of the art military in the largest sense of that term. But in all that related to government and a state, he seemed intuitively to feel the desire to be guided. He was not acquainted with the innermost folds of the human character, and was therefore perpetually liable to the chance of being led and misled. He was guided by Cromwel; he was guided by his wife; and, if he had fallen into hands less qualified for the office, he would have been guided by them. But Cromwel saw into the hearts of men. He could adapt himself, in a degree at least exceeding every character of modern times, to the persons with whom he had dealings. He was most at home, perhaps, with the soldiers of his army: he could pray with them; he could jest with them: in every thing by which the heart of a man could in a manner be drawn out of his bosom to devote itself to the service of another, he was a consummate master. It was not because he was susceptible only of the rugged and the coarse, that he was so eminently a favourite with the private soldier. He was the friend of the mercurial and light-hearted Henry Marten. He gained for a time the entire ascendancy over the gentle, the courteous, the well-bred, and the manly Earl of Manchester. He was the sworn brother of Sir Henry Vane. He deceived Fairfax; he deceived Milton.'

In the former part of this extract, Mr. G. is adverting to the "Self-denying Ordinance;" which, after many fruitless conferences between the two Houses of Parliament, passed on the 3d April, 1645. Whitelock says that Cromwell was not the *single* exception to its operation, but that Sir William Brereton, Sir Thomas Middleton, and Sir John Rich, being members of the House of Commons, were ordered to continue in their commands forty days longer, notwithstanding the ordinance. The author would have done well if he had consulted the long and minute account of the occasion and origin of this ordinance in Mr. Cromwell's Life of the Protector. Is Mr. G. correct in saying that Cromwell deceived Milton? We doubt it, and gave our reasons on a former occasion. (See Monthly Review, vol. xcv. p. 4.)

Mr. Godwin has selected that period of our history for the employ-

employment of his pen, to which England owes all her freedom and therefore all her glory. It cannot, therefore, be too often studied; nor can the conduct of the leading men on both sides be too carefully or too suspiciously judged, in consequence of the aspersions which each was disposed to throw on the other. Cromwell has received the honor that was entirely due to the very parliament which he dissolved; — the honor of having carried to its highest eminence among other nations the rank, character, and power of England: for he maintained the reputation of his government by the maritime force which the Long Parliament had previously raised and supported, and by the skill and bravery of the naval commanders whom they had placed over it. — To this period of our history we always recur with a justifiable feeling of national pride; a sense, as it were, of elevation and expansion; and to this glorious epoch Mr. Godwin's work may invite renewed attention. We shall be glad, also, if what we have said should invite others to the perusal of Mrs. Macaulay's admirable history of it, which is written in the same spirit, and with no inferior energy, reflection, or research.

This first volume closes with an account of the mutinous proceedings at Newark among Charles's officers, after his fatal defeat in the battle of Naseby.

ART. III. *Abdallah;* an Oriental Poem: in Three Cantos. With other Pieces. By Horace Gwynne. 8vo. pp. 168. 8*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Richardson. 1824.

IT is impossible not to feel the force of Mr. Gwynne's apology for enlisting himself among the crowd of competitors for poetic fame, viz. the strong unconquerable desire of being a poet; and when we recollect what mighty minds have been animated into greatness by the same hallowed enthusiasm, we are unwilling by one unkind animadversion to damp the generous hopes of this youthful aspirant. We cannot, indeed, soothe him in the flattering strain of commendation with which Statius hailed the early promise of poetic fame in Lucan,

"*Puer ô dicate Musis*
Longævos cito transiture vates,"

but we can venture to promise him no ignoble rank in the art of which he is enamoured, if, by an assiduous study of good models, and the sacrifice of those luxuriances which a warm and unrestrained fancy pours forth in the first moments of conception, he matures and disciplines the talent of which

'Abdallah,'

'Abdallah,' and more particularly the minor poems of his volume, afford pleasing auguries. It is this admonition which we must be permitted to press on Mr. Gwynne. We must not, perhaps, object to the peculiar character of poem of which he has made choice; for, though the poetical romance is fundamentally objectionable, it has received in the examples of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron, and in the general admiration of their readers, a sanction which secures it from critical reproof. We are too late, we fear, with our demurrer; otherwise, we might have been tempted to record some of our objections to the form and construction of these poetical narratives, which were scarcely known in the elder literature of the country, and are repugnant to all its classical and established models: but the naturalization of an exotic kind of writing among us does not absolve it from rule or restraint.

Verbal descriptions, in the hands of all but the most accomplished masters, are apt to lose that distinctness and discrimination, without which poetry conveys to the mind little more than a mass of strong and brilliant lights. It is in the minute shadowing, the individuality imparted to each object, that real genius consists. That quick and intuitive discernment, indeed, is an attribute of nature, which she has indulged only to her most favored votaries; — that power, we mean, of detecting characteristic differences where vulgar eyes see nothing but uniformity. In this respect, however, good taste, by which we would signify a well-disciplined observation, will effect much. It is, in truth, an essential requisite of the art; for, poetry being only the result of those images which are already stored up in the memory, and which the fancy or the invention of the poet disposes into new combinations, it follows that those combinations will be confused and indistinct, if he has not by personal study and attention become familiar with the objects which he delineates. "*Ut pictura poesis.*" Mr. Gwynne may be assured that the ideal personages of poetry will never be conformable to truth, or even to probability, unless the exemplars from which they are copied are first examined and studied with the most unwearied solicitude; and this he will not accomplish while he enslaves himself to a peculiar sect of poetry, or follows too much the manner and peculiarities of any specific poet. In this case, his leading ambition, viz. that of resembling his model, will render him indifferent to his own impressions, and thus seduce him away from simplicity and nature. No man can be a poet who does not express his own thoughts in his own language, for language is only embodied thought; and he who borrows the style and phraseology of another ought

ought to borrow, at the same time, his mind and disposition. Much of the obscurity with which Mr. Gwynne's 'Abdallah' is chargeable may be traced to this sorry vice of imitation; and, as it is the destiny of all imitators to catch the faults of their prototype in a much greater ratio than his beauties, the faults are aggravated, because they are unredeemed by those circumstances which inclined us to pardon or overlook them in the original; for if a great poet, by the magic of his genius, throws splendor over the blemishes and vices of his manner, or if, as it often happens, those blemishes and vices have an affinity to his excellences, it is obvious that an imitator can claim no such indulgence. The worst effect, however, we repeat, of mimicry in poetic composition, is that the writer no longer delineates his own impressions, or the images traced by his own study and experience, but, by an association which acts irresistibly on his mind, from adopting the phrase and style of the poet whom he copies, is induced to adopt his characters, his situations, his scenery, — in one word, every thing which is *his*.

Never was this error more strongly illustrated than in the present poem of 'Abdallah;' and if we did not augur much good from the writer's future efforts, or if we had thought so meanly of him as to suppose that self-love would avert his ear and his understanding from our remonstrance, or had ranked him among the tribes of those poetical insects who buz in such rapid succession around us, and are proof against all rebuke or admonition, we should not have employed half so many words on the subject. The other pieces in his volume evince a cultivated taste, and a correct ear. We cannot conscientiously pay the same compliments to 'Abdallah;' and if our hints respecting the mannerism, obscurity, and incorrect versification of this poem require more distinct specification, we are ready with our proofs. Abdallah, an Arab chief, (the story is taken from the history of the Prophet,) had been defeated by Mohammed:

> 'But plunged in racking dreams he moved not,
> As in the giddy whirl of burning thought,
> Each rising scheme did its forerunner blot.
> Projects rose thick, were scanned, and cast aside,
> This through mere changefulness, and that through pride;
> Till one more wild, more daring than the rest,
> Ate, like a fire, the others from his breast,
> And fixed its influence on a swelling throne,
> That daring deeds had ever called their own.
> 'There was a tower—he once had served its lord—
> With wealth of Iran, India, Cathay, stored;
> Obtained — no matter how — Abdallah deemed
> It well and fairly won in fight, nor dreamed

That

That in the west were those who called it vice
To mount the desart barb; perhaps the price
Its riders often pay, might lurk within
Their craven thoughts while railing at the sin.
To this, through rough defile and rocky glen,
Where oft the desert brood dispute with men
The doubtful empire, where the tiger's growl
Oft mingles with the fell hyæna's howl,
When some lone traveller's corse all mangled lies,
The reeking, dripping, half-devoured prize,
Contended for — repaired the gloomy son
Of brave Al Melack; spoke his wish, and won
The wished-for boon. As pious pilgrim, now
War's bloody crest no longer shades his brow;
But still the dagger, thirsting for the stroke
Death follows quickly, lurked beneath the cloak
That, black and ample, still the emir spoke.

'And now he backward traced his way, and sought
The scene, to harrow up each desperate thought,
Where that day fell his youthful friends, and where
Their bodies now lay blackening in the air,
Exhaling noxious vapours in the blast,
To guide the vultures to their rich repast,
Whose heavy flapping wings and ominous cry
Awoke the desert echoes; swiftly by
Shot the half-famished ones, who now were come
To revel on the human banquet; some
Sated with gore, and reeking from the spoil,
Were overgorged, unequal to the toil
Of lengthened flight, they sought some neighbouring steep,
There undisturbed to woo the power of sleep.

'The sleeping waste in midnight's mystic garb
Lay wide outstretched; he curb'd his fiery barb,
And bending with a sigh his chastened glance
To one dark spot, that through the wide expanse
Was marked too well; the pearly eye of night
Had wrapped it in her vest of magic light
That gives the various, many-coloured view
One soft, enchanting, half-distinguished hue.
'Twas where the awful sister of the Sun
Had that day seen her emblem trampled on —
Had seen the deep, the sanguinary strife
Maintained to the last ebbing pulse of life
By many a gallant son of Araby,
That now lay floating on the endless sea
Of crystal light, whose waves do break upon
The emerald base of God's eternal throne.
He stood on Arafat's sky-circled brow,
Marking its giant shadow shrink below,
Which seemed, as it retired, to strew the plain
With war's brave monuments — the festering slain!
And fancy, madly wayward in the best,
Despotic in the fiery Arab's breast,

Informed

Informed with life the shade, endowed with power,
And called the rival of the Moonlight Hour;
Who, when the day withdraws its golden light,
Spreads o'er the couch of starry spangled night
His tenuous wings, through which the bright-gem'd sky
Comes in its cold dark splendour on the eye,
Like a rapt vision of those things that be
Hid 'neath the veil of God's eternity,
When the deep thoughts are winging fast above
Sight's utmost bounds, beyond those worlds that move
Like wandering points of light, and picturing there
The seat of the "first beautiful, first fair!"
But when the moon in mystic majesty
Comes from her cavern in the sprayey sea,
And spreads o'er silvery wave and tower-crowned height
Her limpid, far-diverging, stainless light.
The genius Shadow, shrinking home again,
Contracts his wings, and in his hoary den
Powerless reposes, while his rival soars
In heaven's midway, embrightening as she pours
Around her marble smiles.'

We have often objected to the separation of the preposition from the substantive in the couplet, but the divorce of the auxiliary verb from its help-mate,

'Those things that be
Hid 'neath the veil of God's eternity,'

is the most abominable among the affectations of the modern school. So again, page 49. lines 19, 20, &c.

The second canto undergoes a change of metre, and the heroic verse is suddenly resumed in the middle of the third. We cannot, after "The Lady of the Lake" and "The Lay of the last Minstrel," deny that the eight-syllable verse is susceptible of grace and elegance, or that it may not be made the medium of the grandest as well as the tenderest emotions: but, were we not accustomed to the vagaries of modern poetry, we might dispute the right of a poet, in the course of a regular composition, to frisk *ad libitum* into all sorts of metre. The extreme facility and easy flow of this versification, also, frequently leads to negligence: but Mr. Gwynne's fancy is less impeded in its progress, we think, in this part of the composition; and he seems to be much more at his ease than in the solemn and sonorous stanza. As a favourable specimen, we cite the beginning of the second canto:

'Virtue awakes in man's strange breast
A rapt, a fiery, dangerous guest—
Enthusiasm, that oft betrays,
In thousand wild fantastic ways,

Its

Its bright creatress. In the dream
Of life how oft its meteor-gleam
Leads us astray! As when the sun
Darts down his rays upon the waste,
The seraub leads the traveller on
Its dim unreal waves to taste;
Urged by his burning thirst he flies
To where, clear sparkling to his eyes,
The thin delusive vapour wreathes
Its mimic waves: — he droops, he breathes, —
When the false waters all are fled, —
The burning pest-blast in their stead.
The prophet led his youthful guest
To where the humble simple feast
Was spread; — earth's chastest loveliest gifts,
The almond, pomegranate, and grape,
Still wet with dew, — the flower that lifts
Among the buds its blooming shape,
Breathed 'mid their leaves its matchless smell;
And in the midst a jasper vase,
With water from the holy well,
Well filled the once unhallowed place
Of Persian wine, that o'er the sense
Exerts its fierce omnipotence.
'But near the simple board there stood,
In pensive dignity and pride,
Two forms, which, even in that cold mood,
Would fair have seemed by Helen's side.
The elder, with a matron smile,
In which divine and human love
Were mingled so, it might beguile
An angel from its seat above,
Or raise within the youthful breast
Of innocence, a deadly guest, —
So blended were its powers, so even
'Twas balanced between earth and heaven! —
Welcomed the youth. The other seemed
Buried in vestal thought, that now
Left mild and unperturbed her brow,
Which looked as cold and pure as snow
Beneath the raven's wing. There gleamed
Forth from her dark chaste eye, a fire
That, 'mid the springs of soft desire,
Lit up a pure and holy flame,
A mingling glow of love and fame.'

Among the minor poems, we notice the translation from Anacreon's little ode which Mr. Gwynne has fallen into the common mistake of intitling "To a Grass-hopper." We extract it, remarking only that Anacreon's sense would have been rendered better if θέρεος γλυκύς προφήτης had been translated literally, "sweet prophet of the spring."

'Blest

'Blest, O Grasshopper! art thou,
Seated on the lofty bough,
Sipping glittering drops of dew,
Singing songs for ever new.
Like a king thou look'st around
O'er the finely-cultured ground:
Whate'er the laughing seasons bear
As they pursue the circling year;
The rose, the olive, and the vine —
All, all thou ever seest is thine.
The rough rude tiller of the earth
Joys to hear thy harmless mirth:
Nay, thy sweet prophetic song
Foretelling summer-days among
The green leaves floating, mortals all
Cheering, soft, delightful call.
The very muses, and their king,
Phœbus, love to hear thee sing —
Nay, the latter taught, they say,
Thy merry song to wind away.
Old age on thee, and on thy strain
Exerts its withering power in vain,
Thou earth-born master of the lay,
All unlike a child of clay!
Unsuffering, fleshless, free, thy fate
Is like the happy gods' estate.'

We trust that our gentle hints will not discourage the apparently amiable and ingenuous poet before us. In him, we think, study, reflection, and that familiarity with good authors which is the surest preservative from the infection of bad taste, or the mannerism of a peculiar school, will bring into full maturity poetic talents of a superior order, and place salutary restraints on an imagination which requires to be rebuked not in its flights but only in its wanderings.

ART. IV. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mrs. Frances Sheridan,* Mother of the late Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, and Author of "Sidney Biddulph," "Nourjahad," and "The Discovery." With Remarks upon a late Life of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan; also Criticisms and Selections from the Works of Mrs. Sheridan; and Biographical Anecdotes of her Family and Contemporaries. With a Portrait. By her Grand-daughter, Alicia Lefanu. 8vo. 12*s.* Boards. Whittakers. 1824.

ONE of the early volumes (xxiv. O. S.) in our "long line of labor" recorded the publication of the "Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph," and some of us can remember the great popularity which it acquired, and the great avidity with which it

was read: for in the circulating libraries it retained an undisputed supremacy long after its appearance, and even down to a period comparatively recent. It is a novel in the true Grandison school. The same exactness of detail, the same pains to make us thoroughly acquainted with the character and situation of the personages with whom we are occupied, and occasionally something of that prolixity with which merely preparatory scenes are depicted, and which have too often the effect of exhausting the reader's attention before he arrives at the momentous passages in which some important passion is brought into play, or some measure is adopted which decides the destiny of the piece, — these characteristics are in a great degree common both to the master and his disciple. In Sidney Biddulph, as in Clarissa Harlowe, though with less copiousness of description, (much of which we can afford to spare in Richardson,) we are let into the domestic privacies of the characters, in a manner which inspires a powerful conviction of their reality: — we form one of the party, and take a share in those pleasing though often wearisome chit-chats, which, leading to no consequence, and sometimes retarding the progress of the story, insensibly impart to us a sincere sympathy for all that befalls the individuals to whom we are introduced. Yet, in other particularities of the school, Mrs. Sheridan manifests little or no resemblance to Richardson. Of the stiff and unnatural air of some of his virtuous characters, which injured the moral effect of his pieces nearly as much as the brilliant and engaging qualities with which he endowed several of his most vicious personages, nothing is to be seen in the Memoirs of Sidney Biddulph: while in knowlege of the human heart and in a powerful pathos, the latter work nearly equals the best production of Richardson. The fable also is well managed, and the incidents lead gradually and necessarily to the catastrophe, which is sufficiently melancholy. Dr. Johnson, a warm admirer both of the lady and her book, exclaimed, in allusion to the pathetic close of it, "I know not, Madam, that you have a right, upon moral principles, to make your readers suffer so much!" Altogether, Sidney Biddulph, though not likely to regain her former popularity, or to resist the setting in of so many new tides of taste and new modes of composition as have prevailed since her days, is justly intitled to a place in our libraries; and her mournful tale can never be read without improving the heart that it softens.

The fair writer of such a novel (to say nothing of her "Nourjahad," an eastern tale not without merit,) deserved perhaps some biographical notice, and her amiable character

certainly merits eulogium: but the time, we think, is gone by, at which such a notice would have been generally interesting. If she can now excite solicitude about her personal history she must owe it to the circumstances which have reflected back some part of the honors so fully reaped by one of the first orators, and unquestionably the first dramatic writer, of his age, on the parent who gave him birth. It is only as the mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, that she is now known or recollected; and when the volume, which is the subject of our present article, came into our hands, the name and the promise emphatically given in the title-page awakened some agreeable hopes of new and curious anecdote relative to that highly-gifted genius. We were disappointed. Miss Lefanu has, indeed, corrected several gross misrepresentations in the book which Dr. Watkins facetiously styles the Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, but little or nothing original has been imparted; and we could have wished that, since almost the whole was a misrepresentation, she had not expended so much time and trouble in the useless contradiction of one or two calumnies, or the rectification of one or two blunders. The work had long been consigned to the fate that awaits the hasty, crude, indigested trash of biographers, who undertake the life of a celebrated man as soon as his breath has left his body, from the same mercenary motive with which the tradesman undertakes his funeral. As, however, the little in her Memoir that pertains to Mr. Sheridan is its most interesting part, — though we are far from being wanting in due respect for the more immediate subject of it, — we shall introduce a specimen or two of Miss Lefanu's corrections of Dr. Watkins; and we think that our readers will not be displeased with some pleasing verses on Lady Margaret Fordyce, of which we believe only the eight lines beginning with "Marked you her eye of sparkling blue," set to a very charming air by Stevenson, have been published. We lament that the fair biographer did not insert the whole of that easy and polished piece of versification.

'It now only remains,' says Miss Lefanu, in her last chapter, 'to examine some passages relating to the late Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan himself.

'The first is a literary mistake. It is observed in the "Memoirs," p. 182, 183.

'"When the breathings of affection are expressed in harmonious numbers, and clothed with the richness of metaphor, they are certain of giving pleasure to the female object of adoration. Even the extravagance of hyperbolical adulation, and the absurdity of allegorical comparison, will, in such cases, be received as

pure incense, of which these lines descriptive of the personal charms of Miss Linley afford a striking evidence:

"Mark'd you her eye," &c.

Now it so happens that the lines by R. B. Sheridan, beginning, "Mark'd you her eye," were written in praise, not of Miss Linley, but of Lady Margaret Fordyce, sister of Lady Anne Lindsay, the charming author of "Auld Robin Gray," and at that time the reigning belle of Bath. An anonymous poem, entitled "The Bath Picture," had appeared, containing a description of the principal beauties then admired at that fashionable watering-place. When the bard arrived at the name of Lady Margaret Fordyce, he could only afford her the following moderate praise:

'"Remark too the dimpling sweet smile
Lady Margaret's fair countenance wears."

Mr. Sheridan, who was often of Lady Margaret's parties, and felt for her the enthusiastic admiration of a young poet, seized the pen, and in answer to "The Bath Picture," entitled "Clio's Protest, or the Picture Varnished," after several pretty severe strictures on other parts of the poem, thus castigates the anonymous bard for his insensibility, and vindicates the lady's transcendant charms:

'"But hark! did not our bard repeat
The love-born name of Margaret?
Attention seizes every ear;
We pant for the *description* here.
If ever dulness left thy brow,
Pindar, we say, 'twill leave thee now.
But oh! old Dulness' son anointed,
His mother never disappointed;
For after all we're left to seek
A *dimple* in Fordyce's cheek.
And could you really discover,
In gazing those sweet beauties over,
No other charm, no winning grace,
Adorning either mind or face,
But one poor dimple to express
The quintessence of loveliness.
Mark'd you her eye of sparkling blue?
Mark'd you her cheek of rosy hue?
That eye in liquid circles moving;
That cheek abash'd at man's approving;
The one, love's arrows darting round,
The other blushing for the wound;
Did she not speak, did she not move,
Now Pallas, now the Queen of Love!"

'The reader of taste will perceive a great beauty in the sudden change of accent in the line beginning, "Mark'd you her eye," which actually gives the impression that the poet had struck into

into a new measure, although the poem is throughout in eight-syllable verse.

'The last eight lines were set to music, and became deservedly popular. They breathe the very soul and spirit of beauty, and flow with a force and fire which proves how successfully Mr. Sheridan might have devoted himself to poetry, had not higher cares entirely absorbed his attention.'

Concerning "The School for Scandal" we have the following anecdote, adduced as an answer to a sneaking insinuation of Mr. Sheridan's biographer.

'"There were persons," says Dr. Watkins, "who roundly asserted *that the play was written by a young lady, the daughter of a merchant in Thames Street;* that at the beginning of the season, when Mr. Sheridan commenced his management, the MS. was put into his hands for his judgment; soon after which the fair writer, who was then in a state of decline, went to Bristol Hot-wells, where she died.

'"*Very observable* it is, that notwithstanding the general circulation of a charge, which, if true, must materially injure the moral and literary reputation of Sheridan, he never took the pains of repelling it, or of establishing his right to the brightest performance that bears his name." — P. 221. He never took the pains of repelling a report that his play was written by a *young* lady! The School for Scandal by a *young lady, the daughter of a merchant in Thames Street!!!*

'But lest it should be said that exclamation is not argument, and that one single fact is worth the most eloquent expressions of indignation, I will here briefly give the history of "The School for Scandal," upon the undoubted authority of the author's only surviving sister; and thus oppose to the groundless calumny that clear refutation which Mr. Sheridan through his life disdained to give.

'Early introduced into the world, and placed in difficult and critical situations, Mr. R. B. Sheridan often saw his own name the sport of calumny, which, although it sometimes excited a smile, yet often gave rise to more painful feelings. At Bath, then famous for the manufacture and circulation of ungrounded stories, his duels and other romantic adventures were magnified and misrepresented in a thousand different ways. When he was recovering of his wounds, it was one of his amusements to read the daily accounts of himself in the papers, and say, "Let me see what they report of me to-day; I wish to know whether I am dead or alive," &c. (The ridiculous and contradictory reports then afloat certainly gave rise to the highly humorous duel-scenes in "The Rivals," and "The School for Scandal.") Other falsehoods sunk deeper into his heart; and having a mind turned to reflection, although his spirits were often led away by gaiety, the young poet conceived the noble plan of attacking the "hydra, scandal, in his den," and exposing, in a spirited picture, the wide extended mis-

chief that may ensue from the encouragement of a censorious spirit.

'His sister, who was with him when these ideas were first working in his mind, had the opportunity of watching his thoughts as they arose, while yet they were

'"Like diamonds in their infant dew."'

Mr. Sheridan's first wife, it is well known, was Miss Linley, one of the daughters of the celebrated composer of that name; and on this subject Miss Lefanu thus corrects another mistake of the biographer:

'The extraordinary story of Miss Maria Linley's (sister to Mrs. Sheridan) "expiring at the harpsichord" is not correct.* She died of a fever, and was attended by Dr. Harrington, a gentleman no less celebrated for his medical skill than for his musical abilities. A little time previous to her death, when confined to her bed, she raised herself up, and with unexpected and momentary animation sung a part of the anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The female attendant, who related the scene to Mrs. H. Lefanu (the mother of the writer), described it as the most affecting she had ever witnessed. The pathetic, and almost super-human sweetness of the notes breathed by the young and lovely creature, who was just departing from them, and the awful hope inculcated in the words of the air she had chosen, contributed to give an appearance of inspiration to this last effort of a voice that had delighted every ear. Dr. Harrington was greatly overcome by the scene, and could only exclaim, "She is an angel!" as he left the room. Exhausted by the effort, she sunk into the arms of her attendant, and shortly afterwards breathed her last.'

Miss Lefanu's contradiction of a most barefaced misrepresentation of Mrs. Sheridan's last moments, in which the conduct and character of her husband are assailed by implication, does great credit to her. The anecdote related by Dr. Watkins is calculated to wound the feelings of a very respectable family, and to convey an erroneous notion of the heart and the affections of a man, who, however he might be wanting in prudence and circumspection, was in this respect above reproach.

'"One morning," (says Dr. Watkins,) "when Mrs. Sheridan was about to take an airing on the neighbouring downs, she found that the carriage and horses had just been taken in execution by an unfeeling creditor. It may naturally be supposed that a shock so sudden and rude would operate with deadly effect upon a frame already enfeebled beyond the power of recovery, and hanging as

* "She expired," says Dr. Watkins, "at Bath on the 5th September, 1784, while singing Handel's exquisite anthem, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'"

it

it were by an imperceptible thread over the margin of the grave. The stroke, indeed, acted with similar violence to the wintry blast upon a tender plant; for the sufferer, bending before it, burst into tears, and retired into her chamber, out of which she never came again till the lifeless form was conveyed to the silent mansion, '*where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.*'" (*Memoirs of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan.*)

'It is not clear *who* is meant by the concluding quotation in the text, but the biographer may rest assured, that, through whatever channel he obtained the anecdote of the carriage being stopped, it is quite an invention. Had such a circumstance taken place, Mrs. Sheridan was surrounded by tender and watchful friends, who never would have exposed her to the *chance* of such a shock. The fact was, she was with great difficulty conveyed to Bristol, and never regained strength to bear the motion of a carriage. She ventured a few times to the Wells in a sedan-chair, her husband walking beside her. Indeed, the affection and solicitude he shewed during the whole time of her illness was such as could not be surpassed.

'A lady of the highest respectability, whose friendship for Richard Brinsley Sheridan and his wife was of twenty years' standing, and who was with Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan at the time of her decease, thus wrote to Mrs. H. Lefanu, who was in Ireland, and most anxious to know every particular respecting a friend so dear.

'"..... The truth is, our poor friend is in a most precarious state of health, and quite given over by the faculty. Her physician here, who is esteemed very skilful in consumptive cases, assured me from the first it was a *lost case;* but as your brother seemed unwilling to know the truth, he was not so explicit to him, and only represented her as being in a very critical situation. Poor man! he cannot bear to think her in danger himself, or that any one else should, though he is as attentive and watchful as if he expected every moment to be her last. It is impossible for any man to behave with greater tenderness, or to feel more on such an occasion than he does."

'If these expressions do not contradict the charge of thoughtless unkindness on Mr. Sheridan's part, which must be inferred from the anecdote in the text, I know of none sufficiently strong to answer that purpose. The description of Mrs. Sheridan's death-bed scene is still more striking.

'"Our dear departed friend kept her bed only two days, and seemed to suffer less during that interval than for some time before. She was perfectly in her senses to the last moment, and talked with the greatest composure of her approaching dissolution, assuring us all that she had the most perfect confidence in the mercies of an All-powerful and merciful Being, from whom alone she could have derived the inward comfort and support she felt at that awful moment. She said she had no fear of death, and that all her concern arose from the thoughts of leaving so many dear and tender ties, and of what they would suffer for her loss!—

Her own family were at Bath, and had spent one day with her when she was tolerably well. Your poor brother now thought it proper to send for them, and to flatter them no longer. They immediately came: it was the morning before she died. They were introduced one at a time, at her bed-side, and were prepared as much as possible for this sad scene. All our feelings were awakened for her poor father: the interview between him and the dear angel was affecting and heartbreaking to the greatest degree imaginable. I was afraid she would have sunk under the cruel agitation: she said it was indeed too much for her.

'"She gave some kind injunctions to each of them, and said every thing she could to comfort them under this severe trial. They then parted, in the hope of seeing her again in the evening; but they never saw her more! Mr. Sheridan and I sat up all that night with her. Indeed, he had done so for several before, and never left her for one moment that could be avoided. About four o'clock in the morning we perceived an alarming change, and sent for her physician. She said to him, 'If you can relieve me, do it quickly; if not, do not let me struggle, but give me some laudanum.' His answer was, 'Then I will give some laudanum.' She desired to see Tom * and Betty Tickell † before she took it, of whom she took a most affecting leave. Your brother behaved most wonderfully, though his heart was breaking, and at times his feelings were so violent, that I feared he would have been quite ungovernable at the last: yet he summoned up resolution to kneel by her bed-side, until he felt the last struggle of expiring excellence, and then gently withdrew.'

We have no doubt that many of the anecdotes respecting Mr. Sheridan, to which malice and folly have alike concurred in giving currency, rest on the same suspicious testimony: for those who engage in the petty warfare which has ever subsisted, and will ever subsist, between mediocrity and greatness, are glad to avail themselves of the imagined superiority which ease and affluence seem to give them over the talent that awes and overtops them, in order to pull it down to their own level. With such men, in whose ethical system to want money is to want virtue, these wretched stories, which only calumny could invent and only credulity believe, have found no unwilling credit, and have been pushed into circulation with their usual distortions and exaggerations. Of some of them, a detailed refutation would be in our power; and, in extending our

'* Her son, the late Thomas Sheridan.'

'† Miss Elizabeth Tickell, daughter of Richard Tickell, Esq. and Mrs. Sheridan's beloved sister, Mary Tickell. After Mrs. Tickell's death, Mrs. Sheridan had, with her husband's approbation, taken entire charge of her niece, whom she adopted, and who, after the death of that affectionate relation, was placed by Mr. Sheridan at Miss Lee's seminary, in Bath.'

scepticism

scepticism to the rest of the cruel stories which were fastened on Mr. Sheridan's living reputation, and have since cast their deadly blight on his memory, we should be justified by our conviction that the union of genius and virtue is more frequent than a few unfortunate instances of their divorce might induce a gloomy mind to apprehend.

ART. V. *The Odes of Anacreon of Teos*, translated by William Richardson, Esq. With Notes. 12mo. pp. 183. Boards. Whittakers. 1824.

WHY is it that every versifier tries his hand on Anacreon? Can it be imagined by any person of liberal education that the beauties of the Greek bard, his simple and negligent graces, the purity of thought which may be recognized even in his pleasures, and the innocence that appears even in his licentiousness, are within the reach of all who can pen a stanza? On the contrary, we have scarcely an antient whose characteristics are less susceptible of transfusion into a foreign language. Tender, concise, unaffected, and gentle, — these peculiar qualities, which distinguish him from every other worshipper of the lyre, manifest a strange and unexpected coyness when a translator woos them in his own tongue. If Anacreon be paraphrased, he is Anacreon no longer: yet without paraphrase it is not possible to translate him. This might perhaps be a tempting opportunity to pass a few strictures on former translations: but it would be an invidious task, and we decline it. We shall only observe that by far the most popular translation, that of Mr. Moore, is a monument rather of the polished wit and sprightly talent of the English poet, than of the inimitable and unimitated felicities of the old Grecian. Mr. Moore's verses are too highly wrought; to use a phrase of Petronius, they are too much "*sesamo et papavere sparsa*," — too redolent of oriental perfumes, — to remind us of that peculiar sweetness which smells of nothing, — that "*bene olet, quia nil olet*," which is the perfection of terrestrial fragrance.

If any poet was qualified to translate or rather to imitate Anacreon, it was Cowley. The air of stiffness and constraint, which to a certain degree was perceivable in all his writings, vanished when he was employed on the themes congenial to his taste; such as Claudian's Old Man of Verona, or Martial's hendecasyllables beginning "*Vitam quæ faciant beatiorem*," and his "*Vis fieri liber*." Mr. Bland, in his Greek Anthology, justly places Cowley at the head of all the translators of Anacreon: yet his verses are rather spirited imitations than verbal

verbal translations; and it was for this peculiar excellence that he was justly commended by Denham in the beautiful lines on his death:

> " To him no author was unknown,
> Yet what he wrote was all his own.
> * * * * *
> He did not steal but emulate,
> And when like them he would appear,
> Their garb but not their clothes did wear."

We know scarcely any thing of Anacreon's personal history; and the little that we do know is not much increased by the biographical notice of Mr. Richardson. The story of his having been choked by a grape-stone might as well have been omitted: for no doubt some wag or commentator inflicted on him this allegorical death, and the joke immediately became part of his history. Yet whoever Anacreon was, or rather whoever was the author of the little pieces of poesy which have borne his name, internal evidence sufficiently indicates that they were composed in a state of literature much earlier than the epigrams which constitute what is called the Anthology, and which have been preserved in the repositories of Brunck and Jacobs; for there is abundant reason to infer that the greater part of these were written just before the dark ages, though it is remarkable that they betray none of the forced conceits or the effeminate and languid softness of a corrupt period, but are on the contrary distinguishable for strength, conciseness, and purity of language. It may be as well to observe that, with regard to the faithful rendering of Anacreon's odes, in which much of his grace and elegance is preserved, we have scarcely any translation that exceeds that of Henry Stephens, his first editor.

Perhaps, however, we have kept Mr. Richardson too long waiting in our anti-chamber: it is at least time to admit him; and we are sorry that we cannot acquiesce in his own estimate of his own translation, that 'where he may be thought paraphrastic he has not deteriorated;' or grant that he has eminently succeeded in the object which he proposed to himself, 'to give to the poetry as much as he could of the happy hilarity, the delicate wit, and the fine flow of the original.' Let us begin with the second ode, εἰς Γύναικας.

> 'Nature to bulls hath given horns;
> The horse the circling hoof adorns;
> Fleetness of foot she gave the hare;
> To lions, teeth, and eyes that glare;
> To fish ordain'd the liquid seas;
> Birds wing the firmament at ease.

Courage

Courage she gave t' imperial man; —
What then, throughout her mighty plan,
For Women had she left to give?
Why, Beauty! — it will more achieve
Than shields, than spears, or swords, or fires,
Or all the arms which man requires:
At Beauty's shrine resistance flies;
She all subdues beneath the skies.'

Is it fastidious cavilling to say that, in this specimen, the hilarity, the delicacy, and above all the happy flow of the original, are wanting? It is observable that, with the happiest simplicity, (αφελεια,) Anacreon makes nature the distributor of her various gifts to the different species which he enumerates; and therefore a translator, who was solicitous to adhere religiously to the spirit and taste of his author, would have taken the greatest pains to preserve the several dative and accusative cases following the verb ἔδωκεν, through the whole series of gifts: but Mr. Richardson violates the exquisite simplicity of Anacreon in the second verse:

'The horse the circling hoof adorns.'

Again, why does Mr. Richardson render λέουσι χάσμ' ὀδόντων thus?

'To lions, teeth, and eyes that glare.'

Anacreon does not say one word of eyes that glare; and as for teeth, that would scarcely have been a very *appropriate* gift, since nature has provided so many animals with them: but the peculiar gift to the lion is that which distinguishes him from other animals, and renders him characteristically tenacious of his prey, viz. the wide intervals in the jagged rows of his teeth, specifically implied in the χάσμα ὀδόντων. The translator also interpolates the simple diction of Anacreon by 'imperial man,' as well as 'mighty plan;' a piece of declamation worthy of Ovid. We say nothing of the rhymes 'give' and 'achieve.' Φρόνημα is not rightly translated *courage*. Such a quality would not have been a peculiar gift: but that which eminently distinguishes man from inferior animals is foresight, or wisdom, contradistinguished from a blind instinct.

Mr. Richardson's translation of the next ode, to Cupid, which begins Μεσονυκτίοις ποθ' ὥραις, is pre-eminently the worst with which we are acquainted: — but in the exquisite ode, also on Love, Ταχινθίνῃ με ῥάβδῳ, he is periphrastic with a vengeance. Who, in rendering Ὁ δ' Ἔρως μέτωπα σείων, which is nothing more than Cupid "waving his soft wings over my face," would have thought of borrowing two rhymes from Pope's "Verses by a Person of Quality?"

'When

'When Cupid turned, and with his *pinions*
Most softly beat *the air's dominions.*'

The author appears to be much enamoured of those verses, for he introduces them also in the ode on a Dove:

'Oh charming dove! whence, whence do you
So swiftly fly through th' ether blue?
Sublimely, whence, on silver *pinions*
Speed you through *nature's sweet dominions?*'

and all this phraseology is employed to denote her motion through the air, ὑπ' ἠέρος θέουσα: — but, reverting to the former ode, why is

Ταχινθὶνη με ῥάδῳ
Χαλεπῶς Ἔρως βαδίζων

translated,

'The little subtle god one day
Walked *limpingly* the verdant way:'

for who does not recognize, in the χαλεπῶς βαδίζων, the unconfirmed pace of an infant, not the hobbling of an old man afflicted with the gout?

Such is Mr. Richardson's deficiency in poetic language, that he is compelled by the necessity of finding a rhyme to take the most unconscionable liberties with his poet. Thus, in the verses addressed to one of those waxen images of Cupid, which, so far from being *rare*, were to be found in every house and exposed for sale at the corner of every street, he translates, (ode x.)

Ἔρωτα κήρινόν τις
Νεηνίης ἐπώλει.

'A waxen Cupid, beauteous, *rare*,
A certain youth with rustic air,
Expos'd for sale.'

The context shews that images of this kind could not have been rare; since the youth says to Anacreon, Give me your own price for it, for, to tell you the truth, I am not κηροτέχνης, *i. e.* a maker of these images: which shews that they were household emblems, manufactured for sale by artists who devoted themselves to that employment. Nothing can be more tame, or more destitute of fire, than Mr. Richardson's conclusion, in spite of the recurrence of fire, flame, glowing soul, &c. A solecism may be detected, and a piece of dubious grammar, in the two following lines:

'But, god of Love! do thou me fire, —
Me instantly with soft desire.'

Surely the verb 'fire' is too intense for 'soft desire.'

The

The next ode is that which has been so exquisitely rendered by Cowley:

> " Oft I'm by the women told,
> Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old :"

but, in the hands of Mr. Richardson, this simple beginning is spun out into four verses, while the original contains only six words, one of which is the prepositive article.

> Λέγουσιν αἱ γυναῖκες,
> Ἀνακρέων, γέρων εἶ.

Mr. R. talks of 'arch-eyed fair ones, breathing of sweets and youth's perfume,' of which Anacreon says not a syllable:

> 'The arch-eyed fair ones in their bloom,
> Breathing *of* sweets, and youth's perfume
> Exclaim, why now, Anacreon,
> Lo, thou art bald, *thy locks are gone;*'

which last is rather a natural consequence of being bald.

The translations of the xvth ode, beginning Οὐ μοι μέλει Γύγαο, and of the xxvith, beginning Οταν ὁ Βάκχος εἰσέλθῃ, appear to us to be the best in Mr. Richardson's volume, and we therefore extract them; remarking that the last two lines of the former ode ought to be read thus, with Barnes,

> Μὴ νῆσος, ἤν τις ἔλθῃ,
> Λέγῃ, σε μὴ δεῖ πίνειν.

'*On Himself.*

'The wealth of Gyges, Sardis' king,
I heedless view; its lures ne'er bring
To me delight, — nor captivate:
The charms of wealth let princes state.
I view not gold with jealous eye,
Nor envy kings their shining joy.
'Tis my concern, with odours rare,
With rich perfumes, t' anoint my hair,
And touch my beard with moisture sweet,
And wreathe a flow'ry garland neat,
To crown my head;—there roses shine,—
Emit their fragrance half divine.
'Let me to-day in pleasure spend,
For who can count to-morrow's end?
'Serenely calm, then, let me drink;
The bowl still makes me promptly think,
And throw the dice with careless ease,—
And pour libations, — ruby seas
To Bacchus, god of viny bliss,
(All, all the charms of wine are his,)

Lest

Lest fell disease display her wing,
Make mute the lyre's harmonious string,
And say, you must not freely live,
Nor the enchanting cup receive.'

Of the other translation, we may say that it is the best of the whole, although we are surprized that the change of the iambic in the last three lines of the original was not felt by the translator. Φέρε μοι κύπελλον, ὦ παῖ is a different measure from Οταν ὁ βάκχος εἰσέλθῃ, and ought to have been met with a corresponding change in the English.*

'On Himself.

'When Bacchus penetrates my soul,
Cares then sleep,—have no controul:
Of Crœsus' wealth I seem possess'd;
Sweet melody reigns in my breast:
Harmoniously I wish to sing,
The wine-god prompts the tuneful string;—
While, crown'd with ivy, I recline,
The universe, in thought, is mine;
I tread on kingdoms, empires; all
Beneath my sov'reign influence fall!
'Give me, O boy, a cup divine,
High foaming o'er with rosy wine;
Prepare the genial, sparkling stream,—
Much better 'tis that I should dream
Suffused in sleep with Bacchus' charms,
Than stretched lie in Death's cold arms.'

Both Cowley and Moore have preserved the spirit of Anacreon's beautiful apology for drinking; and Shakspeare long before had given it a grand paraphrase, in Timon of Athens:

"I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun."

We will first cite the original, and then Mr. Richardson's translation; and having, in justice to the vituperative tenor of our remarks, made the extract, we will leave it to our readers,—in short, to every scholar or man of letters,—to determine whether they have been tinctured with undue severity.

Ἡ γῆ μὲλαινα πίνει,
Πίνει δὲ δένδρε' αὐτην·

* These lines are probably the fragment of another poem, as Herman has suggested.

Πίνει

Πίνει θάλασσα δ' αὔρας,
Ὁ δ' ἥλιος θάλασσαν,
Τὸν δ' ἤχιον σελήνη.
Τί μοι μάχεσθ', ἑταῖροι,
Κ' αὐτῷ θέλοντι πίνειν:

which is thus *done into English* by Mr. Richardson:

'*That we ought to drink.*

'The black earth drinks,—the trees drink it;—
Absorption seems to all things fit:
The sea imbibes the viewless breeze,
The sun inhales the liquid seas;—
When Sol's diurnal course is done,
The moon absorb's the golden sun.
'O why, companions! why do you
Contend with me, when I pursue
My bent of mind, and freely swill?
I only Nature's laws fulfil.'

We could wish that some person of taste and judgment would undertake a collection of the best translations from Anacreon, that are to be found in Ben Jonson, Cowley, Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Girdlestone, and Moore.

ART. VI. *Journal of a Second Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific:* performed in the Years 1821, 1822, and 1823, in his Majesty's Ships Fury and Hecla, under the Orders of Captain William Edward Parry, R.N. F.R.S., and Commander of the Expedition. Illustrated by numerous Plates. Published by Authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. 4to. pp. 600. 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Murray. 1824.

ART. VII. *The Private Journal of Captain G. F. Lyon,* of his Majesty's Ship Hecla, during the recent Voyage of Discovery under Captain Parry. With a Map and Plates. 8vo. pp. 480. 16*s.* Boards. Murray. 1824.

WHATEVER may be the ultimate result of the recent and reiterated attempts to enlarge the boundaries of northern discovery, the liberal and humane principles on which the several expeditions undertaken for that purpose have been planned, and the ability, zeal, and heroism of the individuals engaged in conducting them, are intitled to the unmixed applause and gratitude of the public. Even should every effort to establish the existence of a practicable communication between the two oceans eventually fail of success, yet no inconsiderable accessions may be made to our store of physical information, and the doubtful question may be put to rest for ever.

ever. Under these impressions, we open with avidity every authentic record of the proceedings of our navigators, who devote their time and their services to such arduous and hazardous enterprizes; and we feel solicitous to impart to our readers an ample abstract of their transactions. On the present occasion, however, there are reasons which induce us to limit our report to a single article; for we cannot overlook the unavoidable similarity and monotony which characterize the relation of similar occurrences, such as a tardy or critical progress through icy seas; nor would we dissemble our inability to convey to our readers any distinct and connected indication of such a progress, without adopting into our pages a very undue portion of the original narrative. Much of the text, also, of both the publications now before us, is devoted to accounts of different tribes of Esquimaux; which, though somewhat more philosophical and extended than the prior statements of Ezede, Crantz, and others, yet do not substantially differ from them, and will not therefore require extended notice.

The two Journals, having been composed with different views, will not materially interfere with each other. That of Captain Parry, being the formal and official document, very properly includes much professional matter which Captain Lyon, whose only aim was to amuse his friends at home, purposely suppressed. The diary of the latter, therefore, which is penned rather in an easy and lively than in a studied and correct style, is more accommodated to the taste of the general reader, and to the purse of the middle classes of the community; while nautical and scientific persons will preferably seek to peruse the more bulky volume, with its more solemn and measured phraseology. It bears, indeed, every internal mark of a faithful and impassioned transcript of all the occurrences of the voyage which the author deemed worthy of committing to writing; and even the semblance of phlegm and uniformity, which would repel the devourers of our modern novels, may be construed into a pledge of the strictness with which he has adhered to the precious maxim of representing objects and events precisely as they passed before his observation.

With regard to the leading objects of this second expedition, they were, to persevere in the search of a passage between the Atlantic and the Pacific, to ascertain the northern limits of the American continent, to make such astronomical and other physical observations as circumstances would allow, and to bestow every reasonable attention on the productions and inhabitants of the regions which might be visited. The

two ships, in some respects more completely equipped than heretofore for the exigencies of their prolonged and perilous wandering, and accompanied by the Nautilus transport, to attend them to the confines of ice, took their departure from the Little Nore on the 8th of May, 1821.

The remarkable rocky islets, called the *Stack* and *Skerry*, were found to be fourteen or fifteen leagues distant from Hoy Head, instead of ten, as laid down in most of the charts.

On the evening of the 20th of June, both vessels made fast to an ice-berg, for the purpose of clearing the transport of her stores, which service was not completed till the 30th; and, on the following day, the Nautilus took leave on her return to England. In pursuance of his instructions, Captain Parry shaped his course for Hudson's Straits, the entrance to which he reached on the 18th of June: but the ice of these latitudes, which is seldom passable before the first week of July, considerably impeded his progress; and it was not finally cleared without difficulty and hazard. — When off the Savage islands, a polar bear was shot, of unusual dimensions, and weighing upwards of 1600 pounds. That the flesh of this quadruped is poisonous is doubtless a mistake: but its liver, we believe, is not eaten with impunity, although no satisfactory cause has been assigned for the deleterious quality of that viscus. — In the same latitude, our people were first visited by groups of Esquimaux, who came off in their canoes for the purpose of bartering toys and commodities; and who evinced much selfishness, together with the most disgusting coarseness of manners.

'Though there appeared to be several small openings as if between islands along this coast, yet we saw none of any magnitude like that marked "Jackman's Sound," in Mr. Arrowsmith's chart, which we must have plainly noticed had it existed as there laid down. The fact is, that the inlet, so called by Sir Martin Frobisher in the year 1576, has its only *known* entrance on the south shore of the strait bearing the name of that navigator, its communication with Hudson's Strait being a matter of very doubtful conjecture. I believe, indeed, we may safely consider the land, by whatever name it may be designated, as continuous the whole way from the East Bluff, as far westward as North Bay.'

The highest of the Savage islands was found to be composed of gneiss, granite, and mica slate. Among its vegetable productions were remarked sorrel, scurvy-grass, poppy, saxifrage, &c.; and among its animals, the hare, ptarmigan, snipe, and snow-bunting.

After having weighed the conflicting statements of Captain Middleton and Mr. Dobbs, Captain Parry determined to steer

steer in quest of the Frozen Strait of the former, through which a passage, he apprehended, might possibly be effected. In the prosecution of this object, he directed his course, though not without diffidence, by Southampton island; which consists of gneiss, and is about 1000 feet above the level of the sea. The small coves on the shore are strewed with pieces of lime-stone, which whiten the water. On landing in one of these recesses, shoals of young coal-fish surrounded the boat; and belugas, seals, and narwhals, played about during the night. — Low-lying calcareous land was soon afterward discovered, closing the bay, and intercepting all hope of farther progress through this opening.

Landing again in latitude 65° 27′ 37″, and in longitude 85° 15′ 58″, the voyagers found the dip of the magnetic needle to be 87° 27′ 52″, and the variation 47° 34′ 05″, westerly. Here were procured specimens of *Colymbus Arcticus*, and *C. septentrionalis*, or Red-throated Diver. A few reindeer were also observed, but too shy to come within gun-shot; and whales were sporting near the beach. The channel always narrowing and shoaling as the ships proceeded northward, and the rapidity of the tide increasing, it was soon ascertained that no farther advance could be made in that direction; and it was consequently resolved to try whether any communication existed with the Welcome, to the south of the low land, by the westward. Again, however, the continuity of coast was completely established; and the extensive and fine bay which it forms, constituting a very capacious and safe harbour, was named after the Duke of York, having been first entered on the birth-day of his Royal Highness.

The expedition next, 'unconsciously,' entered Repulse Bay, the continuity of the boundaries of which was in like manner ascertained; and thus was a formerly much agitated point completely settled. Here Captain Middleton's observations were found to be generally correct; although some of his reckonings, owing to the imperfect state of nautical instruments in his day, and the non-allowance for local attraction on the needle, which was not even suspected, are open to revision. — The sluggish traversing of the compasses was now very apparent.

It would be tedious, and indeed impossible, for us to accompany our patient and intrepid navigators through all the inlets which they were destined to explore, under the formidable disadvantages of struggling with masses of ice, deceitful tides, and fickle or stormy weather: but it would be unpardonable not even to allude to this highly meritorious department of their exertions. Yet, so discouraging in the outset was the result

result of their laborious and skilful investigations, that, in the course of a month, they found themselves near the very spot from which they had started; and this, too, during the best part of the navigable season. — At length, on the 8th of October, the closing in of the ice compelled them to pause from their active operations, and to lay up their ships in *Winter island.*

'In reviewing the events of this our first season of navigation,' says Captain Parry, 'and considering what progress we had made towards the attainment of our main object, it was impossible, however trifling that progress might appear upon the chart, not to experience considerable satisfaction. Small as our actual advance had been towards Behring's Strait, the extent of coast newly discovered and minutely explored in pursuit of our object, in the course of the last eight weeks, amounted to more than two hundred leagues, nearly half of which belonged to the continent of North America. This service, notwithstanding our constant exposure to the risks which intricate, shoal, and unknown channels, a sea loaded with ice, and a rapid tide, concurred in presenting, had providentially been effected without injury to the ships, or suffering to the officers and men; and we had now once more met with tolerable security for the ensuing winter, when obliged to relinquish further operations for the season. Above all, however, I derived the most sincere satisfaction from a conviction of having left no part of the coast from Repulse Bay eastward in a state of doubt as to its connection with the continent. And as the mainland now in sight from the hills extended no farther to the eastward than about a N.N.E. bearing, we ventured to indulge a sanguine hope of our being very near the north-eastern boundary of America, and that the early part of the next season would find us employing our best efforts in pushing along its northern shores.'

Precautions were now taken to secure the ships against the effects of the winter-tides, or the disruption of the ice; and to preserve a comfortable temperature between decks by means of heated air, which obviated the accumulation of moisture. A systematic arrangement was, at the same time, adopted for the economical distribution of provisions and stores; a portable observatory was set up on the shore; recourse was again had to theatrical entertainments, musical parties, and other expedients for promoting the cheerfulness of the officers and men during their gloomy and protracted confinement; and those of the crews, who had enjoyed the advantages of education, undertook the instruction of their ship-mates in reading and writing for two hours every evening. On Sunday, Divine service was regularly performed on board the Fury, by the Reverend Mr. Fisher, the astronomer, the officers and men of the Hecla attending on the occasion. Even the severest cold

did not repress the exertions of the officers in exhibiting their dramatic performances once in a fortnight, their sole object being to amuse the men. Thus, on the 8th of January, their "green-room," which was as much warmed as any other part of the theatre, indicated a temperature of 16°; and on a table which was placed over a stove, and about six inches above it, the coffee froze in the cups. 'For my sins,' says Captain Lyon, 'I was obliged to be dressed in the height of the fashion, as Dick Dowlass, in the "Heir at Law," and went through the last scene of the play with two of my fingers frost-bitten! Let those who have witnessed and admired the performances of a Young, answer if he could possibly have stood so cold a reception.'

Before the ships were permanently frozen in, several whales came up, to blow in the small pools left open by cutting the ice: but the young ice prevented the boats from approaching them.

'I have before mentioned,' says Capt. Parry, 'the myriads of small shrimps, (*cancer nugax*,) which for some weeks past had been observed near the surface of the sea. These insects were found to be still as numerous as ever in any hole we made in the ice; and such was the extreme avidity with which they immediately seized upon any meat put overboard, to thaw or soak for the sake of freshness, that Captain Lyon to-day sent me a goose to look at, belonging to the officers of the Hecla, that had been thus deposited within their reach only eight-and-forty hours, and from which they had eaten every ounce of meat, leaving only a skeleton most delicately cleaned. Our men had before remarked that their meat suffered unusual loss of substance by soaking, but did not know to what cause to attribute the deficiency. We took advantage, however, of the hunger of these depredators to procure complete skeletons of small animals, for preservation as anatomical specimens, enclosing them in a net or bag with holes, to which the shrimps could have access, but which prevented the loss of any of the limbs, should the cartilage of the joints be eaten. For want of this latter precaution, some specimens were at first rendered imperfect.'

At midnight, on the 20th of October, the thermometer fell to −10°; whereas on the 23d, on the veering of the wind to the S. E., it gradually rose to + 23°, — a change which every body felt as *disagreeable*.

'We had often before remarked, that considerable alterations in the temperature of the atmosphere are as sensibly felt by the human frame, at a very low part of the scale, as in the higher. The difference consists only in this, that a change from −40° upwards to about *zero* is usually a very welcome one, while from *zero* to the freezing-point, as in the instance just alluded to, it becomes

becomes to persons in our situation rather an inconvenience than otherwise. This may be more readily imagined, by considering that our clothing, bedding, fires, and other precautions against the severity of the climate, having been once adapted to a low degree of cold, an increase of temperature renders them oppressive and inconvenient; while any reduction (of the first two at least) is impracticable with safety. To this must be added, that at this temperature the snow becomes too soft for convenient walking, and the accumulation of ice in the crevices and linings of the officers' cabins is converted into a source of extreme annoyance, which, while it continues solid, is never experienced. It is true that these inconveniences occur in a much greater degree in the spring; but, being then hailed as the harbingers of the return of permanent warmth, it is easy to obviate some and would be hard to complain of any of them.'

On the 13th of December, the temperature of the atmosphere was so low as −31; on the 20th of January, it fell to −40, which was the lowest degree observed during this winter; and it did not ever rise, in the shade, above the freezing point till the 27th of April.

The Aurora Borealis was frequently perceived, but without producing any sensible effect either on the electrometer or the magnetic needle; and Captain Lyon seems to have satisfied himself that the alleged rustling noise accompanying the coruscations is merely fanciful. In calm weather, the Aurora has a tendency to form an arch, which sometimes stretches like a rainbow over the sky, while in stormy weather it flies with the rapidity of lightning. In Winter island, it was most frequently noticed in the south-eastern quarter of the heavens. A singular exhibition of this phænomenon is thus described:

'On the afternoon of the 14th, the Aurora began to shew itself as soon as it was dark, consisting principally of rays shooting up from the horizon in the E. b. N. towards the zenith, and sometimes passing through but very little beyond it, towards the opposite side of the heavens. Just before ten o'clock, however, a much finer display of this phenomenon presented itself than we had yet seen this season. There still remained a place near the horizon at E. b. N., whence a bright light seemed constantly to issue, and if any part of the phenomenon could be said to continue uniformly the same, it was the leg of a broadish arch in that point, which scarcely ever changed its place or the intensity of its light. The arch was at times completed, or thrown over to the W.S.W., being 15° high in the centre, and generally about 2° broad, though in this respect it was irregular and somewhat variable. The lower part of the arch was always well defined, the space under it appearing dark, as if a black cloud had been there, which, however, was not the case, as we saw the stars in it unobscured except by the light of the Aurora. The upper side

of the arch was never well defined; but its light was gradually softened off, so as to mingle with the azure of the sky, and often sent up coruscations towards the zenith.

'Thus far description may give some faint idea of this brilliant and extraordinary phenomenon, because its figure here maintained some degree of regularity; but during the most splendid part of its continuance, it is, I believe, almost impossible to convey to the minds of others an adequate conception of the truth. It is with much deference, therefore, that I offer the following description, the only recommendation of which perhaps is, that it was written immediately after witnessing this magnificent display.

'Innumerable streams or bands of white and yellowish light appeared to occupy the greater part of the heavens to the southward of the zenith, being much the brightest in the S.E. and E.S.E., from whence it had indeed often the appearance of emanating. Some of these streams of light were in right lines like rays, others crooked and waving in all sorts of irregular figures, and moving with inconceivable rapidity in various directions. Among these might frequently be observed those shorter collections or bundles of rays, which, moving with even greater velocity than the rest, have acquired the name of the "Merry Dancers;" which, if I understand aright the descriptions given of them by others, I do not think I ever saw before. In a short time the Aurora extended itself over the zenith, about half-way down to the northern horizon, but no farther, as if there was something in that quarter of the heavens which it did not dare to approach. About this time, however, some long streamers shot up from the horizon in the N.W. which soon disappeared. While the light extended over part of the northern heavens, there were a number of rays assuming a circular or radiated form near the zenith, and appearing to have a common centre near that point, from which they all diverged. The light of which these were composed appeared to have inconceivably rapid motion in itself, though the form it assumed and the station it occupied in the heavens underwent little or no change for perhaps a minute or more. Suppose, for instance, a stream of light to have occupied a space between any two of the stars, by which its position could be accurately noticed, the light appeared to pass constantly and instantaneously from one to the other, as if, when a portion of the subtle fluid of which it is composed had made its escape and vanished at the end next one of the stars, a fresh supply was uninterruptedly furnished at the other. This effect is a common one with the Aurora, and puts one in mind, as far as its motion alone is concerned, of a person holding a long ribbon by one end, and giving it an undulatory motion through its whole length, though its general position remains the same. One of the most striking of the various locomotive properties of the Aurora is that which it often has laterally, by which I mean in the direction perpendicular to its length. This motion, compared with the other, is usually slow, though still very rapid in the "merry dancers," which seem to observe no law with regard to the rest of the phenomenon.

When the streams or bands were crooked, the convolutions took place indifferently in all directions. The Aurora did not continue long to the north of the zenith, but remained as high as that point for more than an hour; after which, on the moon rising, it became more and more faint, and at half past eleven was no longer visible.

'The colour of the light was most frequently yellowish-white, sometimes greenish, and once or twice a lilac tinge was remarked, when several *strata*, as it were, appeared to overlay each other, by very rapidly meeting, in which case the light was always increased in intensity. The electrometer was tried several times, and two of Kater's compasses exposed upon the ice, during the continuance of this Aurora, but neither was perceptibly affected by it. We listened attentively for any noise which might accompany it, but could hear none, but it was too cold to keep the ears uncovered very long at one time. The intensity of the light was something greater than that of the moon in her quarters. Of its dimming the stars there cannot, I think, be a doubt. We remarked it to be, in this respect, like drawing a gauze-veil over the heavens in that part, the veil being most thick when two of the luminous sheets met and overlapped. The phenomenon had all the appearance of being full as near as many of the clouds commonly seen, but there were none of the latter to compare them with at the time. I may in conclusion remark that, notwithstanding the variety and changeableness displayed by this Aurora, there was throughout a perceptible inclination in the various parts of it to form an irregular arch from E. b. N. over to S.W. b. W.'

Mock suns and moons, and various instances of optical illusion arising from unequal refractions, were also observed: but with such appearances our northern voyagers have now rendered us so familiar, that we may dispense with particularizing them.

Of the Arctic foxes caught alive in traps, several evinced so little of the proverbial family-cunning as, on effecting their escape, to rush into the very trap that had ensnared them. Captain Lyon, however, mentions a remarkable instance of sagacity in one of them which had become tame and playful; 'for, during the first day, finding himself much tormented by being drawn out repeatedly by his chain, he at length, whenever he retreated to his hut, took this carefully up in his mouth, and drew it so completely after him, that no one who valued his fingers would endeavour to take hold of the end attached to the staple.' Their bark is so modulated as to induce the idea that the animal is at a distance, although he is really near at hand; a species of ventriloquism with which these quadrupeds are supposed to be gifted with a view to decoy their prey. They seem to survive the rigors of their native climate only by burrowing in the snow; for, when

deprived of this resource, though well fed and housed, they uniformly pined and died. Among such of them as were captured, a great diversity of disposition was remarked; some being gentle and quiet from the first moment of their coming on board; and others, in spite of the kindest treatment, remaining wild and untractable. Most of those which were shot or caught were males, in plump condition; and their flesh was compared to that of kid.

At this station, a *quiet* and comparatively *honest* tribe of Esquimaux resided in their temporary snow-huts, for the sake of seal-hunting. The accounts of their repeated interviews with our people, and of their domestic manners, &c., form some of the most interesting passages in the narrative: but, for the reasons already assigned, we refrain from stating particulars, only culling from Captain Lyon's Journal a single sample of the sublime in dirt and nastiness.

'On entering the huts, we every where saw abundant proofs of the recent capture of seals; blubber, flesh, blood, bones, and offal, lying in every direction; all the lamps were well supplied with fat, and every cooking-pot was in requisition; stewing extraordinary mixtures of meat, blood, and uncleaned entrails, under the superintendence of the women; two of them, in Kettle's hut, were discussing, with great satisfaction and sociability, a large pot of boiled seal's blood and oil, which they sipped alternately one mouthful each until it was finished, with far greater zest than European ladies take their tea. The soup being drank, the younger damsel licked the blood from her fingers with great decency and decorum, after which she scraped whatever had dropped on her jacket and boots with a long knife, carefully cleaning it occasionally with that inimitable pocket-handkerchief, the tongue. The elder lady, disdaining the frivolity of her companion, gloried in the tokens of feasting by which she was covered, and scorned to remove the luxurious blushing paste which coated her face and hands. Both then treated themselves to rather a strange but very plentiful dessert from the heads of two young children, which underwent the strictest examination; and such luckless interlopers as were discovered soon found a grave in the mouths of the relentless huntresses, who cracked them between their teeth with the most evident satisfaction. On pointing out the woman whom I had seen suckling her son on the first day, she repeated this little scene of tenderness immediately; but not content with this exhibition, she squirted her child's provision over us with such spirit, as to drive us out of the hut.'

On the 15th of March, 1822, Captain Lyon, Lieut. Palmer, and a few men, were despatched with a view to abridge the future exploration of the coast, when the ships should be released: but they had not proceeded far when a violent snow-drift

drift and intense cold overtook them. The painful particulars are thus stated by Captain Lyon himself:

'Two sledges were to carry twenty days' provisions, and a skin-boat; all of which, with knapsacks and a tent, we purposed to drag. Our load was, however, found too heavy for us; but it was determined to make trial of the largest sledge for three days, in order to examine the land near the ships; and if the contrivance answered, we should still have time sufficient for our long journey. The day was remarkably fine, and forgetting that we had ever read Esop's Fables, it was agreed that this "one swallow" was to be the sign of spring.

'On the 15th of March, we proceeded towards the hills to the northward of our winter-quarters. A strong wind arose soon after our starting, and increased to a heavy gale; the utmost view was bounded to twenty yards, and every time of resting to take breath we all received severe frost bites. At ten, we arrived at a quantity of grounded ice, directed by which, we made our way round the head of a bay, and reached the side of a small hill a little after eleven. The extreme severity of the weather determined me on pitching our tent, and waiting until we could from the rising ground command a view of our future route. When the tent had been pitched an hour, and our party had put on additional clothing, and were all smoking, to promote warmth, the temperature at our feet only stood at one degree below zero, and over head, amongst the smoke, at seven degrees above: in the outer air it was $-5°$; which, although of itself sufficiently cold, was rendered doubly piercing by the strength of the wind. The longer we sat the colder we became, in spite of all our care. A deep hole being dug in the snow, I found that it would be possible, by extending our excavations, to make a cavern in which we might pass the night; for it would have been next to impossible to have continued in the tent. Some of the men were therefore immediately set to work, and had so good an opportunity of warming themselves, that our only shovel was lent from one to the other as a particular favour. By four P.M. our cavern was finished, and of sufficient size to contain us all in a sitting posture. Making a fire, we managed by its smoke, which had no vent, to raise the temperature to $+ 20°$; while outside it had fallen to $-25°$. We now cleaned our clothes as well as possible from the thick coating of snow-drift, and soon felt comparatively comfortable, in a temperature of $+ 15°$, to which our air in the cave had fallen by eight P.M.; when closing the entrance with blocks of snow, we crept into our blanket-bags, and huddled close together, to endeavour to procure a little sleep. Our small dwelling had a very oppressive feel; and our uneasiness was not a little augmented by the reflection, that a spade alone could liberate us again after a night's drift of snow; our roof being two feet thick, and not of the most secure description, had a tolerable chance of breaking down on us; in which case, confined as we were on our bags, and lying almost

almost upon each other, we should have had no power of ever extricating ourselves.

'At day-light on the 16th, we found the temperature at + 26° until we dug out the entrance, when it fell to + 15°; while outside it was −25°.

'At 9 A.M. the gale was unabated, the weather and drift continuing as severe as ever. The tent was half buried in the snow; and I therefore set all hands to work at digging out the sledge; but it was so deeply sunk, that we could not reach it, and in the attempt our faces and extremities were most painfully frost-bitten. With all these difficulties before us, Mr. Palmer and myself consulted together as to whether it would be most prudent to endeavour to pass another night in our present precarious situation, or, while we were yet able to walk, to make an attempt to reach the ships, which we supposed were about six miles from us. We could not see a yard of our road, yet to remain appeared worse than to go forward; the last plan was therefore decided on. Having placed all our luggage in the tent, and erected a small flag over it, we set out, carrying a few pounds of bread, a little rum, and a spade. The wind now being in our backs, we walked very briskly, and having an occasional glimpse of a very faint sun through the drift, managed to steer a tolerable course, but evidently not over the same land as on the preceding day. We ascended one gentle acclivity, and afterwards had a long run down a slope, at the foot of which we came to grounded ice, and observed the tracks of Eskimaux men and dogs a little before noon; but these were so confused, that we were at a loss which marks to follow. Not knowing where to go, we wandered amongst the heavy hummocks of ice, and suffering from cold, fatigue, and anxiety, were soon completely bewildered. Several of our party now began to exhibit symptoms of that horrid kind of insensibility which is the prelude to sleep. They all professed extreme willingness to do what they were told, in order to keep in exercise, but none obeyed; on the contrary, they reeled about like drunken men. The faces of several were severely frost-bitten, and some had for a considerable time lost sensation in their fingers and toes; yet they made not the slightest exertion to rub the parts affected, and even discontinued their general custom of warning each other on observing a discoloration of the skin.

'Mr. Palmer employed the people in building a snow-wall, ostensibly as a shelter from the wind, but in fact to give them exercise, when standing still must have proved fatal to men in our circumstances. My attention was exclusively directed to Serjeant Speckman, who having been repeatedly warned that his nose was frozen, had paid no attention to it, owing to the state of stupefaction into which he had fallen. The frost-bite had now extended over one side of his face, which was frozen as hard as a mask; the eye-lids were stiff, and one corner of the upper lip so drawn up as to expose the teeth and gums. My hands being still warm, I had the happiness of restoring the circulation, after which I used all my endeavours to keep the poor fellow in motion; but he complained

plained sadly of giddiness and dimness of sight, and was so weak as to be unable to walk without assistance. His case was so alarming, that I expected every moment he would lie down never to rise again. Our prospect now became every moment more gloomy, and it was but too probable that four of our party would be unable to survive another hour. Mr. Palmer, however, endeavoured as well as myself to cheer the people up; but it was a faint attempt, as we had not a single hope to give them. Every piece of ice, or even of small rock, or stone, was now supposed to be the ships, and we had great difficulty in preventing the men from running to the different objects which attracted them, and consequently losing themselves in the drift. In this state, while Mr. Palmer was running round us to warm himself, he suddenly pitched on a new beaten track, and as exercise was indispensable, we determined on following it wherever it might lead us.

'Having taken the Serjeant under my coat, he recovered a little, and we moved onwards, when to our infinite joy we found that the path led to the ships, at which we arrived in about ten minutes after. I waited immediately on Captain Parry to remove his anxiety on our account, and then proceeded to my own ship.

'One man had two of his fingers so badly frost-bitten as to lose a good deal of the flesh of the upper ends, and we were for many days in fear that he would be obliged to have them amputated. Carr, the quarter-master, who had been the most hardy while in the air, fainted twice on coming below, and every one had severe frost-bites in different parts of the body, which recovered after the usual loss of skin in these cases.'

This part of the duty was not resumed till the 8th of May, when the weather proved mild, and the party were furnished with a tent, provisions for thirty days, &c.; their baggage being drawn on light sledges, similar to those used by Captain Franklin in his journey to the Polar Sea. They returned on the 21st, with a report which confirmed the sanguine expectations already entertained of soon reaching the north-eastern point of the American continent, and of thus realizing the desired passage into the Polar Sea, the rude sketches of the coast by some of the more intelligent of the Esquimaux having suggested the same inference. Such of the rocks as were exposed to the observation of the travellers were of gneiss: but detached masses of granite also occurred. The quantity of snow, however, which still lay on the ground, nearly precluded any examination of the native products of these remote and sequestered regions.

As open sea had been long observed in the offing, it was resolved to commence the cutting of channels in the ice for the liberation of the ships: a tedious and toilsome operation, which occupied the men for thirteen consecutive days, when their labors were repeatedly frustrated. — On the 9th of May,

May, a flower of *Saxifraga oppositifolia* was brought on board, as a curiosity: but the progress of vegetation and of the melting of the snow was for a long time tardy: towards the close of June, however, the alteration was inconceivably rapid: on the 2d of July, the ships were again set free; and, in the course of a few days, they were once more involved in the perplexities and dangers of frozen seas and unknown shores.

The very critical situation of the Hecla, on the 8th, is thus described by her commander:

'The flood-tide coming down loaded with a more than ordinary quantity of ice, pressed the ship very much at between 6 and 7 A.M., and rendered it necessary to get the stream-cable out, in addition to the other hawsers, which were fast to the land-ice. This was scarcely accomplished, when a very heavy and extensive floe took the ship on her broadside, and being backed by another large body of ice, gradually lifted her stern as if by the action of a wedge. The weight every moment increasing, obliged us to veer on the hawsers, whose friction was so great as nearly to cut through the bitt-heads, and ultimately to set them on fire, so that it became requisite for people to attend with buckets of water. The pressure was at length too powerful for resistance, and the stream-cable, with two six and one five-inch hawsers, all gave way at the same moment: three others soon following them. The sea was too full of ice to allow the ship to drive, and the only way in which she could yield to the enormous weight which oppressed her was by leaning over on the land-ice, while her stern at the same time was entirely lifted to above the height of five feet out of the water! The lower deck-beams now complained very much, and the whole frame of the ship underwent a trial which would have proved fatal to any less strengthened vessel. At the same moment the rudder was unhung with a sudden jerk, which broke up the rudder-case, and struck the driver-boom with great force. We were in this state, when at 9 A.M. I made known our distresses to Captain Parry by telegraph, as I clearly saw that in the event of another floe backing the one which lifted us, the ship must inevitably turn over, or part in midships. The pressure, however, which had been so dangerous to us, now proved our best friend; for the floe on which we were borne burst upwards, unable to resist its force; the ship righted, and a small slack occurring in the water, drove several miles to the southward before she could again be secured and get the rudder hung; a circumstance much to be regretted at the moment, as our people had been employed with little intermission for three days and nights, attending to the safety of the ship in this tremendous tide-way.'

On the 13th, a numerous party landed on the banks of a very romantic river, to which they gave the name of the *Barrow*, and which forms one of the grandest cascades that the navigators

navigators had ever contemplated.—On beating to the northward, the ships encountered multitudes of walruses, which, though not fat at this season, afforded no unpalatable meal, notwithstanding the dark colour of the flesh; while the heart and liver were reckoned excellent. Having, on the 16th, arrived at the supposed strait for which they had so eagerly panted, the voyagers perceived, to their cruel mortification, an unbroken surface of ice, extending from one land to the other.

'It is important here to notice that our chief disappointment arose, not from the mere presence of ice blocking up the desired passage, to which our most anxious hopes had long by anticipation been directed, but from the *nature* of the ice which constituted our present impediment. This consisted of a floe so level and continuous, that a single glance was sufficient to assure us of the disagreeable fact, that it was the ice formed in its present situation during the winter, and still firmly attached to the land on every side. It was certain, from its continuous appearance for some miles that we ran along its edge, that it had suffered no disruption this season, which circumstance involved the necessity of our awaiting that operation which nature seemed scarcely yet to have commenced in this neighbourhood, before we could hope to sail round the north-eastern point of the American continent.'

Still, however, combining the information which they received from some Esquimaux, dwelling in their summer-tents, with that which they derived from their more southerly countrymen, the fond presumption arose that the long-sought communication could not be at any considerable distance: yet, after many painful surveys, no channel could be discovered.—The Esquimaux of the island of Igloolik, with whom our people now communicated, possess winter-habitations constructed of more durable materials than snow: the lower part being of stones, and the rest formed of the various bones of the whale and walrus, which meet at the top; the crevices and outside being covered with turf, &c.

'In every direction around the huts were lying innumerable bones of walruses and seals, together with skulls of dogs, bears, and foxes, on many of which a part of the putrid flesh still remaining sent forth the most offensive effluvia. We were not a little surprised to find also a number of human skulls lying about among the rest, within a few yards of the huts; and were somewhat inclined to be out of humour on this account with our new friends, who not only treated the matter with the utmost indifference, but on observing that we were inclined to add some of them to our collections, went eagerly about to look for them, and tumbled perhaps the craniums of some of their own relations into our bag without delicacy or remorse. In various other parts of

of the island we soon after met with similar relics no better disposed of; but we had yet to learn how little pains these people take to place their dead out of the reach of hungry bears or anatomical collectors.'

Tern island, so called from the bird of that name, to which it affords a remarkable breeding station, furnished a great quantity of eggs. It is low, very narrow, and not above three quarters of a mile in length. Like Igloolik, it consists of a schistose lime-stone, and produces various plants; particularly *cochlearia fenestrata*, the leaves of which were not yet unfolded on the 27th of July.

At his own request, Captain Lyon was again despatched on an exploring excursion for three or four days: but the unfavorable state of the weather prevented him from making the requisite observations. In the tents of the natives, he experienced the greatest kindness and hospitality; and he gives a lively account of his being drawn in their dog-sledges. As his report, however unsatisfactory, tended rather to confirm the supposition that the desiderated passage to the westward really existed, it was determined to make again for Igloolik, and to be on the look-out on the ice. No prospect of any speedy advance presenting itself, recourse was once more had to the boats; and examinations, under much discomfort and fatigue, were eagerly instituted, from some detached islands in the neighbourhood of the fancied channel of communication. That channel was now conceived to be discovered on the 18th of August, in a strait which, by anticipation, was named in honor of the Fury and Hecla: but some days elapsed before the ships could be sufficiently extricated to enter it; and then it was soon perceived that an impenetrable barrier of ice arrested their progress. Boat-parties were forthwith despatched in different directions; and hampered and harassed as they were in their investigations, they concurred in the opinion that the expedition actually was in the only passage leading to the westward that existed in the neighbourhood: so that no alternative seemed to be left, but patiently to await the disruption of the ice, or any partial change in its position which might enable them to advance. In the mean time, two anomalous phænomena were noted. On the 8th of September, the superficial water, drawn on the starboard side of the Fury, was found during the whole afternoon to be of the temperature of 27½, and that which was taken from the larboard, 30, and 30½.

' The difference was perhaps on this occasion to be attributed to the sun being more on the larboard side than on the other; but nearly the same thing occurred on the 11th, when the reverse

was

was the case with respect to the sun. In every instance the water was drawn in the same bucket, and from within a foot of the ship's bends; and to whatever cause it was to be attributed, it shews in how great a degree the temperature of the surface-water may be affected by some local and perhaps trivial circumstance.'

On the 13th, the Hecla was obliged to make all sail, in order to get clear of a current which was carrying her in an easterly direction; while a superficial set, occasioned by an easterly breeze, was uniformly found to be in an *opposite* direction.

During the inactive state of the ships, parties were appointed to examine some of the adjacent islands. Amherst island was found to be principally composed of a dark colored argillaceous schist, with the disintegrated remains of a superincumbent stratum of compact lime-stone, corresponding to the *calc* of Kirwan. A more important discovery was reserved for Lieutenant Reid; namely, that of tracing the immediate junction of the strait of the Fury and the Hecla with the western sea, though covered with even and apparently unbroken ice. The recommencement of winter, however, and the prospect of a detention of eleven months in the strait, attended with great hazard to the service, compelled the Commander, however reluctantly, to abandon his present position, and to go in quest of more secure winter-quarters.

'I therefore,' says he, 'directed a memorandum to be read on board each ship, acquainting the officers and men with my views as above stated, and also expressing my intention to employ whatever time might yet remain of the present season, in the examination of the coast of Cockburn island to the northward and eastward. In the event of making little progress in that direction, I proposed looking out for some situation in the neighbourhood of Igloolik that might afford security to the ships during the winter, and by ensuring an early release in the spring, allow us at least the liberty of choosing to what part of the coast our efforts should then be directed. I gladly availed myself of this opportunity to offer my best thanks so justly due to the officers and men under my command, for their zealous and unremitted exertions during the two seasons that had passed; and it was scarcely necessary to remind the ships' companies of the necessity of continuing to the last those praiseworthy efforts, on which the ultimate accomplishment of our enterprise might still depend.'

After a navigation of some days, and of almost incessant anxiety and danger, Captain Parry deemed it expedient to return to Igloolik; where he was gladly welcomed by the Esquimaux, and where he took shelter for the season in north latitude

latitude 69° 20′ 42″, and west longitude 81° 40′ 12″. His reflections at this stage of his labors are manly and considerate:

'Flattering as our prospects appeared at the commencement of the past summer, our efforts had certainly not been attended with a proportionate degree of success; and little satisfaction remained to us at the close of the season, but the consciousness of having left no means within our reach untried, that could in any way promote our object. It required indeed but a single glance at the chart to perceive, that whatever the last summer's navigation had added to our geographical knowledge of the eastern coast of America, and its adjacent lands, very little had in reality been effected in furtherance of the North-West Passage. Even the actual discovery of the desired outlet into the Polar Sea had been of no practical benefit in the prosecution of our enterprise; for we had only discovered this channel to find it impassable, and to see the barriers of nature impenetrably closed against us, to the utmost limit of the navigable season.

'Without reverting, however, to the past, or being at the pains to reconsider what we had or had not been able to effect, it was sufficient only to know our present geographical position to be aware, that the remaining resources of the expedition were no longer adequate to the accomplishment of our principal object. Not to know this would have implied ignorance of the real nature of the attempt, and therefore not to admit it would have been little better than absurdity. Instead of disguising the difficulties where any existed, it seemed more prudent to search out and endeavour to obviate them; and after fairly considering every circumstance of our situation, to decide on the adoption of such measures as, with our present resources, appeared still to hold out some reasonable hope of ultimate and complete success.

'Viewing the matter in this light, it appeared to resolve itself into the single question, by what means the resources of the expedition could possibly be extended beyond the period to which they were at present calculated to last, namely, the close of the year 1824. Only one expedient suggested itself by which that object could be attained; and this I determined to adopt, should no unforeseen occurrence arise to prevent it.—It was to send the Hecla to England in the following season, taking from her a twelvemonths' provisions and fuel to complete the Fury's resources to the end of the year 1825, and then continuing our efforts in that ship singly, as long as a reasonable hope remained of our ultimate success. One or two collateral advantages occurred to me as likely to be derived from this plan; the first of which was the opportunity thus afforded of transmitting to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty a full account of our past proceedings and present situation and intentions, whereby perhaps much needless anxiety on our account might be prevented. It would also, as I hoped, allow their Lordships the option of making any alteration which they might now deem requisite in the arrangements pointed out in my instructions, respecting the ship

ship to be sent to meet us near Behring's Strait, for which the orders might not perhaps leave England before the arrival of the Hecla there, in the autumn of 1823. These were, however, minor and less important considerations; my principal object and determination being to persevere, to the utmost extent of our resources, in the prosecution of the enterprise with which I had the honour to be charged. Having suggested this expedient to Captain Lyon, I had much satisfaction in finding his opinion entirely coincide with my own; and without at present mentioning it to the other individuals belonging to the expedition, we continued to consult together from time to time during the winter, concerning the arrangements it would be requisite to make for commencing the execution of our plan in the course of the following spring.'

The ships were now laid up, not at such a distance as to preclude intercourse, but too far separated to admit of theatrical amusements, for which an intercourse with the Esquimaux was no uninteresting substitute; and the plan of schools was cheerfully resumed. On the 23d of November, the thermometer got down to −38°, and, from the 9th to the 12th of December, it frequently fell to −43°. Captain Parry observes that 'the first week of the year 1823 brought a continuance of cold weather; after which, for the succeeding fortnight, the temperature was remarkably high, the thermometer frequently rising above zero, and once to + 22°, which occurred with a fresh easterly breeze and some snow falling.' He adds: 'An inspection of our meteorological abstracts will shew that in this as in every other part of the polar regions we have yet visited, a southerly or easterly wind occasioned a rise in the thermometer, while the greatest cold was always experienced with the wind in the opposite quarters.'

In the register of proceedings during the second winter, our attention is frequently recalled to the disposition and manners of the Esquimaux, and particularly to the strange combination of feeling and indifference which they seem to manifest for the sickness and death of their near relatives, as instanced in the individual cases so pathetically reported by Captain Lyon. The kind and generous attention of that gentleman and his brother-officers, to the wants and sufferings of those children of wretchedness by whom they were now surrounded, deserves to be recorded among the fairest triumphs of civilization and humanity.

The display of the Aurora Borealis was both much less frequent and less brilliant than it had been during the preceding winter; and it was almost invariably seen to the southward, between an E.S.E. and a W.S.W. bearing. — The sun became visible on the 19th of January, forty-nine days after it

had disappeared: but it would have been visible on the forty-second, if the weather had been clear. — As the severity of the season began to abate, journeys were undertaken to the Esquimaux stations, to Quilliam Creek, to the westward, &c. Preparations also were made for sending home the Hecla:

'A twelvemonths' provision and other stores were received by the Fury, and various necessary exchanges made in anchors, cables, and boats; and in the course of a single fortnight the whole of these were transported from ship to ship without any exposure or labour to the men outside their respective ships, our invaluable dogs having performed it for us with astonishing ease and expedition. It was a curious sight to watch these useful animals walking off with a bower-anchor, a boat, or a topmast, without any difficulty; and it may give some idea of what they are able to perform to state that nine dogs of Captain Lyon's dragged sixteen hundred and eleven pounds a distance of seventeen hundred and fifty yards in nine minutes, and that they worked in a similar way between the ships for seven or eight hours a day. The road was, however, very good at this time, and the dogs the best that could be procured.'

The first continued rain which occurred was on the 2d of July; during the remainder of which month, rain and fog prevailed, with prolonged southerly and easterly winds, and a high mean of the daily temperature.

Notwithstanding the unremitting attention which had been paid to the health and comforts of the crews, scorbutic symptoms now began to make their appearance among some of the officers, who were not *compelled* to take stated exercise in the open air, and who, perhaps, indulged in salted provisions, as ham, tongue, &c. In consequence of such unpleasant indications, orders were issued for a more liberal use of lemon-juice.

Mr. Sherer, of the Hecla, who had been despatched to hunt walruses, nearly lost a boat, in a conflict with one of these animals.

'A herd had been attacked, and of these he killed five; three of them were lost, having sunk when they died, in consequence of the harpoons breaking; the other two were brought on shore. Mr. Sherer described the fury of the wounded animals as being quite outrageous, but those which were unhurt quickly forsook their suffering companions. The beast which sank the first boat struck his tusks repeatedly through her bottom, and she filled immediately. Had she been alone, not a soul of her crew could have been saved, for there was no ice within three miles, and to swim would have been impossible in such cold water. Mr. Sherer's boat was also badly stove, and was scarcely kept free by constant baling.'

As

As the ships were still inclosed on the 4th of August, the work of sawing commenced, and was favored by a succession of four fine days; forming the longest period of good, warm, and clear weather, which the navigators had enjoyed since they had left England: but even now fresh ice appeared every night. The Fury got into open water on the 8th, and the Hecla in the course of the following day; — and now the lateness of the season, the declining health of many persons in the expedition, and the unequivocal opinion of Captain Lyon and the medical gentlemen, determined Captain Parry to relinquish all views of any immediate resumption of his inquiries, and to retrace his way to England. On the morning of the 12th, accordingly, both ships took their departure, but soon experienced serious detention from the failure of wind and the prevalence of ice. Early in September, they were involved among the shoals near Winter island, from which they worked their weary and perilous way into the open sea, and reached it on the 17th.

'We thus finally,' says their Commander, 'made our escape from the ice after having been almost immovably beset in it for twenty-four days out of the last twenty-six, in the course of which time the ships had been taken over no less than one hundred and forty leagues of ground, generally very close to the shore, and always unable to do any thing towards effecting their escape from danger. When it is considered that, to have taken the ground in this situation, with strong and high tides keeping the ice in constant motion, must have almost involved the certain loss of the ships, and without the possibility of one offering assistance to the other, we cannot but consider this as one of the most providential escapes it has ever been our lot to experience.'

During the passage across the Atlantic, the Aurora Borealis was more or less perceptible almost every night; and on one occasion it diffused such a vivid light as to render the shadows of objects visible on deck.

For the sake of procuring refreshments, and waiting a favorable change of wind, the ships bore up for Lerwick, and anchored there on the 10th of October.

'I feel it utterly impossible,' concludes Capt. Parry, 'adequately to express the kindness and attention we received for the three or four days that we were detained in Bressay Sound by a continuance of unfavourable winds. On the first information of our arrival the bells of Lerwick were set ringing, the inhabitants flocked from every part of the country to express their joy at our unexpected return, and the town was at night illuminated as if each individual had a brother or a son among us. On the 12th, being Sunday, the officers and men of both ships attended Divine service on shore, when the worthy minister, the Reverend

Mr. Menzies *, who was before well known to many among us, offered up in the most solemn and impressive manner a thanksgiving for our safe return; at the same time calling upon us, with great earnestness, never to forget what we owed to Him who had been "about our path, and about our bed, and who spieth out all our ways." The peculiarity of the circumstances under which we had joined the congregation, the warmth of feeling exhibited by every person assembled within the sacred walls, together with the affectionate energy of the preacher, combined to produce an effect of which words can convey but little idea, but which will not easily be effaced from the minds of those who were present on this affecting occasion.

'On the 19th, a breeze springing up from the northward, we took leave of our kind and hospitable friends, deeply sensible of the cordial and affectionate reception we had experienced; and being still favoured by the wind were abreast of Buchaness the following evening. It was my intention to have put into Leith, in order to procure anchors and pilots previously to venturing upon the English coast, but the wind breaking us off on the morning of the 15th, prevented our approaching that part of the coast, and we continued our course to the southward. On the 16th, being off Whitby, I went on shore there, accompanied by Mr. Fisher the astronomer, and after receiving the cordial greetings of a great number of the worthy inhabitants of Whitby, who had assembled to meet us on landing, set off for London and arrived at the Admiralty on the morning of the 18th. The ships, after touching at the Humber for pilots, arrived in the river Thames shortly afterwards, and were paid off at Deptford on the 14th of November.'

Some masterly reflections are subjoined, respecting the now increased probability of discovering a North-West Passage, founded on the strong presumption that the continent of America does not extend beyond the 70th or 71st parallel of latitude, and on the ascertained fact that the sea is sometimes navigable on its northern shores. The field of investigation too is now much narrowed, and Prince Regent's Inlet is indicated as holding out some prospect of success. On the whole, Captain P. treats the question with an allowable tincture of enthusiasm, duly tempered by the dictates of observation and experience.

Besides the incidental notices relative to the Esquimaux, included in the Journal, a long and separate account of them is annexed to Captain Parry's volume; which, had the subject been before untouched, would have required a distinct

* 'This faithful minister and most estimable member of society has since gone to receive the reward of his labours; but he will long live in our grateful remembrance.'

analysis. Captain Lyon, too, has evidently devoted much of his attention to the physical and moral properties of these untutored beings: — but our readers must be satisfied with a single quotation, which we present to them as a *bonne bouche*.

'Young Toolooak, of eating celebrity, being one of the visitors, Captain Parry gave him as much food as he could devour, and on the following morning his account stood as per margin. * The raw spirits and grog were given him within half an hour, on board the Hecla, but had no more effect on him than the same quantity of water would have had on an European.

'Captain Parry, considering the present a good opportunity of going to see Pingitkalik, accompanied the natives home. He returned on the 4th, and gave a favourable account of his reception. The establishment is about twenty miles to the southward of Igloolik, and near it, at about two miles, is the line of open water in which the men kill the walruses.

'In the afternoon Kān-gă-rā, in whose hut we had been so well treated on the night of the 1st, paid me a visit. I was well aware that after I had given him some useful presents, abundant feeding would be the most kindly received attention, and I accordingly pitted him against young Toolooak. He commenced at 1 P. M. and by 8 A. M. on the day following, had expended as per margin. † Of the nineteen hours during which my friend remained on board, he slept eight, without once waking or turning. Toolooak drank about the same quantity of fluids, but exceeded in solids by five ounces. It must, however, be remembered, that he had two hours more time than my man, who would in the same period have beaten him hollow.'

'* Solids, 10 lbs. 4 oz. Water, one gallon one pint. Soup, one pint and a quarter. Raw spirits, three glasses and a half. Grog, strong, one tumbler! This in twenty-one hours, eight of which were passed in sleep.'

'† Solids.

	lb.	oz.
'Bread-dust and train-oil	1	10
Walrus flesh, boiled	7	1
Seal and bread	1	0
Two candles	0	3
Bread and butter	0	1
Total	9	15

'Fluids.

	quarts.
'Rich walrus soup	2
Water, above	4
Total	6 quarts.'

A monthly abstract of the meteorological register is regularly inserted in Captain Parry's narrative. The illustrative drawings, which principally relate to the Esquimaux, are from the pencil of Captain Lyon, and are engraved by Finden. Most of the sketches of land were made by Mr. Bushnan, assistant-surveyor, by whom likewise the charts were carefully constructed under the Commander's own inspection. — 'From the number and excellence of the chronometers embarked on board the Fury, and the variety of observations used in the occasional correction of their rates, it is hoped that the geography of that portion of the north-eastern coast of America, which has been discovered and surveyed by this expedition, will be found to be fixed with considerable accuracy.'

The scientific observations and tables are reserved for a supplementary volume; and the public collections of subjects in natural history have been put into the hands of Professors Jameson and Hooker, and Dr. Richardson, who have very obligingly undertaken to examine them.

An Appendix to Captain Parry's *former* Voyage has been published, and will soon bespeak our attention.

ART. VIII. *Wolsey, the Cardinal, and his Times;* Courtly, Political, and Ecclesiastical. By George Howard, Esq., Author of "Lady Jane Grey, and her Times." 8vo. pp. 590. 16s. Boards. Sherwood and Co. 1824.

"Oh! Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

SHAKSPEARE, *Henry VIII.*

THE very name of Wolsey has for ages been a bye-word to express the instability of human grandeur; and the solemn and impressive apostrophe just quoted, which was not the offspring of the poet's fancy, but was addressed almost literally to Sir William Kingston by the fallen Cardinal within an hour of his death, instructs the courtier to beware of the caprice of princes and the danger of insolent and inordinate ambition. To publish a life of Wolsey, however, at the present day, Mr. Howard observes, may seem a work of supererogation; and, to confess the truth, we are entirely of that opinion. However, here it is, and very respectably executed. As an apology for undertaking it, Mr. H. says he thinks there was still room for such a life as should refer principally to personal biography, with the peculiar customs and manners of the

times; and should notice general politics, foreign or domestic, no farther than such a notice was absolutely necessary to make the personal details intelligible.

Wolsey has had his panegyrists as well as detractors: indeed, his rapacity, insolence, and haughtiness of temper, could not fail to procure for him the last; while the profusion and dazzling magnificence of his establishment secured a few of the first. Dr. Fiddes, who wrote a life of him a hundred years ago, observed that there were few persons, if any, to whom the world had been under obligation that had met with so much ingratitude as had fastened on the memory of Wolsey; and he considered the cause of this to have been that the Cardinal had the misfortune to provoke and irritate the two contending parties, into which the kingdom was divided during the latter part of his political power. The Catholics hated him for the active part taken by him in the divorce of Queen Katherine, which led to a Protestant marriage, and for his attempts to regulate and reform ecclesiastical manners; while the Protestants hated him for his rigid adherence to Papacy, and opposition to Lutheranism. This adherence is the key to much of his conduct. If in foreign politics, observes Mr. Hume, he sometimes employed his influence over the King for his private purposes rather than his master's service, which he boasted to have solely at heart, we must remember that he had in view the papal throne, a dignity which, had he attained it, would have enabled him to make Henry a suitable return for all his favors; and "*we have reason to think* that Henry was well acquainted with the views by which his minister was influenced, and took a pride in promoting them." The entire correctness of Mr. Hume's remark is corroborated by an original letter in the Duke of Grafton's library, quoted by Mr. Howard. Pope Adrian died in September, 1523; and on this occasion the Cardinal wrote to the monarch, beginning thus:

"'Sir, it may like your Highness to understand I have this hour received letters from your orator, resident in the court of Rome, mentioning how, the 13th day of this instant, it pleased Almighty God to call the Pope's Holiness to his mercy, whose soul our Lord pardon; and in what train the matters then were at that time, for election of the future Pope, your Highness shall perceive by the letters of the said orator, which I send at this time, whereby appeareth, that mine absence from thence shall be the only obstacle (if any be) in election of me to that dignity. Albeit, there is no semblance, that the college of cardinals shall consent upon my being there present, because of the factions that be amongst themselves; for which cause, though afore God I repute myself right unmeet and unliable to so high and great dig-

nity, desiring much rather to devote, continue, and end my life with your Grace, for doing of such poor service as may be to your honour, and wealth of this your realm, than to be Pope; yet, nevertheless, remembering what mind and opinion your Grace was of at the last vacation, to have me preferred thereunto, thinking it should be to the honour, benefit, and advancement of your affairs in time coming,"' &c. &c.

To this epistle Henry speedily returned a very gracious answer, encouraging him to persevere in the object of his ambition; while Wolsey wrote to the King's ministers at Rome, expressly telling them that the mind and entire desire of the King, above all earthly things, were that he should succeed to the tiara. Accordingly, he directed that the envoys should continue their practices, overtures, motions, and labors, "to bring and conduce this, the King's desire, to perfect end and effect;" and in a private letter to the Bishop of Bath, the principal of the embassy, he says, "The young men for the most part being needy, will give good ears to fair offers, which shall be undoubtedly performed. The King willeth you neither to spare his authority, or his good money, or substance. You may be assured whatever you promise shall be performed, and the Lord send you good speed." Thus, we behold the monarch and his minister very good friends as long as they continued to play into each other's hands: but they quarrelled when the minister attempted to thwart the views of the monarch, and when the monarch could no longer promote the views of his minister.

Mr. Howard seems very well disposed to hold the scales even, in order to weigh the character of Wolsey: but it is no easy matter to adjust them when disappointed hope casts reproach into one, and subserviency throws adulation into the other. He relies, indeed, too much on the authority of Fiddes, whose life of the Cardinal is an avowed panegyric, and not very trust-worthy. Mr. H. has doubtless read Knight's Life of Erasmus, but he does not seem to have adverted to the account which that writer gives of the circumstances that gave birth to the work of Fiddes.*

Though

* Dr. Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, had reflected on the exorbitant power of the Cardinal; wherefore Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, upbraided him with ingratitude to the founder of Christ-Church, Oxford, where he ate his bread. Wake replied that their proper founder was not the Cardinal, but Henry VIII.; and Atterbury, in order to rejoin, long hunted for materials to illustrate the character of Wolsey, but at length threw them up in despair, to be put together by another hand: having found Dr. Fiddes quali-

Though Wolsey was an encourager of learning and the fine arts, and affected to be the Mecænas of his age, he would not suffer his patronage of literature to interfere with his ambition. Relying, perhaps, too much on Fiddes, Mr. Howard gives a more favorable account of this matter.

'This literary patronage was extended even to those whom he knew to be friendly to the Reformation; for that he did not forget his old friends is evident from his attentions to the learned Erasmus, at this period Greek professor at Cambridge, who was now in England upon his second visit, and travelled from Cambridge to London to congratulate his old college-companion on his elevation to the mitre. On his arrival he was received in the handsomest manner by Wolsey, who not only gave to him hopes of an appointment to the first vacant canonry at Tournay, but also assigned him a pension, to encourage him in the prosecution of his studies, which he long enjoyed with others from Lord Montjoy, a particular friend of Wolsey, from Bishop Fisher, and Archbishop Warham.'

The reference to Wolsey's patronage of Erasmus and the 'canonry of Tournay' is unfortunate. Wolsey made him magnificent promises; but that is all. He gave him a prebend at Tournay; "a gift," says Dr. Jortin, "which in all probability would never be worth more than a *cardinal's blessing*, and which actually was revoked and came to nothing. He writes this to Ammonius from Basil. In the year 1524, he tells his friend Botzem, that he had never received any thing from Wolsey besides compliments and promises."* In fact, though Wolsey did give Erasmus a prebend at Tournay, he chose to revoke his promise and con-

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qualified to do what a man of wit said he thought had been impossible, "make such a saint of such a devil." Atterbury supplied Fiddes with his own collections, procured for him all his subscribers, entertained him at the deanery of Westminster, suggested matter and method, turned him, says Knight, "to authorities and conjectures, and laid the whole plan for forming such a life as might blacken the Reformation, cast lighter colors upon Popery, and even make way for a Popish Pretender; and all to shew that the great restorer of the church must be another English Cardinal," &c. &c.

* Jortin's Life of Erasmus, vol. i. p. 53. "*Eboracensis donavit me Præbenda Tornacensi, sed ἀδόρῳ δόρυ, si quid moveatur res. Hujus Commissarius, schedis publicitus affixis, fuit excommunicatus in Flandria; tanta illic Eboracensis reverentia! Accepimus tamen: nihil enim facilius quam amittere.* Ep. iii. c. 1523. *Cardinali Eboracensi, cui dedicavimus libellum Plutarchi, puto me nihil non debere ob singularum favorem, quo me jam olim prosequitur; et tamen hactenus ex illius munificentia non sum pilo factus ditior.* CATAL. *Lucubr.*"

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fer it on another. Johannes de Molendino, one of the canons of Tournay, informs Erasmus of this in a very friendly letter *; and Sir Thomas More tells Erasmus that the Cardinal had informed him that this preferment was not proper for him, and that he should soon have something better: (Ep. 227.) while Erasmus, in an epistle to Sir Thomas More, acquaints him with the doublings and artifices of the Cardinal, who was at that time Chancellor. Wolsey, it seems, paid Erasmus a part of his pension: but he knew how to be repaid, says Knight, "and to deceive him farther, promised him a bishoprick, which Erasmus looked upon only as a sham to avoid paying him what was further promised, and what was really his due." Burnet also says, "Henry VIII. loved the purity of the Latin tongue, which made him so kind to Erasmus that was the great restorer of it, and to Polydore Virgil; *though neither of these made their court dexterously to the Cardinal, which did much intercept the King's favor to them;* so that the one left England, and the other was but coarsely used in it, who has sufficiently revenged himself upon the Cardinal's memory." Erasmus certainly inscribed several of his early works to Wolsey, but was soon disgusted with his deceitfulness and hollow promises of advancement. Wolsey, therefore, was not such a disinterested patron of literature as Mr. Howard seems to believe. Erasmus employed his pen in ridiculing the corrupt practices of the church, and in exposing the senseless jargon of the schools, of which the Cardinal was very fond; and the one was aiming at St. Peter's chair, while the other was endeavoring to break it in pieces. That Erasmus dedicated some of his early productions to the Cardinal, and afterward, in his epistles, resents the treatment which he had received from him, is no evidence of his inconsistency. Erasmus was a very conscientious man; though, as he plainly told Luther, he had no taste for martyrdom. Nor was he by any means ambitious: he had the offer of being made Cardinal, and more

* "*Dominus Eboracensis, id quod est Curialibus perquam peculiare, palinodiam cecinit: Canonicatum, enim, tibi jampridem donatum, alteri contulit, filio chirurgi regii, sed quem non puto sine litigio futurum, si res innovari contingat. Pollicitus est tamen ipse Eboracensis tibi hic alium Canonicatum, aut in Anglia quippiam majus donaturum, quod mihi coram exposuit Montjoius, tametsi ejusmodi pollicitationibus* dives quilibet esse potest. *Non potest dici quam mihi aliisque compluribus etiam Canonicis gratum fuisset, si te huc tandem, post varios et improbos labores, Bona Dea retulisset; sed non vidi justum derelictum.*" Ep. xxxvii. c. 1545. Vide Jortin, vol. i. p. 75.

than

than once of being made a Bishop, but for various reasons he declined both.* His altered tone with respect to the Cardinal, therefore, may fairly be attributed to the discoveries which he had made of Wolsey's real character, to his duplicity, and to his disgusting insolence, which became perfectly intolerable.

Wolsey wished to make the talents of eminent men subservient to his ambition and vain glory; and therefore he had no desire to quarrel with them, though the hastiness of his temper occasionally betrayed him into indiscretion. "On a time, the Cardinal had drawn a draught of certain conditions of peace between England and France, and he asked Sir Thomas More's counsel therein, beseeching him earnestly that he would tell him if there were any thing therein to be misliked; and he spake this so heartily, saith Sir Thomas, that he believed verily that he was willing to hear his advice indeed. But when Sir Thomas had dealt really therein, and shewed wherein that draught might have been amended, he suddenly rose in a rage and said, By the mass, thou art the veriest fool of all the council. At which, Sir Thomas smiling, said, "God be thanked that the King our master hath but one fool in all his council." This calls to mind, says Dr. Jortin, who gives the anecdote from More's Life of Sir Thomas More, the story of Gil Blas and the Archbishop; and seriously it is a disagreeable thing, he adds, "to be connected with one who will take it in dudgeon if you do not smoke him with as much incense as would satisfy three or thrice three goddesses:

"*Sedesque revisit*
Læta suas, ubi templum illi, centumque Sabæo
Thure calent aræ, sertisque recentibus halant."

Mr. Howard (p. 194.) applies this answer of More to a different transaction, namely, to Wolsey's proposal to the Privy Council to have the office of Lord High Constable of England made permanent, and in his own person; referring to a MS. Life of Sir Thomas More in the Lambeth library, published by Dean Wordsworth in his "Ecclesiastical Biography." Be this as it may, on the subsequent impeachment of Wolsey, the King took away from him the Great Seal, and gave it to this "veriest fool of all the council," Sir

* "*Nihil moror Episcopatus quos promittit Regia potestas: exhaurirent me præsente pecunia, quæ satis exigua est: onerarent me ære aliena; involverent curis; eriperent hanc liberatem* sine qua non viverem triduum." Ep. Franc. Molino. (Quoted by Knight.)

Thomas

Thomas More, who was of too noble a disposition to feel the transfer as a triumph.

In the summary which Hume has drawn, obviously with considerable caution, of the Cardinal's character, he altogether omits that favorable feature of it on which most historians delight to dwell, namely, his patronage of literature; and the omission is remarkable, since his foundation of the College of Physicians, and his uniform attentions to the interests of Oxford, intitle him to the merit of being a patron, though not disinterested, of science and literature. Hume says of him that "he was insatiable in his acquisitions, but still more magnificent in his expence: of extensive capacity, but still more unbounded enterprise: ambitious of power, but still more desirous of glory: insinuating, engaging, persuasive; and by turns, lofty, elevated, commanding: haughty to his equals, but affable to his dependents: oppressive to the people, but liberal to his friends: more generous than grateful; less moved by injuries than contempt: he was framed to take the ascendant in every intercourse with others, but exerted this superiority of *nature* with such ostentation as exposed him to envy, and made every one willing to recal the original inferiority, or rather meanness, of his *fortune*." (Vol. iii. p. 430.) The remark of this historian, in another place, is candid and just; namely, that if we advert to the violence and obstinacy of the King's temper, we shall be disposed to alleviate much of the blame which some of his minister's measures have undergone; and if we consider that the subsequent part of Henry's reign was much more criminal than that which had been directed by Wolsey's counsels, we shall be inclined to suspect those historians of partiality who have loaded the memory of this minister with violent reproaches.

There is another feature in Wolsey's character, too favorable to be overlooked, viz. that, at a very critical period for the establishment of the reformed religion in England, no person was prosecuted for heresy during his administration; "though the clergy," Rapin observes, "wanted not occasions to exercise their usual severities, had they been left to take their own course." It is painful to add that it was by the advice of Wolsey's successor to the seals, the benevolent, the accomplished, the upright Sir Thomas More, that the laws against heretics and the importation of their books were most rigorously enforced. Indeed it was one of the articles of impeachment against Wolsey, and which confers on him more honor, perhaps, than the rest entail disgrace, that by his connivance he had encouraged the growth of heresy, and had protected and acquitted some notorious offenders,

fenders, by means of which connivance Lutheranism had gained ground. Sir T. More, from being a free-thinker himself, and inculcating the utmost latitude of opinion on religious subjects in others, became a bigot and a persecutor: so that Jortin happily applies to him two lines which Ovid applies to Hercules: (Epist. ix. 23.)

" *Cæpisti melius quam desinis: ultima primis*
Cedunt: dissimiles hic vir, et ille puer."

When More wrote his Utopia, he was any thing but a zealot on these matters. We are tempted to give a passage from b. ii. ch. xi.:

" For this is one of the ancientest laws among them, that no man shall be blamed for reasoning in the maintenance of his own religion. For king Utopus, even at the first beginning, hearing that the inhabitants of the land were, before his coming thither, at continual dissension and strife among themselves for their religions — perceiving also that this common dissension (whilst every sect took several parts in fighting for their country) was the only occasion of his conquest over them all — as soon as he had gotten the victory, first of all he made a decree that it should be lawful for every man to favour and follow what religion he would; and that he might do the best he could to bring others to his opinion, so that he did it peaceably, gently, quietly, and soberly; without hasty and contentious rebuking and inveighing against each other. If he could not by fair and gentle speech induce them unto his opinion, yet he should use no violence, and refrain from displeasant and seditious words. To him that would vehemently and fervently in this cause strive and contend, was decreed banishment and bondage," &c. &c.

It would be unbecoming to extend the quotation, for we cannot suppose our readers to be ignorant of a work with which every body ought to be acquainted. Mr. Dibdin, whose edition of the Utopia is enriched with much collateral matter, exhibits a laudable anxiety to exonerate the memory of More from the charge of being a persecuting bigot:

" I cannot believe the idle stories which are told of him when Lord Chancellor, of whipping and putting to death certain of the Reformers. The only authorities are Burnet and Fox, the former of whom relies upon the latter. Fox, though an honest and excellent character, was a warm zealot; and the inference to be drawn is, not that More was right in being a Catholic, and Fox wrong in being a Protestant, but that the evidence of warm and zealous partizans should in all cases be received with caution. The general tenor of narrative and argument adopted by all More's professed biographers, and the *solemn testimony of Erasmus*, discountenance even a supposition of the above cruelties." (Dibdin's edition of Utopia, p. 348.)

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It is true that, in the preface to Rooper's Life of Sir Thomas More, some accusations of cruelties laid to his charge by the Protestants are denied; and Erasmus said of him that, though he hated the seditious tenets with which the world was then disturbed, yet it was a sufficient argument of his moderation that, while he was Lord Chancellor, no person was put to death for his disapproved opinion. It is equally true, however, that Erasmus was ashamed and grieved by the change which took place in his friend's character from liberality to bigotry; and Mr. Dibdin seems almost to have forgotten a quotation which he had himself given in another part of his volume from an epistle of Erasmus in proof of it.*

To return to the Cardinal. Mr. Howard must be closely pressed to find any thing praiseworthy in his character, when he gives an instance of his high spirit towards a French ambassador in these words: 'We must, however, do the Cardinal the justice of saying, that whenever the honour or interest of the country were at stake, *and not in opposition to his own private views*, he behaved with a degree of spirit highly honourable to him.' The fact is, that Wolsey was kept in pay by all the powers of Europe; who knew very well that "*Ego et Rex meus*" was not an unmeaning motto, but that if they won over the Cardinal to their interests, the King's concurrence was a matter of course. He had a pension from the King of France, from the Emperor, and from the Duke of Milan: in short, no treaty was executed without a *thumping* bribe being given to the Cardinal, as all the histories of the times concur in asserting.

Perhaps the following description of Wolsey's magnificence may be amusing:

'Elevated to power, both at home and abroad, and to wealth, both by fair means and foul, Wolsey began more pointedly to display his taste for magnificence, and to court popularity by hospitality in open house-keeping. For this purpose, three boards were daily spread in his hall, wherever he might be resident: at the

* "*Olim etiam reverenter audiebatur Hæreticus, et absolvebatur si satisfaciebat: sin convictus perstitisset, extrema pœna erat, non admittebatur ad ecclesiasticam communionem. Nunc, alia res est Hæreseos crimen; et tamen ab quamlibet levem causam, statim hoc habeant in ore* "Hæresis est!" *Olim Hæreticus habebatur, qui dissentiebat ab evangelis, ab articulis fidei, et his quæ cum his parem obtinerent authoritatem. Nunc, si quis unquam dissentiat a* THOMA, *vocatur Hæreticus; imo, si quis à commentitia ratione quam heri sophista quispiam in scholis commentus est. Quicquid non placet, quicquid non intelligunt,* Hæresis est. *Græce scire* Hæresis est; *et quicquid seipsi non faciunt,* Hæresis est." P. 89. of Introd.

head

head of the first sate a priest, in the office of steward; at the head of the second a knight, as treasurer; and at the third an esquire, who was always comptroller of the household. Besides these, there were other established officers; consisting of a confessor, a physician, two almoners, three marshals, three ushers, and several grooms.

'To supply these tables, the kitchen-establishment was necessarily extensive; consisting of a master-cook, whose daily dress was either velvet or satin, with a gold chain to mark his superiority, two other cooks, and six assistants or labourers, as they were called; in addition to whom there were, in what was called the hall-kitchen, two clerks, holding the offices of comptroller and surveyor over the dressers. In other departments were equally responsible persons; the hall-kitchen having two cooks, and labourers, and children, to the number of a dozen; the spicery superintended by a clerk; in the pastry, two yeomen and two paste-layers; in the scullery, four scullions; besides one yeoman and two grooms; one yeoman and a groom in the larder; two yeomen and two grooms in the buttery; the same in the ewry; three yeomen and three pages in the cellar; and two yeomen in the chandlery.

'Here then is a list nearly equal to that of a modern court-calendar; but we have still to add two yeomen in the wafery; a master of the wardrobe, with twenty assistants, or male-chamber-maids, in the bed-room department; a yeoman and groom, thirteen pages, two yeomen-purveyors, and a groom-purveyor, in the laundry; then in the bakehouse, two yeomen and grooms; one yeoman and groom in the wood-yard, coals not being then in general use; one yeoman in the barn; and two yeomen and two grooms as porters at the gate.

'In his stables equal pomp was displayed, there being a master of the horse, (and a yeoman of his barge,) besides a clerk and a yeoman; a farrier; a yeoman of the stirrup; also a maltlour, whose office we do not very well understand, and sixteen grooms, every one of them keeping four geldings.

'The Cardinal's chapel must have been on an establishment nearly equal to that of the sovereign; for at its head was a dean, always a divine of the first eminence, and selected for extensive learning; next to him a subdean, also a repeater of the choir, a reader of the gospels, a singing priest for the epistles, and a master of the children. These were for chapel-service on common days; but on great fasts or festivals there were other persons, on a constant retainer, who came to assist. In the vestry also were a yeoman and two grooms.

'Besides this pomp of ecclesiastical service, the chapel was furnished, and all the offices performed, with the utmost splendour of Roman Catholic decoration. The copes and other vestments were of white satin, or scarlet, or crimson, with the most costly ornaments of jewels and precious stones.

'Such may be called the public establishment of Wolsey's household; but splendid as it was, 'twas far exceeded by his personal

sonal domestic arrangements. His two cross-bearers, with two pillar-bearers, were always in waiting at due hours, in the anteroom or great chamber, whilst the privy chamber, or chambers, perhaps, must have been crowded; for there were a chief chamberlain, a vice chamberlain, a gentleman usher, besides a gentleman usher of his own chamber. Here were also twelve waiters, of low degree, and six gentlemen waiters: but the most extraordinary thing is, that he had also nine or ten peers of the realm on his household list, "who had each of them two or three men to waite upon him, except the Earle of Darby, who had five men."

'Cavendish, who seems to boast of all this display, goes on to recount that this proud Cardinal had also forty persons in the offices of gentlemen cupbearers, of carvers, and sewers, both of the great chamber and of the privy chamber; besides six yeomen ushers, eight grooms of the chamber; "also he had of almes, who were daily wayters of his boord at dinner," — twelve doctors (not physicians, we presume,) and chaplains, a clerk of the closet, two secretaries, two clerks of the signet, and four counsellors learned in the law.

'It is further stated by Cavendish, that he had a clerk of the cheque upon his chaplains and also upon the yeomen of the chamber; and when he became chancellor he added thereto, for the ready execution of that office, a riding clerk, a clerk of the crown, a clerk of the hanaper, and a wax chafer.

'Then there were "foure footmen garnished with rich running coates, whensoever he had any journey;" and besides these, a herald at arms, a serjeant at arms, a physician, an apothecary, four minstrels, a keeper of the tents, an armourer, an instructor of his wards in Chancery, an "instructor of his wardrop of roabes," a keeper of his chamber continually, a surveyor of York, and a clerk of the green cloth.

'In short, to sum up in a few words, there were actually upon his "cheine roll", eight hundred persons, independent of suitors, who were all entertained in the hall. "All these were daily attending downelying and uprising. And at need hee had eight continuall boords for the chamberlaynes and gentlemen officers, having a mease of young lords, and another of gentlemen; besides this, there was never a gentleman or officer, or other worthy person, but hee kept some two, some three persons to wait upon them; and all other, at the least, had one, which did amount to a great number of persons."

'In fact, the number exceeded eight hundred of all ranks, including nine or ten peers, or sons of peers, fifteen knights, and forty esquires; but then it must be stated that these latter were not considered as domestics, but as friends who resided in his family either for education and knowledge of the world, or for state-purposes, merely adding to the show on days of ceremony.'

This pomp and splendor of establishment must have been the more striking, from the contrast which it presented to the prevailing manners and habits of the English at that time: of

of which we have a curious account in a sensible letter from Erasmus to Franciscus, Cardinal Wolsey's physician, where he attributes the ravages of the plague and the sweating sickness to the bad construction of the houses, the disgusting filth of those who inhabit them, and the want of sewers for the streets. The floors of the houses, he tells us, are made of clay covered with rushes, which are never changed, but one layer is placed over another as the first wears out; on and under these lies every thing which is nasty, — beer, grease, spittle, bones, excrements of dogs and cats, and many other substances not to be named, yet if possible still more nauseous and pestilent.* The excessive use of salt meat, too, he condemns. Is it too much to suppose that the magnificence of Wolsey, the satire of Sir Thomas More in his Utopia, which is a most valuable record of the prevalent customs of the times, and the serious admonitions of Erasmus, may have contributed to effect a favorable change in the manners of the English? For in a few years afterward we find a very different account of them given by Lemnius, a foreign physician who visited England about the middle of the sixteenth century. We quote from Mr. Dibdin's "Utopia" the following passage, translated from Lemnius:

"The pavements are sprinkled upon, and floores cooled wyth springing water, and then strewed with sedge, and the parlours trimmed up with greene boughs, freshe herbes, or vyne-leaves,

* The letter begins: "*Frequenter et admirari et dolere soleo,*" &c. After having given his opinion that the want of light and ventilation in the construction of houses makes them very unwholesome, he says, "*Tum sola fere strata sunt argilla, tum scirpis palustribus, qui subinde sic renovantur ut fundamentum maneat aliquoties annos viginti, sub se fovens sputa, vomitus, mictum canum et hominum, projectam cervisiam, et piscium reliquias, aliasque sordes* non nominandas. *Hinc mutato cœlo vapor quidam exhalatur, mea sententia minime salubris humano corpore. Adde quod Anglia non solum undique circumfusa est mari, verum etiam multis in locis palustris est, salsisque fluminibus intersecta, ne quid dicam interim de salsamentis, quibus vulgus mirum in modum delectatur. Confiderem insulam fore multo salubriorem si scirporum usus tolleretur,*" &c. &c. — "*Ridet vulgus si quis offendatur cœlo nubiloso. Ego et ante annos triginta si fuissem ingressus cubiculum, in quo mensibus aliquot nemo versatus esset, illico incipiebam febricitari. Conferret huc, si vulgo parcior victus persuaderi posset, ac salsamentorum moderatior usus. Tum si publica cura demandaretur Ædilibus, ut viæ mundiores essent a cœno mictuque; curarentur et ea quæ civitati vicina sunt. Scio ridebis otium meum, qui his de rebus solicitus sim.* Faveo regioni, quæ mihi tam diu præbuit hospitium: in qua libens finirem quod superest ævi, si liceat," &c. &c.

which thinges no nations do more decently, more tymmely, nor more sightly than they do in Englande. For the English be people very civill and wel-affected to men well stryken in yeares, and to such as beare any countenance and estimation of learninge; therefore, francklye to utter what I thincke of the incredible curtesie and friendlinesse in speache and affabilitie used in this famous royalme, I must needes confesse, it doth surmount and carye away the pricke and price of al others. And besyde this, the neat cleanlines, the exquisite finenesse, the pleasaunte and delightfull furniture in every point for household, wonderfully rejoiced mee. Their chambers and parlours, strawed over with sweet herbes, refreshed me; their nosegays finelye intermingled wyth sondry sortes of fragraunte floures, in their bedchambers and privie roomes, with comfortable smell cheered mee up, and entierly delighted all my sences: and this do I think to be the cause y^t^ Englishmen, lyving by such holesome and exquisite meate, and in so holesome and exquisite ayre, be so freshe and cleane coloured: their faces, eyes, and countenance carying with it, and representing, a portly grace and comelynesse, geveth out evident tokens of an honest mind: in language very smooth and allective, but yet seasoned and tempered within the limits and bonds of moderation: not bumbasted with any unseemely termes, or inforced with any clawing flatteries or allurements. At their tables they be verye sumptuous, and love to have good fare; yet neither use they to overcharge themselves with excesse of drincke, neither thereto greatly provoke and urge others, but suffer every man to drincke in such measure as best pleaseth himselfe: which drincke (being eyther ale or beere) most pleasaunt in taste and holesomely relyced, they fetch not from foreine places, but have it amonge themselves brewed!" (P. 69.)

Insolent in prosperity, Wolsey exhibited a corresponding pusillanimity in adversity. He retained the character of a courtier to the last; and, by a real or affected condescension, he contrived to gain so much compassion and popularity during his last journey to take possession of the archbishopric at York, that his arrest as a state-prisoner and journey towards London for trial required some manœuvring to be effected without disturbance. The narrative of these last proceedings, taken by Mr. Howard chiefly from the account given by Wolsey's faithful adherent, Cavendish, is very interesting; and indeed, although we must repeat that a life of Wolsey was not wanted, we are quite disposed to do Mr. Howard justice by saying that he has left no source of information concerning the subject of his biography unvisited, and has brought together, within a reasonable compass, the scattered information which he derived from various authorities. In one particular, also, his work has an essential value; namely, in reconciling some chronological discrepancies, arising from the different modes of notation used by the earlier annalists.

' Previous

'Previous to, and during the reign of Henry VIII., it was customary to begin and end the year on Lady-day; but the modern mode of beginning the year on the 1st of January having then been partially adopted, the natural consequence was, that what happened in the months of January, February, and part of March, in any given year, by the first mode, was set down as in the year ensuing by those who adopted the second; so as to render necessary the practice, afterwards so frequent, of dating thus; 1520–1, 1526–7, &c.

'Then came another class of chronologists, who date by the years of each king's reign; a mode more uncertain even than those previously noted: for though all began the reign with the day which included demise and accession, yet some ended the reigning year, the first being of course a broken one, on the 1st of January, and others on Lady-day; whilst a third class carried on their dates from anniversary to anniversary of the accession.

'In regard to foreign dates also, particularly in Italy, even greater discrepancy existed; some historians falling into several of the errors of English chronology, with respect to the *annus Domini*, whilst others dated by the pontificate, beginning that period sometimes from the demise of the preceding pope, at others from the day of election or installation, thus leaving an interregnum between each pope and his successor. But the most extraordinary source of error was in the bureau of the papal secretary of state, where briefs were dated in a year beginning at the Nativity, and bulls at the Incarnation! This *infallible* regulation was not only productive of various mistakes, but was also found very convenient as a means of *mystification*, when his Holiness wished to get out of political or ecclesiastical difficulties;—of which a remarkable instance is recorded in the body of this work, (p. 432.) wherein Wolsey himself was nearly deceived, and obliged to direct the English embassy to demand a specific explanation.'

The consequences of this chronological confusion have been unfavorable and unjust to the Cardinal; because, by transposing the order of events, his actions have sometimes been represented as preceding the circumstances which actually led to them; and he has thus been exposed to unmerited censure, where a rectified chronology might have furnished his justification. Mr. Howard is intitled to great praise for correcting and regulating these chronological difficulties.

ART. IX. *An Inquiry, with a View to ascertain how far Nature and Education respectively determine the Moral and Intellectual Character of Man.* 8vo. pp. 355. Cadell. 1823.

EVERY attempt to familiarize the science of the human mind is highly meritorious; and the anonymous author of the work before us justly considers that science as the only perfect

illustration of the art of educating and enlightening mankind, since no course of institution can be auspiciously begun or effectively pursued without a previous knowlege of the intellectual and moral nature of man in general, and of the peculiar dispositions and faculties of the individual who is to be rendered virtuous and intelligent. He disavows the wish to establish any specific system, or to controvert any existing theory, but professes 'to state the result of his own general observations on the nature and education of man, in as intelligible language as he can command.' Mr. Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, his Treatise on Education, his Conduct of the Understanding, and occasionally Barrow's sermons, have furnished the author with his chief aids: but we must not concede to him that he adheres to his promise of not recommending any peculiar system, inasmuch as the greater part of his essay is drawn from Mr. Locke's admirable work. We do not, indeed, object to that eminent writer's philosophy: for we could not name any treatise which is enriched with so many valuable observations on the intellectual phænomena; and it supplies, we readily allow, many of those logical rules which invigorate and direct our faculties in the investigation of truth. Still we do not think that his system of ideas elucidates in the slightest degree the question which is here proposed to be discussed; viz. that of the influence of education on the human character, compared with that which is produced by the original laws and properties of our nature. In the use of the word *idea*, Locke is singularly vague and even inconstant to his own hypothesis; and in his observations in answer to the Bishop of Worcester, he seems to admit that the word requires sometimes a limited and at others an almost indefinite sense. The phantasms and intelligible species of the antient philosophy would, in our opinions, have answered the same purpose; since it is evident that, while our external senses receive the impression, they do not receive the material objects themselves by which they are affected: as wax receives the impression of the seal, but not the seal itself. The revival, therefore, of the impression, to form an idea, which is Mr. Locke's theory, is the interposition of an unnecessary link in the reasoning; for, after all, he agrees with Aristotle, Descartes, Berkeley, and Hume, that objects, whether of sense, memory, imagination, or reasoning, originate in the mind only. We are disposed, in a great measure, to acquiesce in Reid's description of the same phænomena, as a more simple and therefore more philosophical solution; viz. that external objects make impressions which are followed by correspondent sensations, and that

these are again followed by perceptions of the existence and qualities of the bodies which make the impressions. All the steps of the hypothesis are alike incomprehensible, and the consideration of them can throw no light on the manner in which we acquire our knowlege of the existence and qualities of body. We could have wished, also, that Mr. Locke had not admitted so absolutely that the soul's immateriality, which is the foundation of all his own reasonings, was beyond our knowlege. "It is a point," he says, "which seems to me placed out of the reach of our own knowledge." We do not the less know the existence of a thing because we are ignorant of the modes and properties of that existence. *Consciousness* is a proof of the existence of objects totally independent of all knowlege of the laws and nature of their existence. As to the scholastic questions concerning the nature and essence of mind, — whether extended or unextended, &c. &c. — we agree with Mr. Locke that these are matters beyond our knowlege, and are therefore unprofitable discussions: but the immateriality of the thinking power is, we conceive, sufficiently demonstrated by a consciousness of its existence, distinct from all our perceptions of material or external objects.

We are therefore inclined with Mr. Dugald Stewart to consider the second book of the Essay as not the most valuable part of it; nor does the abstract of Locke's doctrine of ideas, according to our views of the subject, furnish much aid in illustrating the question proposed by the author now under review. The remarks on the nature of language, and the abuse of words, bear much more closely on the subject; and more might have been extracted from Locke on the different classes of prejudice incident to human nature. In point of practical utility, at least, this is a discussion which takes the lead of all others; and Bacon himself, who prepared the way for Mr. Locke's reasonings, might on this head have been consulted and cited to greater advantage: for Locke has added little to what had been already urged by his great predecessor, more than the application of Hobbes's law of association to explain the manner in which these prejudices are originally generated. Perhaps, Locke was indebted for his remarks on the use and abuse of language, which form one of the most valuable parts of the Essay, to Lord Bacon's observations on the mutual influence exercised by thought and language over each other, and on the dependence which subsists between them.

Though we have accompanied the anonymous author before us thus far in his Inquiry, we must not be supposed, on that

account, to acquiesce in the complacent persuasion which seems to have taken possession of his own mind, that the question proposed in the title-page is at all elucidated by the extracts which form the greater part of the volume. There is such a want of connection and congruity in this kind of patchwork argumentation, — it is so made up of broken and discontinuous topics, — that we seem to effect no progress towards any specific or definite conclusion. Nor are we quite satisfied with the style and execution of the few passages which belong to the author himself. For instance, he thus comments on Mr. Locke's use of the word "ideas," which tells us confusedly things that are conceived distinctly:

'. A highly eminent philologist, and whose profound learning we cannot pretend ever to fathom, in making some few comments upon the Essay concerning Human Understanding, says, "I only desire you to read the Essay over again with attention, and see whether all that its immortal author has justly concluded will not hold equally true and clear, if you substitute the composition, &c. of terms, wherever he has supposed a composition, &c. of ideas." But after a second, and even third perusal, we still retain the opinion that Mr. Locke is correct, and that the proposed alteration would not upon trial be found to answer. According to Mr. Locke, "Ideas are whatsoever may be the object of the understanding when a man thinks," whereas, terms, he says, are only the symbols of ideas; and whether they are to be considered as particular or general, must be determined entirely by the nature of the ideas to which they are annexed. "Terms become general by being made *signs* of general ideas, and ideas become general, by separating from them the circumstances of time, place, and any other particular existence," as man, theatre, &c. The mind first makes a collection of ideas; secondly, it unites them into one; and thirdly, gives stability to the union by a name, as a tragedy, phœnix, bankrupt, &c. But

'"What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other word would smell as sweet."

The term universe is the same, whether used by the learned or the ignorant; the idea attached to it too, so far as it is supposed to include all beings, is the same; yet how greatly more sublime, though infinitely short of the original, will the composition of the picture be to the eye of knowledge than to that of ignorance. Besides the mind can conceive, and by circumlocution enable another to conceive, the like arbitrarily composed ideas, even before terms are affixed to them; for instance, inventions ere they have been carried into execution, and the numberless chimeras entertained of beauty or deformity, whence, indeed, the expression "ideal beauty." The hands cannot execute what the eye hath not seen, nor the mind conceived. Imagination it is that "bodies forth the forms of things unknown," and the artist's, like the poet's hand,

'"Turns

'"Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

'Simple terms have been invented, and afterwards, as occasion required, variously compounded. Simple terms are the uncompounded names of any ideas whatsoever, as John, man, fleet. Compound terms, Johnson defines to be, two or more terms united into one. The apparent intention of compounding them is, not only in general to spare the invention of new terms, but sometimes also to mark particularly either some sort of relation, with which certain things are considered, or some pre-eminent power or quality, or remarkable deficiency of either, discernible in them; *e. g.* the simple term, umbrella, a shade, does not specify from what it is to shade one, but the compound terms, parasol and parapluie, are no sooner pronounced, than the mind considers those instruments with relation to the things parried, *i. e.* with the sun and rain. Such, too, are thermometer, contemporary, coal-heaver, turnspit. By the term ventriloquist, we distinguish those persons remarkable for speaking, as it were, from the belly; clear-sighted, able-bodied, shallow-brain, &c. are of the like description. A very superficial examination of the most copious languages would serve to convince us, that the composition of terms is extremely limited, while that of ideas we find to be as boundless as the imagination of man: *e. g.* in the term religion there is little composition, yet it represents a great composition of ideas, of a Creator, of a superior, of a benefactor, of one created, of an inferior, of gratitude, of adoration, and perhaps of many others.'

We will now offer a specimen of the analytic manner in which the chief propelling dispositions of man are arranged in the work before us.

'PRINCIPAL DIRECTING DISPOSITIONS.

'These are the dispositions every man has, to urge him to seek more or less steadily the very various things that are good, useful, and agreeable to him.

'*Desire of Happiness both in our present and future State of Existence, or to obtain Good and to avoid Evil.*

'Respectively stronger or weaker according to the character of the individual. It directs him upon all occasions to do what his reason and conscience dictate to him, whether agreeable to his present inclinations or not.

'*Desire of Ease, or Relief from present Pain.*

'Stronger or weaker, and of different characters. It directs him to free himself, as soon as practicable, from any annoyance likely to injure either his mind or body; it often induces him also to rid himself of pain, though his impatience is likely eventually to be more or less disadvantageous to him.

'*Desire of Superiority, or Ambition.*

'Stronger or weaker, and of different characters. It directs him to aim at excelling in any pursuit whatsoever, whether good or bad.

'*Desire of Pleasure.*

'Stronger or weaker, and of different characters. It directs him to enjoy the various bounties provided for him by indulgent nature; it tempts him also to use them to a more or less criminal excess.

'*Desire of Independence or of Liberty.*

'Stronger or weaker, and of different characters. It directs him to rely principally upon his own exertions, both for subsistence and amusement; it renders him also apt to resist the most wholesome authority.

'*Desire of Power.*

'Stronger or weaker, and of different characters. It directs him to become more or less, and in a variety of ways, the benefactor or the scourge of individuals, families, or nations.

'*Desire of Wealth.*

'Stronger or weaker, and of different characters. It directs him to accumulate riches either by honest or dishonest means, and for good or bad purposes, or for hoarding.

'*Consciousness or Belief of Superiority or Pride.*

'Stronger or weaker, and of different characters. It directs him properly to support the dignity of his nature, character, rank, and situation, in life: it often leads him also to forget what is justly due to the self-love and pretensions of others.

'*Desire of appearing to Advantage, or Vanity.*

'Stronger or weaker, and of different characters. It directs him to display his acquirements or possessions in a manner more or less agreeable and advantageous to, or more or less offensive and injurious to, the fortunes or morals of others.

'*Desire of Change.*

'Stronger or weaker, and of different characters. It is in many cases irresistible; in others it directs him to vary his actions, so as to give his body and mind each a wholesome degree both of exercise and repose; it leads him also to indulge himself in the most wanton caprices.

'*Desire of Novelty.*

'Stronger or weaker, and of different characters. It directs him to seek new objects in order to extend his acquaintance with nature, and to give new zest to his enjoyments. It also inclines him to become soon disgusted with sameness, and to be fickle and dissipated.

'*Curiosity.*

'Stronger or weaker, and of different characters. It directs him to search out the secrets of nature, both physical and intellectual, and to make himself acquainted with the past and present state of the world; it disposes him, also, to be more or less impertinently inquisitive and prying into the affairs of others.'

Many

Many useful hints on the varieties of moral character are to be found dispersed about this book, but they are exhibited in too detached and isolated a form to contribute to the general reasoning. In truth, we doubt whether it was the author's intention to institute *any* general reasoning: for some of his moral portraitures are only sketches in the manner of Theophrastus, being merely an assemblage of features constituting this or that moral class. We are not disposed to deny that much valuable matter, extracted both from Locke and Barrow, will repay the reader who turns over the volume: but the absence of a luminous order renders it far from being conducive to its proposed object. It is an error, not indeed exclusively peculiar to this treatise, but common to many industrious and patient investigations, to wander into a labyrinth of section and analysis, which fatigues instead of corroborating the memory of the reader.

The author thus recapitulates his labors; and from this outline of the primary divisions of the subject, it is easy to infer into how many subordinate and minor distributions his plan compelled him to enter. As we cannot class the work among original compositions, since it consists almost wholly of extract, we must close both our quotations and our remarks with this

'RECAPITULATION.

'Having examined the several component parts of man, as far as the object we had in view required, we will now take a general survey of him, and so terminate our labours.

'He is composed of body and mind; the body having senses and sensation; the mind, understanding, sensibility, and volition.

'He has excitements to urge him to the use of his several faculties.

'*Pleasure and Pain,* *Self-love,*
Desire or Volition, *Social Love,*
Love and Hatred, *Sympathy,*
Hope and Fear, *Conscience,*
Desire of Reward and Fear of Punishment.
Desire of Praise and Fear of Blame.

'Principal directing dispositions, the immediate, or more or less remote origin of most of his propensities both good and bad.

'*Desire of Happiness,* *Desire of Wealth,*
Desire of Ease, *Pride,*
Ambition, *Vanity,*
Desire of Pleasure, *Desire of Change,*
Desire of Independence, *Desire of Novelty,*
Desire of Power, *Curiosity,*
Desire of Occupation.

'A native

'A native character, being of a sanguine or phlegmatic temperament, and of an easy or difficult temper.

'Primary dispositions that betray themselves at the dawn of his reason, he being either

'*Active or Indolent,*

Patient or Impatient,	*Docile or Obstinate,*
Contented or Discontented,	*Reserved or Unreserved,*
Courageous or Fearful,	*Decisive or Indecisive,*
Bold or Timid,	*Attentive or Inattentive.*

'He is disposed to *Love* and *Hate*, also to be

'*Angry,*	*Forgiving,*	*Jealous,*
Resentful,	*Grateful,*	*Envious.*

'He has reason, experience, and example, to enable him more readily and confidently to regulate his several propensities, and to determine his proper line of conduct in life.

'Habit to acquire a relish for the practice of his numerous moral duties, and also imperceptibly to lessen the sense of those evils from which he cannot escape.

'We find him in some things fettered by the law of insurmountable necessity, or fatality, and in others left a free agent, and thus some of his actions are voluntary, some involuntary.

'Subjected to human power, he is commonly left, more or less, at liberty, but liable to be compelled to remain in confinement, or to suffer bodily pain, or death, or to be restrained from indulging his inclinations: upon all which occasions, he is under the arbitrary necessity of submission. But no human power can *directly* compel him to action, that can be done only *indirectly* by the agency of *fear*.

'He is born with a certain constitution both of mind and body, which are more or less injured, or brought to a greater or less degree of perfection, by being judiciously or injudiciously managed.

'A good education consists in a combination of good habits, tending to bring the powers both of the mind and body into that healthy and sound state, *as* shall most effectually qualify them properly to perform their several functions throughout life.

'Nature most clearly manifests her intention, that we should partake of, but not abuse, her very various bounties; for excess and want both produce, though in diametrically opposite ways, sickness, vice, and consequent misery; whereas, a wholesome variety of pleasures, enjoyed with moderation, serve to promote health, cheerfulness, and content, and to encourage us to persevere in the practice of virtue. *Uneasiness it is*, that most frequently causes us to be restless and *eager of change*.

'But in what manner a creature constituted like man could be altogether the most successfully educated, seems to be a question likely to divide the opinions of mankind, as long as it shall remain impracticable to trace *moral effects* indubitably to their *proper causes*. However, though we cannot trace them *indubitably*, yet we may, we imagine, very *satisfactorily* do so, by the means of *continual*

tinual experience, for the most preferable mode of educating man must necessarily be that which, upon the whole, is found to be productive of the greatest degree of virtue, health, and useful information, and consequently of the most general happiness. Man cannot long be truly virtuous, wise, healthy, and happy, but by conforming himself to the laws of nature, since nature it is, and not education, that has given him those faculties and feelings he has, to act and to enjoy life.

'But to conclude, the peculiar constitution of each individual may be more or less perfected by education, but cannot be *essentially* changed by it; indeed, so far from being essentially changed by it, the constitution of his body, as well as of his mind, continually, we believe, determines the general effects which direct management, and likewise casual circumstances, produce upon both his moral and intellectual character.'

ART. X. *Poems*. By James G. Percival, M.D. Crown 8vo. 2 Vols. Printed in America, and re-printed in London. Price 16*s*. Boards. Miller. 1824.

NOTHING, we imagine, can afford us a more striking proof of the rapid strides made by our trans-Atlantic brethren from independence to all the arts of polished life, than the number of good writers who have recently sprung up among them. We have taken several opportunities, in late years, to discuss the merits of some of these candidates for literary fame, and especially the poets; "*Specimens*" of whose best productions were not very long since selected and published in our own country. (See M. R. for Jan. 1823, p. 28.) There surely can be no prouder testimony to their growing merits, than that which has thus been offered to them by a nation, superlatively abounding as ours does in every species and variety of poetic excellence. Subsequently to this little volume, which displayed a great variety of talent, other and entire publications from the pens of American poets have appeared, reprinted in this country; a strong symptom, we think, of their rising credit and importance. Amid a great diversity, in point both of ability and subject, we have selected the Poems which appear at the head of this article; because, though not of equal excellence with the nobler strains of Bryant, or some of those of Bancroft, as given in the before-mentioned Specimens, they yet boast a degree of merit far superior to that of any entire pieces hitherto published on this side of the water.

We are informed, indeed, with a considerable exaggeration of his merits, in the English 'Notice' prefixed to his works, 'that in England Dr. Percival is *only* known as standing in the

the first rank of living American poets,' and that 'his works can boast no other celebrity here than the casual republication of a few admired pieces has given them.' (Advertisement, p. i.) This is followed by a brief sketch of the author's life; which closes with the somewhat too easy and liberal remark that, 'as Dr. Percival's works are now in the hands of the public, his poetical reputation must be left to their testimony. His character in private life we may commit to the same decision, only *remarking that if aught* of misanthropy or scepticism is found in these volumes, they should be regarded *merely* as casting shades upon a character, on the whole singularly pure, elevated, and amiable.' (P. viii.)

On this point we conceive it to be our duty to observe that, so far from being marked by merely a few *shades* of scepticism or misanthropy, the Doctor's poetry, though elevated with occasional bursts of true genius and passion, presents some of the most startling and terrifie pictures of a powerful but fevered imagination, of contempt and hatred of mankind, of scepticism, of suicide, and of the "darkest painter's horrors," that we recollect to have ever contemplated. To some minds, in some moods, these pictures have their charms, — doubtless of a deep and pervading character; for we have tried them; and, as they boast but too potent and dangerous a spell, we would fain exorcise the imaginations both of the poet and his readers. We would also inquire by what license the author has believed himself justified in recounting his wild and extravagant day-dreams to a world which he seems, in his poetic character, only to shun and to despise; when he must know, too, that there can only be some unhappy few, whose darkness of fate or whose genius and sorrows can rightly appreciate him? Deeply fraught with poetry and passion as some of his pieces indisputably are, we think that in this "moody madness" of the poet's brain he has gone much too far: we fear to sympathize with him; we shiver and tremble as we read; yet we feel his power, and are borne along with him, as it were, in his career, until we begin to suspect that we may become as wild and extravagant as he is himself. We are assured, however, that such excess of feeling, and such extravagance of tone and expression, though calculated to awaken and surprize, are little less than the betrayal of a poet's trust. He is indeed justified in exciting a powerful degree of interest, amounting even to alarm and terror: but beyond this he must not go; since the poetic law, from the time of the Stagyrite down to Mr. Hume, has continued to denounce all feelings and all appeals that approach the region of horror. It will be sufficient here

here to state our opinion, without quoting specimens of the parts to which we refer; and we shall rather chuse to select such passages as seem most likely to gain credit for the Columbian muse. These we find scattered not sparingly throughout the volumes, and of a very varied description. It is our duty to observe, however, that the prevailing faults of the writer's poetry appear to consist in the florid and pompous style, which is unfortunately so much affected by some of our young modern poets; and in the study of contrast and effect, still struggling to reach the "*os magna sonaturum*," to the frequent detriment of sound meaning and clear good sense. These, we dare say, will be perceptible without our insisting on instances, and holding them up to our readers in *italics*. Having premised this, we shall proceed to the few specimens which our limits will permit us to give, of the very diversified subjects and varied style of treating them, which are among the leading characteristics of the Doctor's productions.

The following stanzas, strikingly characteristic of his manner, are taken from his *Prometheus*, a poem abounding in splendid and fanciful passages:

'Much study is a weariness — so said
The sage of sages, and the aching eye,
The pallid cheek, the trembling frame, the head
Throbbing with thought and torn with agony,
Attest his truth; and yet we will obey
The intellectual *Numen*, and will gaze
In wondering awe upon it, and will pay
Worship to its omnipotence; the blaze
Of mind is as a fount of fire, that upward plays.

'Aloft on snow-clad mountains, on whose breast
Unspotted purity has ever lain;
The clouds of sense and passion cannot rest
Upon its shadowy summit, nor can stain
The white veil which enwraps it, nor in vain
Roll the white floods of liquid heat, they melt
The gathered stores of ages, to the plain
They pour them down in streams enkindling, felt
By every human heart, in myriad channels dealt.

'This is the electric spark sent down from Heaven,
That woke to second life the man of clay;
The torch was lit in ether, light was given,
Which not all passion's storms can sweep away;
There is no closing to this once-risen day,
Tempests may darken, but the sun will glow,
Serene, unclouded, dazzling, and its ray
Through some small crevices will always flow,
Nor leave in utter night the world that gropes below.

'And

'And now and then some spirit, from the throng,
With wings Dædalean, in his rage will soar,
And spreading wide his pinions with a strong
And desperate effort, from this servile shore
Mounting like Minder's swans, whose voices pour
Melodious music, like the dying fall
Of zephyrs in a pine-grove, or the roar
Heard through the lonely forest, when the pall
Of night o'erhangs us, borne from some far waterfall.

'With wing as tireless, and with voice as sweet,
His eye the falcon's, and his heart the dove's,
He lifts his heavenward daring, till the heat
Of that same orb he aimed to, which he loves
To mark with keen eye till the cloud removes,
That gave its glow a softness, with its blight
Withers his sinewy strength; so Heaven reproves
The minds, that scan it with audacious sight,
And seek with restless gaze too pure, unmingled light.

'Gay was the paradise of love he drew,
And pictured in his fancy; he did dwell
Upon it till it had a life; he threw
A tint of Heaven athwart it — who can tell
The yearnings of his heart, the charm, the spell,
That bound him to the vision? Cold truth came
And plucked aside the veil — he saw a hell,
And o'er it curled blue flakes of lurid flame —
He laid him down and clasped his damp chill brow in shame.

'His fall is as the Titans', who would tear
The thunder from their monarch, and would pile
Their mountain-stairway to Olympus, where
The bolt they grasped at pierced them; with a smile
Of fearless power the thunderer sat the while,
And mocked their fruitless toiling, then he hurled
His whitening arrows, and at once their guile
And force were blasted, and their fall unfurled,
An awful warning flag to a presumptuous world.

'They stand, a beacon chained upon the rock;
Heaven o'er them lifts unveiled her boundless blue;
Ambition's sun still scorches, and the mock
Of all their high desires is full in view;
Affection cools their foreheads with no dew
Of melting hearts, no rain of pitying eyes;
The vulture, conscience, gnaws them, ever new
Their heart's torn fibres into life will rise,
The gorging fury clings, repelled she never flies.

'These are the men who dared to rend the veil
Religion hung around us; they would tear
The film from off our eyes, and break the pale
That bound the awe-struck spirit, nor would spare
The worship paid by ages; in the glare

Of

Of their red torches Piety grew blind,
And saw no more her comforter; her fair
And fond hopes lost their beauty; can the mind,
When rifled of its faith, so dear a solace find?

'They pull down Jove from his Idæan throne;
They quench the Jew's Schechinah, and the cross,
That bore the mangled corse of Heaven's own Son,
They trample in the dust, and spurn as dross;
And will they recompense the world its loss?
Have they a fairer light to cheer our gloom?
Oh no! — the grave yawns on us as a fosse,
Where we must sleep for ever; this our doom —
Body and mind shall rot and moulder in the tomb.'

A few other portions of the same poem, particularly in its descriptive parts, display much power and beauty: — such as the delineation of an approaching tempest among the hills; which, for pervading strength and vividness, is almost worthy of the departed fire of Byron:

'A solemn pause — the woods below are still,
No breezes wave their light leaves, and the lake
Lies like a sleeping mirror; on the hill
The white flocks eye the rain-drops, that will slake
Their hot thirst, and the screaming curlews take
Their circling flight along the silent stream;
Save their storm-loving music now awake,
Nature seems slumbering in a midnight dream;
She starts — behold aloft that sudden quivering gleam.

'The torch is lit among the clouds — the peals
Roar through the lonely wilds, and echoing swell
Around the far horizon — earth now feels
And trembles as she listens — who can tell
The spirit's awe? as if it heard its knell,
It bows before the Power, whose hand controuls
Lightning, and wind, and waves, who loves to dwell
In storms, and on its path the tempest rolls,
Whose words are bolts, whose glance electric pierces souls,

'And makes the bold blasphemer pale with awe,
And stills the madman's laugh, and strikes with dread
The brow, that bore defiance to the law
Stamped on the universe; he hides his head
In darkness like the ostrich; all those led
By his once fearless mocking, slink away,
And o'er them prostrate, wrathful angels tread,
And draw their fiery arrows, and repay
With fear and death the hearts that dare to disobey.

'Tis night, and we are on the mountain-top —
The air is motionless, and not a breath
Of wind is whispered, and the pure dews drop
From Heaven, like tears, upon this lovely death
Of nature, while the landscape underneath,

And

And the vast arch above, smile in the ray
Of the full moon, who, circled in her wreath
Of glory, walks, a queen, her lofty way,
And pours upon the world a softer, calmer day.'

If the muse of the New World continues to rank among her votaries poets who can produce lines equal and superior to the preceding, she will not long have to repine at the fame of those of older nations. Of a gentler tone and less fiery spirit than the verses which we have just given are the few following stanzas, from the same composition: which, though not perfect in their kind, breathe an intense feeling, and a mournful melody of soul, that characterize only the true poet:

'Farewell to the lost land, where life was young,
And the fresh earth seem'd lovely; where the heart
First felt the thrill of ecstasy, when strung
With its fine tender chords, all could impart
Joy to its laughing innocence — I start
To find I am so cold, where all before
Was tinctured with divinity — We part,
Land of my early loves! thy once bright shore
Has lost its dearest charm — Farewell! we meet no more.

'The world that is, seems Eden to the child,
The rainbows on a bubble are a spell
To chain him in sweet wonder; O! how wild
Do the first awakened throbs of feeling swell, —
There is no music like the village-bell,
That o'er the far hills sends its silver sound, —
There is no beauty like the forms, that dwell
In flower and bud, and shell and insect, found,
When through the watered vale we take our infant round.

'But this is for the new mind — soon we tire
Of all this simple loveliness, we form
Within a magic fane, whose sun-gilt spire
Burns in the azure firmament — the storm
Is portion of its majesty, we warm,
Not tremble in the lightning's vivid glare —
Sounds must be heard from Heaven, that they inform
The spirit with the life of thought, and bear
Through all their unseen flight, the souls that upward dare.

'The world imagined, to the world we feel,
Is glory and magnificence; we turn
From earth in sated weariness, but kneel
Before the pomp we dream of — when the urn
Holds all that now hath form and life, we spurn
The shackles, that debase us and confine:
Deep in its central fountain mind will burn
Brighter in darkness, like the gems that shine
With a fixed eye of fire, the stars of cave and mine.

'When

'When the gay visions once so fair are fled,
When Time has dropped his rose-wreaths, and his brow
Hath only snows to shade it; hearts have bled,
And healed themselves to be all callous; now
In the cold years of vanished hope, we plough
And sow in barrenness to reap in blight—
Then the soul in its solitude doth bow
To its own grandeur, and from outer night
Turns to the world within, and finds all love and light.'

Many other pieces, of a lighter and more varied description, might serve to illustrate and confirm the opinion which we advanced in the outset, of the advancing importance and improvement of the *poetical* literature of America, together with her increase of *political* power and prosperity.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

FOR JULY, 1824.

POETRY *and the* DRAMA.

Art. 11. *Warreniana;* with Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By the Editor of a Quarterly Review. 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Longman and Co. 1824.

There are two modes of writing a parody: first, by copying the general style and genius of an author; secondly, by imitating some particular composition. The first of these modes is by far the most difficult, and requires much higher talents than the last. Indeed, to catch the peculiar tone of thought and feeling which distinguishes a writer, — to seize his particular turns of expression and shades of language, — is a task rarely attempted, and, when attempted, is still more rarely performed with success. The authors of the "Rejected Addresses" are the only writers of the present day who have exhibited talents equal to such an undertaking. — On the other hand, to turn into ridicule any particular composition requires no extraordinary powers of wit or brilliancy of talent. The substitution in a fine poem, for instance, with which the reader is acquainted, of certain ludicrous images for the former subject-matter of the lines, is easily accomplished, and has generally a humorous effect. Of this nature are the imitations in the little volume now before us, which are executed with considerable vivacity and success. Some production of almost every celebrated author of the day is thus converted into a ludicrous composition in praise of Mr. Warren, the advertizing blacking manufacturer; and on the whole the parodies have sufficient cleverness in them to repay a perusal. 'A Nursery Ode' by L[eigh] H[unt] is perhaps the best specimen of the writer's talent.

'Ah, little ranting Johnny!
For ever blythe and bonny,
And singing heigho, nonny!
Come, you rogue, to me now,
And sit upon my knee now,
While in thought we rove
Through clipsome Lisson Grove,
Where the blackbird singeth
And the daisy springeth,
And the Naiads tie,
All underneath the sky,
Their garters with crisp posies
Of daffodils and roses.
Johnny, Johnny, Johnny!
Fie! oh fie upon ye!
Thus to teaze your nunkey,
You good-for-nothing monkey;
Thus to pull and swale
His perriwig and tail,
And throw with cunning glee,
Tobacco in his tea.
There — but words are vain, John —
There you go again, John;
Now perked up in a corner,
Like jaunty Jacky Horner;
Now clambering up the chimney
With springy step and slim knee,
Till, open-mouthed, you whip down
An ounce of soot; then slip down,
And run to daddy, crying —
"Odzooks, papa, I'm dying:"
Or else, with glib intention,
You puzzle your invention
To joke us; first you weep, John,
And snore as if asleep, John;
Then up you jump and cry out —
"Oh Christ, I've poked my eye out!"
When lo! directly after,
You turn us into laughter.
'Well, poppet, though you bore us
With one eternal chorus;
Of harum scarum divo,
Tag rag and genitivo;
And though, you tricksy wizard,
You daily stuff your gizzard
With sugar-plumbs of full size,
And lollipops and bulls' eyes,
The Muse, through me, shall shed, now,
Her blessings on your head, now.
'May your hours of childhood,
Like roses in a wild wood,

Shed

Shed native sweets around you,
Till sunny thoughts surround you;
And when by twilight still
You roam o'er Primrose-Hill,
Or when, by midnight dark,
You cross the Regent's Park,
May Pan, with eye so brightsome,
And cock-up nose so lightsome,
Tell you tales of tree-gods,
Of river and of sea-gods;
As how from lover's lay
Daphne stole away;
How by Tempè's fountain
She ran, and Pindus' mountain,
While chesnut, vine, and hop-leaf
Rung aloud with "Stop thief!"
And, to love a martyr,
Apollo followed *arter;*
Or how that Colchian witch,
In Jason's friendship rich,
Her father dared to whip in
A monstrous earthen pipkin,
To boil him up with lamb
And caper-sauce and ham,
And then, as I'm a sinner,
To dish him up for dinner!
'Your father, too, my own John,
We'll not let him alone, John,
But, with prophetic glee,
Declare how time will be
When nations shall proclaim
The triumphs of his fame,
And story pile on story
In honour of his glory.
So now good night, my Johnny;
Put your night-cap on ye;
And mind, you little jewel,
Mind you drink your gruel,
Or else, despite your tears, John,
Papa will box your ears, John.'

Art. 12. *The Count Arezzi;* a Tragedy: in Five Acts. 8vo. pp. 192. 6*s.* sewed. Booth. 1824.

In point of diction and poetic feeling, we are inclined to pronounce the composition before us to be a very powerful and spirited drama. The writer evidently possesses many of the requisites of a fine poet; such as a vigorous command of language, and a rich and copious imagination; and though, in his conception of dramatic characters and the management of his plot, he is more deficient, still as a whole the tragedy is very creditable to his talents. Its length renders it obviously unfit for representation, but in some respects it is well suited for the stage. Many

single passages of considerable beauty might be selected; as for instance:

'There is a time
When grief is less than misery, and respires
A mournful fragrance for the sighs it breathes —
Such melancholy greets its sorrows mildly,
And dallies with light pangs: but after this
Comes bitterness accursed and unallayed,
Whose taste is torment. No man ever yet
Knew and endured it long — tho' many talk
Of patience wisely, many too have borne
Life's miseries nobly — these had light within;
Their darkness was not blackness, helpless, hopeless —
They never felt as I do, or their cries
Had been as loud as mine.'

The following lines have almost the effect of a picture. The Duchess having asked Prince Andria on what day he had left her brother, he replies:

'Our Lady's eve;
Till then the winds, which bore him forth toward Spain,
Seemed loth to speed his passage, yet ashamed
To leave his fluttering sails unfilled — by fits
They lingered and returned, pursued, then tarried,
And did their office sorrowing. Here at length,
Sardinia lay before us, with her hills
Higher than the sun declined. O'er the glazed sea
Some long blue streaks stretched darkening in the breeze,
All else was motionless. The fleet lay close —
Shadowing its burnished image in the deep —
So that we saw the pomp, and heard the sounds —
Mistress of many nations. Each thronged ship,
As well as that we sailed in with the King,
Had lowered its standard till the mass was said,
And while they sang the vespers. Never yet
Has music seemed so holy! We were there,
Who jointly in this world should hear no more
What we had heard so oft. At last the King
Said something good to each; embraced his son;
And bade us, if indeed we were his friends,
To honor whom he left us. For myself,
He placed me next the Duke, and spoke at large
Of faith long tried, and services approved,
Which, tho' they pleased me, shamed me. While we knelt,
The tear was in his eye, and when the barge
Bore us in sorrow from his side, he said,
"Commend me to my sister."'

Art. 13. *Monody on the Death of Lord Byron.* By Thomas Maude, A.B. 8vo. 1*s.* Hatchard.

This slight effusion was written, we are told, on the day in which the author heard of the decease of the noble bard whom it laments.

Mr. Maude

Mr. Maude is a great admirer of Lord Byron's undisputed genius; and that he is himself not altogether a rejected suppliant of the muse, the following lines may testify;

'Gone in his days' meridian! — He, whose fame
Arose, o'ershadowing each exalted name,
Is dust ere now! And that triumphant lyre,
So often tuned to breathing words of fire,
Is cold and mute. —

'When my young spirit first all thirsting flew
To the sweet fount of poesy, it found
HIM lord supreme among the living crown'd,
And hailed his muse, and paid the homage due,
By his compelling mastery thrilled and bound!
For he was in a splendid atmosphere
Of genius — light — the royalty of mind;
And his lays flowed like music on the ear.
Or like the violent rushing of the wind,
Or like the roar of a tumultuous sea, —
Tenderly touching, or with passion strong
Bearing and sweeping the whole heart along!
At least his song was puissant thus with me.

'His feet were set on ice — and, if he fell,
What marvel? In his free and open heart
There was the fire of genius and the pride;
And then he had no specious worldly art,
The eccentric movements of his thought to hide! —
But he was loved by all who knew him well.
So let his failings now for ever sleep
In the dark tomb, o'er which the Muses weep;
And let his secret virtues — warm, sincere —
Their rainbow find in sorrow's generous tear!'

POLITICS.

Art. 14. *A New and Easy Introduction to the Principles of Political Economy.* 8vo. pp. 48. 1*s.* 6*d.* Wilson.

"Brevity is the soul of wit," but not always of argument; at least it is to be hoped so, for the honour of our courts of law, where the case of a client is seldom endangered by the *brevity* of his counsel's pleadings. The compression, in the instance of the pamphlet before us, is too close: for we meet with some startling positions, the truth of which the author will not find it easy to impress on the public mind in the summary way here attempted. For instance; that it is immaterial to the producer how taxes are levied, provided that their operation be permanent and steady, because the charge must ultimately fall on the produce of labor: — that it is also immaterial whether articles of luxury are exclusively taxed, or articles of the first necessity: — that it makes no difference whether the whole amount of the annual fifty millions of British taxation be raised from an exclusive assessment on carriages, or an exclusive assessment on bread, since the pressure would soon fall on

the same class of persons as at present, because the industrious, in the latter case, would speedily have wages to correspond with the increased price of bread, and have to work for the same number of idle and unproductive persons. Another position is, 'that taxes, rents, tythes, poor's rates, &c. cannot be too high as long as producers can, with ease, supply themselves and non-producers with consumable produce.' This is something like an admission, however, that taxes, &c. may be so high as to prevent producers from supplying themselves 'with ease.' — Public economy is reprobated as a great nuisance, and the national debt receives the homage due to its *great and incalculable* merits. 'Mistaken mortals!' exclaims the author, addressing himself to those weak spirits who cannot contemplate this giant debt with steady pulse and fearless eye; 'Mistaken mortals! instead of a devil call the phantom an angel, and its terrors will immediately cease: call the debt an annuity, or call it permanent property, of which the national ledger is the title-deeds, and your eyes will be open.' Yes; — call the wolf *a lamb*, its bristles *wool*, its howl a *bleat*; then coax the hungry animal — and your eyes will soon be opened to the real gentleness of its nature! *

Some good remarks are made on the subject of the sinking fund, and the following passage will explain its operation:

'At the beginning of this year, if I rightly understand the plan, a nucleus sum of five millions was laid down, to which another five millions is to be added every succeeding year, while the compound interest of the whole is *to be permitted* to accumulate. Whether the plan is to proceed for a limited period only, or till the debt is paid off, I shall not stop to inquire, since it is the principle only that I wish to examine. The following table will show the increase of the fund at the end of seven years:

'At the beginning of	1824	it will amount to	£10,250,000	0 0
	1825	- -	15,762,500	0 0
	1826	- -	21,550,625	0 0
	1827	- -	27,628,156	5 0
	1828	- -	34,009,564	1 0
	1829	- -	40,710,042	5 0
	1830	- -	47,745,544	7 0

'Thus, in the space of seven years, upwards of forty-seven millions will be handed over from producers to non-producers; and for what purpose? — To tax producers privately instead of publicly. For, as long as the money continues to be of value, so long will it maintain a command over labour and produce. But, while the sinking fund is thus accumulating or adding, I must not forget to exhibit the negative table of subtraction attending it; subtracted from the general producers of the empire:

* On the operation of the national debt and the pressure of heavy taxation, we are inclined to refer this author to our notice of Mr. Lowe's work "On the present State of England," vol. c. p. 113.

'For

'For the year 1823 they must contribute exclusively to this fund - £5,000,000 0 0

1824	- -	5,250,000	0 0
1825	- -	5,512,500	0 0
1826	- -	5,788,125	0 0
1827	- -	6,077,531	5 0
1828	- -	6,381,407	16 0
1829	- -	6,700,478	4 0
1830	- -	7,035,502	2 0
	Total -	£47,745,544	7 0

'Thus it appears that deducting from the national debt by this, or, indeed, any other rule, is adding exactly so much to taxation. In seven years, the annual increase of taxes, for the fund alone, will amount to upwards of two millions. In twenty-seven years, if continued, to twenty-two millions and upwards. And, in forty-one years, the increase of taxation will amount, on this account, to 43,712,187*l.* 2*s.*, which is nearly double the amount of the present taxes. At the end of this period, the public debt would thus be extinguished.

'The only difference between maintaining a sinking fund, and cancelling annually an equivalent portion of the debt, is this. In the first case, the commissioners purchase up the annuities called stock, and keep them at their own disposal, or at the disposal of the executive government, *to be resold* in the market, whenever it suits their convenience. Whereas, in the other case, the debentures or title-deeds being destroyed, the executive government is obliged to have recourse to parliament, whenever it may happen to be in want of money. A sinking fund, then, is nothing more or less than government pocket-money.'

Art. 15. *Observations on the existing Corn Laws.* By John Hays. 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* Richardson. 1824.

Selfishness is generally short-sighted, and is often caught in the snare which it lays for others: but we must say that, with whatever degree of selfishness the agriculturists may be truly charged as a body, they may retort the charge with equal justice and more disgrace on the various *bodies* from whom the Chancellor of the Exchequer experienced so much opposition in the course of the last session, in his meritorious and statesman-like efforts to release trade from the shackles with which our ancestors, in all ages, had bound and rebound it. We say, "with more disgrace," because those identical parties, who had so loudly exclaimed against the injustice of granting protection, high import-duties, and monopoly, to the corn-grower, still more loudly exclaimed against the injustice, as they termed it, of withdrawing similar protections from them, and of throwing open the door of competition.

We have frequently expressed our opinion on the impolicy of the corn-laws, and are happy to find it corroborated by the judgement of a person so competent as Mr. Hays. Nothing can shew the infatuation of the landed interest more than their opposition to

the petition of the merchants for leave to manufacture into flour, for exportation, the wheat which was under lock; on the pretext, that, if once released, it would be brought into domestic consumption in spite of any Custom-house regulations to the contrary. Mr. Canning's arguments in favor of the measure were unanswerable, and the event has proved the fulfilment of his predictions; for the consequence of this prohibition has been an importation of flour from America, Dantzic, and Hamburgh, for exportation, to a very considerable amount. Mr. Hays states that the quantity of flour imported since February 15. 1819, when the ports were shut, to September 29. 1823, amounted to 68,771 barrels of 196 lbs. each, and that there have been re-exported in the same period 67,681 barrels. The release of so large a British capital, that was locked up in bonded wheat, would have had the effect, too, of bringing all that additional capital on the market, and thus infusing life and spirit into the trade at a time when it was in the lowest state of languor and depression. The perseverance in this prohibition has also occasioned, in Dantzic and Hamburgh, an attention to the manufacture of flour for exportation; a trade, Mr. Hays observes, quite new to those towns; and which bids fair, in a little time, entirely to destroy the manufacture of British kiln-dried flour, not only for foreign markets but also for the British colonies. The taking of averages, in order to ascertain prices, is necessarily an imperfect and therefore a fallacious operation. It is well known, also, to be often very deceptive, since there is no difficulty in effecting fictitious sales, which elude the possibility of detection. After late and wet harvests, we have known prodigious quantities of damaged corn used in feeding cattle, that had never come into the market: but, if it had, it would have been sold at such inferior prices as materially to have reduced the *averages*, fairly returned. In such cases, therefore, where they have been most wanted to protect the farmer, they have operated to his disadvantage. Another observation we would make on this subject: viz. that the same corn often goes into two or three averages in the space of as many weeks. Some parts of the kingdom grow more corn than they consume, others less. Norfolk, for instance, is an export-county; and let us suppose a merchant to buy a thousand quarters at Norwich from the growers, on a given market-day: he makes his average-return of prices there. This corn is immediately shipped to London, Wakefield, Liverpool, Leith, Glasgow: but it goes to London first, perhaps, and is there purchased by some merchant from the latter ports, who sells it again to the millers and maltsters in his own neighbourhood. Every buyer makes a fresh return of prices, and this is increased by all the expences of transit, such as freight, insurance, granary, &c.

There must be a revision of the corn-laws soon, which are at once deluding the farmer and injuring the community; and why not, as Mr. H. says, get rid of the system of averages altogether, which experience has shewn not to answer the expectations of the framers? Let us suppose, he adds, every other country to adopt the same plan of preventing the importation of grain until the

home-price is considerably higher than the price elsewhere; in a few years, each country being deprived of a market for its surplus, cultivation must be diminished, and a general dearth ensue. He suggests the abolition of all the complicated system of district-averages, oaths, and declarations, and the admission of foreign grain, at all times, on the payment of certain duties. He likewise recommends a bounty at all times to be given on the exportation of British corn; so that, by means of duties and bounties, the British cultivator may be placed on as near a footing as possible with the foreign grower. We are not prepared to state an entire acquiescence with the latter suggestion: but we recommend Mr. Hays's pamphlet to the public attention, as containing many sensible remarks, and as the production of a person well acquainted with the subject in all its bearings.

HISTORY *and* BIOGRAPHY.

Art. 16. *Royal Naval Biography;* or, Memoirs of the Services of all the Flag-Officers, superannuated Rear-Admirals, retired Captains, Post-Captains, and Commanders, whose Names appeared on the Admiralty-List of Sea-Officers at the Commencement of the Year 1823, or have since been promoted. Illustrated by a Series of Historical and Explanatory Notes, containing an Account of all the Naval Actions, and other important Events, from the Commencement of the late Reign to the present Period. By Lieutenant John Marshall (B) of the Royal Navy. 8vo. Vol. I. in Two Parts. 15*s.* Boards. Longman and Co.

The biography of living persons must ever be liable to obvious disadvantages and objections. Though it may be easier to obtain information respecting the actions of men during their lives than at a subsequent period, it is very often *not* easy to speak of them candidly without offence, or to applaud them deservedly without the appearance of flattery. In narrating the services of professional men, as in the work before us, these remarks particularly apply; and thus in some instances, where the author has apparently derived information from the parties themselves, too much has been said: while in others, where his applications for materials have failed, his accounts are so scanty as to give nothing but mere dates of commissions, and sometimes scarcely the whole of *them*. Of these very concise memorials, the volumes contain not fewer than between thirty and forty; and the last flag-officer mentioned is dismissed in four lines. Mr. Marshall could not very well say, therefore, "*Finis coronat opus.*" — While some of the articles are rather *over-loaded*, at other times, particular occurrences in the life of an officer are *over-looked*. In the memoir of Lord Henry Paulett, no mention is made of the reciprocal courts-martial on him and his first lieutenant, when his Lordship commanded the Astræa frigate; and the case of Sir James Athol Wood, relative to the command of the Acasta, is imperfectly related. — We see no reason, however, for accusing Mr. Marshall of intentional unfairness, *pro* or *con.*; and perhaps fewer objections, of the kind to which

which we have alluded, can be substantiated against his book than the nature of it would have warranted us in anticipating.

On another ground, we think, the author has rather exceeded the limits of good judgment: viz. in augmenting his work too much by details of *general actions*, or other public events, when the officer *under review*, though engaged in them, was not a principal actor. Thus, we have a long account of the battle of April 12. 1782, under *Peere Williams*; of the action between Rodney and Guichen, under *Holloway*; of those between Hughes and Suffrein, under *Curzon*; of that of June 1. 1794, under *Gambier*; of that of the Nile, under *Saumarez*; of the attack on Teneriffe, under *Thompson*; and of the expedition of Sir H. Popham and Sir D. Baird, under *Rowley*. The mutiny, also, is too copiously related under *Knight* and *Griffith Colpoys*.

In perusing these memoirs, we were occasionally struck with those instances of good and bad fortune, or of favoritism and of neglect, which the naval profession often affords. For example, Rear-Admiral Cochet was in the service twenty years before he was made a Commander; and Rear-Admiral Nowell, though first Lieutenant of a line-of-battle ship on the 12th of April, 1782, and bravely fighting the ship after the Captain was disabled, obtained no promotion till the year 1790, and was not made Post till 1799. *Per contra*, Sir Henry Hotham was made Post at the age of *seventeen years and a half*, if Mr. Marshall's dates be correct, which we almost doubt; for errors in figures are very liable to occur; and we can point out to the author two evident inaccuracies of this sort: viz. p. 292. Sir W. Sidney Smith, commencing his career in 1777, could not be a Lieutenant in 1781; and p. 391. Sir T. B. Thompson is sent to sea in 1778, and made a Lieutenant in 1781, at the age of thirteen! which is not much mended by being corrected in the *errata* to 1782.

Mr. M. asks for some indulgence for his style of writing, which it certainly requires. It may be *high sounding*, but it is not *high minded*, in him to speak of Bonaparte by the title of an *Adventurer*, p. 635.

The future volumes will contain the biography of *Captains*; and we must, on the whole, approve of the work as an useful record and a merited tribute.

Art. 17. *The History of Lyme-Regis*, Dorset, from the earliest Periods to the present Day. By G. Roberts. 12mo. 7*s*. Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1823.

Topographical histories are generally ponderous and proverbially dull, but the present has at least the merit of brevity; although it is spun out by an account of some military affairs which took place at Lyme during the civil wars of Charles I.; and of the invasion of the Duke of Monmouth, who landed there. The latter is taken from the journal of one of the Duke's adherents, who, after his master's defeat, sought safety by flight, and remained abroad till the landing of William. The whole forms an unassuming little volume, containing all those local details and anecdotes which are likely to make it interesting.

Art.

Art. 18. *Memoirs of His Serene Highness Anthony Philip D'Orleans, Duke of Montpensier,* Prince of the Blood. Written by Himself. Translated from the French. 8vo. pp. 264. 9*s.* Boards. Treuttel and Co. 1824.

At the breaking out of the French Revolution, the Duke of Montpensier entered the 14th dragoons, of which his brother, the Duke of Chartres, was Colonel. In the course of the winter of 1792, he passed under the orders of General Biron, who commanded the army of Italy: but in April, 1793, being included in the decree which was issued against the whole family of the Bourbons, he was arrested at Nice, and transferred to Marseilles, to the fortress of *Nôtre Dame de la Garde:* whither were brought, soon afterward, the Duke of Orleans, his father; the Count de Beaujolais, his brother; the Duchess of Bourbon; and the Prince of Conti. The Duke of Montpensier languished in the prison of Marseilles forty-three months; in the course of which period, his father was guillotined. At last, he was allowed his liberty by the Directory, on condition of going to America; and accordingly he and his companions set sail for that country on the 5th of November, 1796.

In this volume, the Duke relates the history of his captivity, the insolence of his jailors, and his own sufferings. After the fall of Robespierre, the Jacobins suffered the vengeance which their own atrocities had called down on them; and a massacre of eighty Jacobin prisoners took place in the cells of the prison in which the Duke was confined. Two days before this horrible event, an Englishman, who had been supercargo of a merchant-vessel taken by a privateer, was brought to the fortress as a prisoner of war. Touched by his misfortunes, the Duke meditated and effected for him his escape by attaching a rope to the rampart, and thus letting him down to the sea-shore, where a boat was provided to carry him on board a Danish vessel. The name of the Englishman is not given, but we mention the anecdote in honor to the Duke; who afterward broke his leg in attempting to effect his own escape from the fortress in the same manner, and was retaken.

The Duke and his brothers afterward came to England, where he died in 1807. He was buried in Westminster-Abbey, and a panegyrical Latin epitaph was placed over his monument. He appears, indeed, to have been an amiable man.

NOVELS.

Art. 19. *An Alpine Tale:* suggested by Circumstances which occurred towards the Commencement of the present Century. By the Author of "Tales from Switzerland." * 12mo. 2 Vols. 10*s.* Boards. Westley. 1823.

"E'en now where alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend." *Goldsmith.*

* See Review for April last.

We

We need not say how happy we should be to carry the resemblance a little farther, by comparing the merits of the novel with those of the poem, in description, character, and in pathos: but the comparison, we fear, would prove a contrast. Prolific as the present age is in every sort and class of novels, and of every degree of merit, we scarcely expected to meet with a specimen of which the tone and character were so decidedly *unique;* so exclusively modelled on the same religious doctrine; so unvaried in its delineations, sentiments, and personages throughout. It is therefore a total failure on the general principles and characteristics of a story, with respect to character and manners: but we would not deny its party-merits, the truth and excellence of many of its sentiments, the pathos of some of its incidents, and the justness and purity of its views, in the eyes of those for whom it appears more peculiarly to have been written. Taken in this point of view, it will not be found wanting in interest and entertainment, independently of the *romance* which is to be expected from 'An Alpine Tale.'

Art. 20. *Rassela, Principe d'Abissinia: tradotto dall' Inglese del Signor Dottor Johnson.* 12mo. pp. 218. 6*s*: Boards. Whittakers, 1823.

Among the various little Italian works, both original and translated, which have of late appeared, intended to facilitate the progress of the young aspirants to the language of Dante and of Petrarch, we have had occasion to introduce some to the attention of masters and pupils, as best adapted to forward the object which they had mutually in view. To the kind and judicious labors of the Signors Sorelli and Santagnello, we have here to add an anonymous version of Dr. Johnson's Rasselas; a story every way well calculated, in this form, for the combined amusement and instruction of the scholar. We are somewhat concerned, therefore, that in point of execution we cannot venture to recommend the translation before us to the more complete and classical among our Italian scholars: but it may be rendered useful, in some degree, to those who are just entering on a knowlege of the language. Not to animadvert on its striking inferiority, compared with the dignified beauty and sonorous periods of the original, we should scarcely be justified in classing it with some of the little productions to which we have already alluded: for it betrays an occasional obscurity and harshness of phraseology, and a want of the exact meaning; while the language, throughout, is by no means imbued with that purity and correctness which are so desirable for those who are ambitious of tasting, at its source, the full zest and sweetness of Italian poetry.

Art. 21. *The Spanish Daughter.* By the Rev. George Butt, late Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty. Revised and corrected by his Daughter, Mrs. Sherwood, Author of "Stories on the Church-Catechism," "The Fairchild Family," &c. &c. Crown 8vo. 2 Vols. 16*s*. Boards. Knight and Lacey. 1824.

We

We are here presented with one of those novels which display something of almost every species of merit except an adherence to nature and probability, and a reasonable story. It is rich in florid descriptions, grand heroic personages, very wonderful incidents, and deaths and resuscitations; such as are calculated to make a strong impression, of some kind or another, on the imagination of the reader. Of course, it is a highly romantic and chivalric tale, referring to the times of Don Sebastian and the Moors, and imbued throughout with all the heroic passions, vast magnanimity, love, rapine, and despair. Formed as it is on the stately model of the old adventurous romance, and teeming with improbable incidents and hair-breadth escapes, it might have been written as a parody of the tales of old Xenophon Ephesius, or of Madame Scudery and her French contemporaries: in which view, and in which only, we imagine it may prove entertaining. Far superior to any dull *common-sense* story, it presents us with a "perpetual feast" of the mock-heroic, with heroes and heroines, aunts, uncles, and country-cousins, of the best blood in Castile, figuring before us on stilts, decked in long genealogical robes, and stuffed with family-pride. Certain readers, therefore, will peruse it with much interest in the subject; and in beholding a young hero saved from the pitiless waves by his fair mistress herself, the mutual admiration of which this event is the source, his heroic death under the hands of the cruel Moors, the lady's still more cruel persecutions, her *enlèvement* (as the French term it), and all that follows.

We would enforce on all future heroines, circumstanced like the present, the attention which it is necessary for them to pay to their guide, when informed of the path which they ought to pursue, — and which of course is by no means a direct one, — in order to insure their escape from thraldom. The old duenna must really have supposed the young lady to be possessed of an excellent memory, when she gave her the following directions: 'Wait not a moment; if the storm should abate, all hope is lost! Go down this little valley to which there is but one outlet: when you are past the precipices, turn shortly then on your right, and ascend with all possible speed towards the mountain, over the tops of the precipices which are now above our heads: you will then come to the great cascade which tumbles into the caverns: leave that on the right hand, and you will on the left easily drop into a path of the mountaineers: follow that for about two miles, winding quite to the other side of the mountain, and this will bring you to a little plain which is on one side of the summit, and there you will find a small hamlet belonging to the miners, rude but honest and innocent people.' (Vol. i. p. 216.)

It is rather surprising to add that the heroine actually found her way, and was united to her lover.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 22. *Practical Wisdom;* or, The Manual of Life. The Counsels of Eminent Men to their Children. Comprising those of

of Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Burleigh, Sir Henry Sidney, Earl of Strafford, Francis Osborne, Sir Matthew Hale, Earl of Bedford, William Penn, and Benjamin Franklin, with the Lives of the Authors. 12mo. pp. 336. Boards. Colburn and Co. 1824.

We always find it grateful to retire from the heat, and dust, and turmoil of the living world, to refresh the thirsty palate at those pure fountains of wisdom, deep and perennial, over which antiquity has flung its shadows, thus concealing them from the giddy and the gay. The editor of this small volume has performed an acceptable service in guiding young persons to these neglected springs. The prodigious multiplication of modern books has a necessary tendency to divert the attention from those of by-gone times: from many of which, however, are to be extracted the soundest maxims of practical conduct, and the most impressive and affectionate exhortations to piety and virtue. A more judicious selection could not have been made than that before us: the writers are among the most illustrious for rank, or talent, or integrity; fathers who condensed for the benefit of their children the result of their own experience in life; and who pointed out to them with equal distinctness their own errors to be shunned, and their own excellences to be imitated. — Should another edition of this useful compilation be required, we are inclined to suggest that the biographical notices prefixed to the several authors should be extended: for they are much too short to excite the interest or communicate the information which they might very easily be made to convey, without being spun out into unprofitable and tiresome detail.

Art. 23. *Some Account of the present State of the English Settlers in Albany, South Africa.* By Thomas Pringle. 12mo. pp. 116. 4*s.* Boards. Underwoods. 1824.

It is impossible to read without the deepest sympathy this authentic narrative of the disappointment and sufferings of our countrymen, in a far-distant and wild region, exposed to all the horrors of famine. During the absence of the Secretary to the Society (Mr. Rutherford) established in Cape Town for the Relief of the Distressed Settlers, on an excursion through Albany for the purpose of more intimately ascertaining their condition, Mr. Pringle was requested to accept the office, *pro tempore;* and he availed himself of the information which his situation enabled him to derive from the communications of different individuals, to form the appeal which he has made in these pages in their behalf. It will be recollected that Parliament voted 50,000*l.* a few years ago towards forming a settlement of emigrants in South Africa; and 5000 wretched and deluded objects were selected from the incredible multitudes of every description, who besieged Lord Bathurst's office with their eager applications. They were collected on board a fleet of transports, well fitted out; and, bad as the plan was, it originated in the best intentions on the part of Government. They had a favorable voyage, and debarked at Algoa bay, whence they proceeded in long trains of bullock-waggons towards the land of promise; where the clouds were to drop manna, and milk was to run

run in rivers. To shew the utter ignorance of these poor people, which in fact was hardly exceeded by the ignorance displayed by their superiors at home, Mr. Pringle says that he one day met with a party searching for oranges and apricots in the thorny jungles near Zwartkop's river, where they expected to find them growing wild in the woods, like hips and haws on the hedges in England! The settlers saw the total destruction of their first crops by the *rust*, the same disease that is known in England by the name of the *red-robin*; a second crop, a third, and a fourth have failed; and the destitution to which these poor creatures have been driven surpasses all the powers of description. — In the little work before us, Mr. Pringle has pointed out several of the mistakes which were made in settling the colony, has given a description of the country and pointed out its capabilities, and expresses a hope that if the settlers can fairly recover from their present deplorable condition by the benevolent assistance of their countrymen here and in India, (where subscriptions have been set on foot for that purpose,) they may yet prosper, and ultimately confer a benefit on the community. We heartily hope that he may not be too sanguine in his expectations; and, indeed, he is a sensible man, not by any means disposed to indulge in idle reveries and day-dreams.

At the end of this volume is inserted the Prospectus of a *South-African Journal*, intended to be printed at the Cape of Good Hope every two months, and to consist of miscellaneous papers. The first number, here promised to be published in February, appeared at that time, and has reached England. We have seen it, and it seems likely to be interesting to the community at the Cape, and by no means discreditable to the parties concerned in it.

Art. 24. *Report of the Incorporated Society for the Conversion and Religious Instruction and Education of the Negro Slaves*, in the British West-India Islands, from July to December, 1823. 8vo. Pamphlet. Rivingtons.

The promulgation of religious knowlege among the slave-population of our colonies is in so many various ways desirable, that we cannot view the proceedings of the Society, whose Report now lies before us, without feelings of considerable interest; and, independently of its professed and principal object, its exertions are calculated to be useful in many collateral respects. We should hope that the character of the slave, for instance, would rise in the estimation of his master, on his becoming a member of the same church with himself: since the heathen superstitions of this unfortunate race have, hitherto, been alleged by their oppressors as an excuse for treating them like creatures with whom it was impossible to entertain any community of feeling. Our liveliest sympathy is awakened if we hear of a *Christian slave* in Algiers; and we trust that the time is not very far distant, when the notion of a Christian slave in our own colonies will excite similar sentiments. The conversion of the Negroes, therefore, we must regard as one step towards their liberation.

Mr. Curtin, one of the oldest of the Society's chaplains in Antigua, observes in a letter, from which extracts are here made, that

that it is worthy of notice that of the number of slaves which he baptized in the town of St. John's, during the first ten or twelve years of his ministry, more than one-fourth, or perhaps a third part, have become free people; some off the island, some sea-faring people at sea. 'From this I infer,' he says, 'that slavery would gradually die away by a steady, uniform perseverance in the performance of the sacred duties of Christianity.' The exertion made to abolish the Sunday-markets of the slaves, and to devote the whole of the Sabbath to rest and instruction, is another excellent consequence of the system of religious education which it is the object of the Society to establish; and the effect of that system, where it has been tried, is described in the present Report as most beneficial. Mr. Parkinson, acting chaplain on the Codrington plantation, writes thus in a letter, dated Oct. 13. 1823:

"Every one who has visited the Chapel seems very much pleased; and Hinkson (the manager) assures me that the general character of the Negroes has very much improved: that stealing, lying, and many other vices, which were very common on the estates, are now almost unknown, or at least he has not detected any offenders for some time."

We are happy to state that, in general, the planters have not thrown any obstacle in the way of this work of benevolence, to which we cordially wish every success.

Art. 25. *The Englishman's Library*: comprising a Series of Historical, Biographical, and National Information under the following Heads: English History, and Lives of Eminent Statesmen; English Scenes, and Essays on Subjects of National Importance; Lives of Eminent English Philosophers, Writers, &c.; and Patriotic Poetry. Being a Selection from the Original Articles of the Plain Englishman. 12mo. pp. 394. 4*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Knight. 1824.

The bill of fare which the master of the feast has here laid on the table is so ample, that we can add nothing more for the information of his guests, than that the viands are dressed very respectably.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We agree with *Civis* in all his feelings, his reasonings, and his inferences: but more difficulty lies in our way respecting the object which he discusses than he seems to be aware; and we cannot enter in this place into details, which should be the subject only of personal discussion.

If *P. Q.* will consult our *General Index*, he will find all his inquiries answered.

N. O. P. may be answered by NO; without "standing on *P's* or *Q's*."

R. C. is too inconsiderate to deserve consideration from others.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW,

For AUGUST, 1824.

ART. I. *Memoir of the Life and Character of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke;* with Specimens of his Poetry and Letters, and an Estimate of his Genius and Talents, compared with those of his great Contemporaries. By James Prior, Esq. 8vo. pp. 600. 16*s*. Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1824.

IT is to be regretted that the promised life of Mr. Burke, which was to have accompanied the edition of his works, has not yet made its appearance. Proceeding from the pen of a friend who had such near and familiar access to him during his life, and to whom the arrangement of his familiar letters and posthumous writings was confided at his death, such a work would at least have had the advantage of undeniable authenticity. As to the biographical sketches of Bisset and M'Cormick, they are not memoirs befitting the name and character of so eminent a man; and hitherto the life of Burke seems to have been little more than a pretence for publishing huge volumes of contemporaneous history, which would have almost equally served for the lives of twenty other persons. It is indeed true that the period, during which he flourished, was one of the most memorable in our annals: for it comprehended the acquisition of one empire in the East,—the loss of another in the West,—and the awful events of the French Revolution. These great transactions, however, ought not to occupy too wide a space in his memoirs, but should be mentioned incidentally, and with no more minuteness than is necessary to prevent confusion, and to preserve unbroken the thread of the narrative.

Any writer may eke out a quarto volume with declamations about the American war, laborious conjectures as to the author of Junius's Letters, and diatribes on the French Revolution: but a book so manufactured, under whatever title it may be published, is the life of nobody. What we want is a book in which credit may be given us for knowing a little of the history of the last forty years: in short, a life of Mr. Burke of which Mr. Burke himself shall be the principal feature.

We do not admit that Mr. Prior has satisfactorily supplied this desideratum: but he has done something towards it, and in a volume of moderate size and pretensions. This in itself is no slight praise; and a writer of the present day, who, treating on an exuberant subject, can practise sufficient self-denial to keep within the humble limits of an octavo, is intitled to our acknowlegements.

If we are not always pleased with the style and spirit of Mr. Prior's book, we are thankful for his corrections of several prevalent mistakes relative to Mr. Burke's first entrance into life. He goes indeed higher, and makes us to a certain degree his associates in childhood and youth; both important periods in the progression of a great mind. In his twelfth year, it seems, (26th May, 1741,) he was sent with his two brothers, Garrett and Richard, to a school of great reputation at Ballitore, in the county of Kildare, then under the superintendence of Mr. Abraham Shackleton, a member of the Society of Friends; and this school was afterward conducted by his son, Richard Shackleton, the favorite and friend of Burke's riper years, as well as of his boyhood. This gentleman he never failed to visit when he went to Ireland, and he carried on a brisk correspondence with him down to his death, which happened in 1792. From Mr. Shackleton's communications, therefore, much that pertains to Mr. Burke's youthful life and habits might have been learned; and it is from that source that Mr. Prior has derived a few authentic notices of it, — the result of the personal observations of a friend four years older than his illustrious companion, and which, we fear, are now all that remains of that period of his biography.

'His genius, observed Mr. Shackleton, appeared to be promising from the first; he was not very far advanced when he came to school, but soon evinced great aptitude to learn; and on many occasions a soundness and manliness of mind, and ripeness of judgment, beyond his years. He read much while quite a boy, accumulated a great variety of knowledge, and delighted in exercising, and occasionally exhibiting to his companions, superior powers of memory, particularly in what is called *capping* Latin verses. An inquisitive and speculative cast of mind was not the least distinguishing of his peculiarities; he devoted much time to the eager perusal of history and poetry; the study of the classics seemed to be more his diversion than his business. He was of an affectionate disposition, rather fond of being alone, less lively and bustling than other boys of the same age, but good-natured, communicative of what he knew, and always willing to teach or to learn.

'In

'In the family of this gentleman are preserved a series of his letters, at least a considerable number of them, commencing at the age of fifteen, down to within two months of his death; and the earliest said to be distinguished by as strong a love of virtue, affection for his friend, and superior capacity for observation, as the last. To these the writer, from some family-objection, has not been permitted to have access; but the same friend to whom Mr Shackleton communicated the substance of some of them, as well as the specimens of young Burke's poetical powers which appear in the present volume, has favoured him with some of the circumstances to which they refer.

'Few anecdotes of him, while at school, are preserved. It is recorded, however, that seeing a poor man pulling down his own hut near the village, and hearing that it was done by order of a great gentleman in a gold-laced hat (the parish conservator of the roads), upon the plea of being too near the highway, the young philanthropist, his bosom swelling with indignation, exclaimed, that were he a man, and possessed of authority, the poor should not thus be oppressed. Little things in children often tend to indicate, as well as to form, the mind of the future man; there was no characteristic of his subsequent life more marked, than a hatred of oppression in any form, or from any quarter.

'The steward of the establishment at Ballitore, who sometimes condescended to be director of the school-boy sports, used to repeat this and similar anecdotes with no little pride of his old acquaintance when risen into celebrity. He delighted in hearing of him; he would sit for hours attentive to this his favourite theme; and particularly when the news-papers had any thing of more than usual interest respecting him to communicate, he was quite insensible to all other claims upon his attention. He was a hard-headed, North-of-Ireland Presbyterian, named Gill, upon whom young Shackleton wrote verses, and young Burke chopped his boyish logic; the shrewd, though unlettered remarks in reply to which, gave him in their opinion some claim to the more philosophical appellation of Hobbes. By this name Mr. Burke used to inquire after him while at college; and never afterwards went to Ballitore, where he chiefly continued to reside, without giving him proofs of regard.

'The last visit he made took place in 1786, after the opening of the impeachment of Mr. Hastings. The old steward, who regarded this as another illustration of the humane spirit displayed by the boy, was then verging to eighty, his eyes dim, his limbs feeble, and as it proved tottering into the grave; but the announcement of the name of his youthful associate inspired the worn-out frame of the aged man with momentary vigour. Mr. Burke accosted him with his accustomed kindness, shook him often and cordially by the hand, and introduced his son, who showed equal attention to his father's humble but venerable friend. This condescension so much affected the old man's feelings, that for some time he was deprived of utterance; he bowed repeatedly, and at length brought out, that he was proud — very proud to see him;—

adding, "You have many friends in Ireland, Sir."—"I am happy, Mr. Gill, that you are one of them. — You look very well. — Am I much changed since you last saw me?" Old William replied, after some attempt at examination, that he was almost too *dark* with age to observe; when Mr. Burke, with characteristic affability, took a candle and held it up to his own face, to give the aged servant a better view of it; a scene which the relator of the anecdote says, those who were present cannot easily forget.*'

In April, 1744, he quitted school with a large stock of miscellaneous learning, and entered Trinity-College, Dublin, as pensioner. Of his academical career, little is known: but Dr. Leland, then Fellow of the College, frequently remarked that he was a young man of superior though unpretending talents, and more intent on acquiring knowlege than displaying it. He was elected scholar of that house in 1746, and the fact implies a considerable proficiency in classical learning. The advantages of the scholarship, which continue five years, are chambers and commons, free, — a small annuity, — and a vote for the University-member. He proceeded A. M. in 1751. Mr. Prior has preserved, as a literary curiosity, a specimen of Verses written by Burke in the year 1746, when he was 16 years of age, and which is certainly no ordinary effort. It is a translation of Virgil's encomium of rustic life at the end of the second book of the Georgics. We insert a few lines:

'Oh! happy swains! did they know how to prize
The many blessings rural life supplies;
Where in safe huts from clattering arms afar,
The pomp of cities and the din of war,
Indulgent earth, to pay his labouring hand,
Pours in his arms the blessings of the land;
Calm through the valleys flows along his life,
He knows no danger, as he knows no strife.
What though no marble portals, rooms of state,
Vomit the cringing torrent from his gate,
Though no proud purple hang his stately halls,
Nor lives the breathing brass along his walls,
Though the sheep clothe him without colours' aid,
Nor seeks he foreign luxury from trade,
Yet peace and honesty adorn his days
With rural riches and a life of ease.' [*aise.*] —
'Celestial Nine! my only joy and care,
Whose love inflames me, and whose rites I bear,
Lead me, oh lead me! from the vulgar throng,
Clothe nature's myst'ries in thy rapturous song;

'* Poems, by Mary Leadbeater (late Shackleton), 1808. — Cottage Biography, 1822, by the same.'

What

What various forms in heav'n's broad belt appear,
Whose limits bound the circle of the year,
Or spread around in glitt'ring order lie,
Or roll in mystic numbers through the sky?
What dims the midnight lustre of the moon?
What cause obstructs the sun's bright rays at noon?
Why haste his fiery steeds so long to lave
Their splendid chariot in the wintry wave?
Or why bring on the lazy moon so slow?
What love detains them in the realms below?'

At Trinity-College, he was a member (according to Mr. Prior) of the celebrated Historical Society which has had its share in fostering the talents of so many eminent ornaments of the sister-kingdom: but this, we conclude, must have been some association of another kind; or perhaps the Historical Society in its incipient state, and probably carried on without the express sanction of the University. It was not till 1770 that it received that sanction, and Mr. Burke left College in 1750, in order to keep his terms in the Middle Temple, where his name had been enrolled in 1747. A letter, just after his arrival in London, to his friend and school-fellow Matthew Smith, is one of the most interesting documents that have lately come to light. It contains the first impressions of the English metropolis on a youthful mind, — such a mind, too, as that of Burke, — and naturally susceptible of the strong emotions excited by great and interesting objects. It is somewhat florid, and metaphorical: but these are the venial redundancies of a youthful imagination, not yet disciplined to the restraints of a severer taste. In other respects, it abounds with just reflections; and the latter paragraph exhibits that deep reverence for the instinctive feelings and prejudices of our nature, which appears in so many different passages of Mr. Burke's writings and speeches.

' " A description of London and its natives would fill a volume. The buildings are very fine: it may be called the sink of vice: but its hospitals and charitable institutions, whose turrets pierce the skies like so many electrical conductors, avert the wrath of Heaven. The inhabitants may be divided into two classes, the *undoers* and the *undone;* generally so, I say, for I am persuaded there are many men of honesty, and women of virtue, in every street. An Englishman is cold and distant at first; he is very cautious even in forming an acquaintance; he must know you well before he enters into friendship with you; but if he does, he is not the first to dissolve that sacred bond: in short, a real Englishman is one that performs more than he promises: in company he is rather silent, extremely prudent in his expressions, even in politics, his favourite topic. The women are not quite so reserved; they consult their glasses to the best advantage; and as nature is very

liberal in her gifts to their persons, and even mind, it is not easy for a young man to escape their glances, or to shut his ears to their softly-flowing accents.

' " As to the state of learning in this city, you know I have not been long enough in it to form a proper judgment of that subject. I don't think, however, there is as much respect paid to a man of letters on this side the water as you imagine. I don't find that genius, the ' rath primrose, which forsaken dies,' is patronized by any of the nobility, so that writers of the first talents are left to the capricious patronage of the public. Notwithstanding this discouragement, literature is cultivated in a high degree. Poetry raises her enchanting voice to heaven. History arrests the wings of Time in his flight to the gulf of oblivion. Philosophy, the queen of arts, and the daughter of heaven, is daily extending her intellectual empire. Fancy sports on airy wing like a meteor on the bosom of a summer cloud; and even Metaphysics spins her cobwebs, and catches some flies.'—

' " Soon after my arrival in town I visited Westminster-Abbey: the moment I entered I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind which I cannot describe; the very silence seemed sacred. Henry the Seventh's Chapel is a very fine piece of Gothic architecture, particularly the roof; but I am told that it is exceeded by a chapel in the University of Cambridge. Mrs. Nightingale's monument has not been praised beyond its merit. The attitude and expression of the husband in endeavouring to shield his wife from the dart of death, is natural and affecting. But I always thought that the image of death would be much better represented with an extinguished torch inverted, than with a dart. Some would imagine, that all these monuments were so many monuments of folly; — I don't think so; what useful lessons of morality and sound philosophy do they not exhibit! When the high-born beauty surveys her face in the polished Parian, though dumb the marble, yet it tells her that it was placed to guard the remains of as fine a form, and as fair a face, as her own. They show besides how anxious we are to extend our loves and friendships beyond the grave, and to snatch as much as we can from oblivion — such is our natural love of immortality: but it is here that letters obtain the noblest triumphs; it is here that the swarthy daughters of Cadmus may hang their trophies on high; for when all the pride of the chisel and the pomp of heraldry yield to the silent touches of Time, a single line, a half-worn-out inscription, remain faithful to their trust. Blest be the man that first introduced these strangers into our islands, and may they never want protection or merit! I have not the least doubt that the finest poem in the English language, I mean Milton's *Il Penseroso*, was composed in the long-resounding aisle of a mouldering cloister or ivy'd abbey. Yet after all, do you know that I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country church-yard than in the tomb of the Capulets. I should like, however, that my dust should mingle with kindred dust. The good old expression, ' family-burying-ground,' has something pleasing in it, at least to me." '

Mr. Burke,

Mr. Burke, we know not for what reason, was never called to the bar: but it is supposed, and apparently with much probability, that about this time he aspired to the vacant chair of logic at the University of Glasgow, which had formerly been held by the celebrated Hutcheson, who was also an Irishman. This honor he failed to obtain, private arrangements having been made in the College and the city in favor of another candidate. Mr. Prior adverts to the idle tale of Burke having been educated at St. Omer's, and we remember when this notion was widely prevalent: but the fact is, as he himself said, "that in the three or four journeys that he made in France, St. Omer's happened to be the chief place in the northern provinces which he had *never* visited."

The example of this eminent man demonstrates that the most powerful minds must derive their expansion from uninterrupted assiduity. His application was unwearied. It is said that, at this period of his life, he did not know a game at cards. One of his favorite resorts was the Grecian Coffee-house, where he became acquainted with Murphy, and through him subsequently with Garrick. Several of the early productions of his pen have been forgotten: but his first avowed work was the "Vindication of Natural Society" in 1756, an octavo pamphlet of 106 pages, — and beyond comparison the most dexterous specimen of literary mimicry which has ever appeared. The author had a design, however, beyond a skilful imitation of Lord Bolingbroke's style: for his aim was to shew that the fallacious reasonings, which that celebrated writer had directed against the truths of religion, might be employed with equal efficacy against government itself; and, in a word, against all the institutions which even those who doubt of every thing else never permit to be questioned. Perhaps nothing could have been devised, that was more calculated to disperse the charm of the noble Lord's peculiar mode of reasoning and of composition. All the qualities of his style are concentrated and brought before us in this dissertation, in order that we may be enabled to feel and discern, with an accuracy of which we are apt to lose sight amid the glare of his eloquence and the speciousness of his sophistry, the total failure of the writer in establishing the points which he pretended to maintain, and the precise causes of that failure; which are, mainly, the vast inadequacy of the induction to the boldness of the proposition; as well as the feebleness of the proudest pretensions in argument, and the most consummate skill in rhetoric, without the aids of truth and of reason to uphold them. We partly concur

in the following remark of the biographer respecting this publication.

'This tract, which was reprinted in 1765, is perhaps equally remarkable for having anticipated many of the wild notions, under the name of Philosophy, broached a few years ago in the general rage to overturn old opinions as well as old institutions. It was amusing to see what were first introduced to the world as specimens of ingenious absurdity, retailed to the ignorant of our own day as the legitimate inductions of philosophy. For in this piece may be found (advanced of course ironically) something of the same cant about the evils of governments, the misdeeds of statesmen, the injustice of aristocratic distinctions, the troubles engendered by religion, the tyranny and uncertainty of laws, the virtues of the poor over the rich, with much more of what the author, when speaking seriously, justly termed abuse of reason. Though gifted with no common degree of foresight, he could have no idea that these phantoms of philosophy, conjured up for his amusement in 1756, should be opposed to him forty years afterwards as substantial realities; that his whole strength should be required to put down his own shadows.'

After the publication (1765) of Burke's "Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful," which was eulogized by Johnson "as a model of true philosophical criticism," and which, in spite of several fundamental defects of theory, propounds many admirable principles of taste in the elegant arts, he was attacked by severe indisposition; the result, it was supposed, of too continued an application to his pursuits. Bath was recommended to him, and there he became an inmate in Dr. Nugent's family, whose daughter he shortly afterward married. This union was the source of long-continued happiness to Mr. Burke and his family. She was his "Idea of a perfect Wife;" — a beautiful composition which he presented to her on one of the anniversaries of their marriage; delicately heading the paper thus, "The Character of ———," leaving her to fill up the blank.

Doubts have often been started whether Mr. Burke was the sole or the joint author of an "Account of the European Settlements in America:" but we think that Mr. Prior has satisfactorily evinced that it was the sole production of Edmund, and that his brothers, as the current report had asserted, had little if any share in it. The biographer also corrects another common error respecting the narrowness of Mr. Burke's resources at this period, and shews him to have been from the beginning in possession of independence by the liberal allowance of his father; which was afterward considerably increased at the death of that gentleman, and by the subsequent deaths of

of two of his brothers. His literary reputation was now universally diffused, and his pen was actively employed: but many of these productions have escaped the researches of his executors. One of them, which remained in his own possession, was his "Essay towards an Abridgement of English History," which has lately been published among the additional volumes of his collected works. Of this disquisition only eight sheets were printed off, and it was probably discontinued because Mr. Hume was then occupied in a similar undertaking. The loss is irreparable; for history was never contemplated in a spirit of truer philosophy. The portion which treats of the Druids, and of the first settlement of the Saxons, contains much antiquarian information, the fruit of the most laborious research. The work unfortunately closes with King John: but the most interesting features of each reign are happily seized and admirably pourtrayed, with a depth of thought and condensation of style hardly to be expected from a person scarcely 26 years old. In 1758, it is well known, he began to contribute the historical and critical parts to Dodsley's Annual Register; and these sketches of contemporaneous history, which he continued for nearly 30 years, have supplied the materials of almost all the historical productions of the last half century. The sum allowed for the contribution by Dodsley was 100*l.*; and several of Mr. Burke's receipts for the payment being now extant in the possession of Mr. Upcott of the London Institution, he indulged Mr. Prior with a perusal of them, and two *fac-similes* of them are here inserted.

At Garrick's table, Burke was first acquainted with the great Johnson, who soon became his warm admirer, and, "albeit unused to the *praising* mood," his constant panegyrist. Johnson loved him "for his good talk." His other associates were men whom every age does not produce; — Lord Charlemont, George Lord Littleton, Mr. Fitzherbert, Soame Jenyns, Mr. (afterward Sir Joshua) Reynolds, Adam Smith, Dr. Robertson, and William Burke, who had been united to his cousins Edmund and Richard from his childhood. In 1761 he went to Ireland with Gerard Hamilton, — secretary under Lord Halifax's administration, and celebrated for his *single speech*, — partly as a friend and partly as private secretary.

'The opportunity afforded by this trip, of renewing connexions of this class which had been interrupted by his stay in England, and of seeing all his old friends, was not neglected; he also made a visit of some length to Cork and its vicinity, and more than once to Ballitore. Mr. and Mrs. Shackleton in return, calling at his apartments in Dublin Castle, surprised him on the carpet busily occupied

occupied in romping with his two boys, and used to mention the affectionate interest he took in their infantile amusements as a proof of an amiable mind, joined to what the world knew to be a great mind. Even to a late period of life he delighted in children, amusing himself with what he called "his men in miniature," frequently participating in their juvenile sports, and, while playing with them, perhaps at the same moment instructing their grandfathers, by turning from one to the other to throw out some forcible truth upon human nature, from the scene which their little habits, passions, and contentions afforded. It was no unfrequent thing to see Mr. Burke spinning a top or a tee-totum with the boys who occasionally visited him at Beaconsfield: the following is an instance of the same kind:

'A gentleman well known in the literary and political world, who when young amused himself by taking long walks in the vicinity of London, once directed his steps to Harrow, about the time of the Coalition-ministry, when on a green in front of a small cottage, he spied an assemblage of such men as are rarely seen together; Mr. Burke, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, (the owner of the cottage,) Lord John Townshend, Lord William Russell, and four or five others the most eminent of the Whig party, diverting themselves after, what was then customary, an early dinner. Mr. Burke's employment was the most conspicuous; it was in rapidly wheeling a boy (the late Mr. Thomas Sheridan) round the sward in a child's hand-chaise, with an alertness and vivacity that indicated an almost equal enjoyment in the sport with his young companion; who in fact was so much pleased with his play-fellow, that he would not let him desist, nor did the orator seem much to desire it, till a summons to horse announced the separation of the party.'

While Mr. Burke was in Dublin, Barry, the artist, a friendless and unprotected son of genius, was recommended to him. He had left Cork, his native city, to exhibit a picture at Dublin, of which in a provincial town no fair judgment could be formed. The kindness of Mr. Burke for Barry lasted during a great portion of their respective lives. Through his benevolence, the artist was established in London; and the rough and capricious temper of the person whom he befriended did not discourage him from giving useful admonition, or addressing him in the tone of strong remonstrance, when he thought that it would be useful, and opening to him his heart and his purse on every occasion. His correspondence with Barry is the most interesting part of Mr. Prior's book: for never were affection, benevolence, good sense, and knowlege of mankind, more strikingly displayed than in Mr. Burke's letters. They shew, moreover, an immeasurable grasp of mind, which ran with the rapidity of intuition through the whole circle of liberal attainments. On the subject of painting, he discourses with so much taste, propriety, and discrimination, that the most

most accomplished artist might derive useful lessons from his suggestions. After his entrance into public life, and while he was immersed in political affairs as the most distinguished partizan of the Rockingham-administration, his humble friend Barry was never forgotten: but, as soon as his own means became enlarged, he recommended him, seconded by the advice of Reynolds, to travel into Italy for improvement, and in conjunction with William Burke undertook to maintain him while abroad.

'The painter set out in October, 1765, and remained abroad above five years. During the whole of this time he earned nothing for himself, and received no supplies from any other person than his two generous friends, who fulfilled their promise amid serious difficulties and claims of their own, in which William, in one of his letters, was obliged to confess, that "cash was not so plentiful as he could wish." A fact of this kind, so rarely imitated by the highest rank, or the greatest wealth, speaks more for the virtues of the heart than a volume of panegyric; it is, however, only one instance among many of the benevolence of Mr. Burke.

'Barry felt the weight of his obligations. Of Dr. Sleigh, he said, "He first put me upon Mr. Burke, who has been, under God, all in all to me." Writing to the Doctor himself, he says, "To your goodness I owe Mr. Burke and his family, which, in one word, is owing you all that is essential to me." To Mr. Burke he writes, "I am your property." And again, "You ought surely to be free with a man of your own making, who has found in you father, brother, friend, every thing."'

When Barry was at Paris, Burke wrote to him a most affectionate letter, suggesting many valuable hints on the subject of his art; and among other things he says to him, in a letter dated 1768,

'"We hope to have some of your work when you come home. I am glad of Hamilton's opinion. — It cannot fail of being serviceable to you in some way or other. In the mean time I must press it upon you to live on the best terms with the people you are with, even dealers and the like; for it will not follow, that because men want some virtues, that they want all. Their society will be some relief to you, and their intercourse of some advantage, if it were no more than a dispelling of the unsociable humours contracted in solitude, which will, in the end, not fail of corrupting the understanding as well as the manners, and of utterly disqualifying a man for the satisfactions and duties of life. Men must be taken as they are, and we neither make them or ourselves better either by flying from or quarrelling with them; and Rome, and the trade of virtù, are not the only places and professions in which many little practices ought to be overlooked in others, though they should be carefully avoided by ourselves.

'"I re-

'"I remember you wrote to me with a great deal of sense, and much honest indignation, on the subject of some quackish pretences to secrets in the art, such as Magilphs, and the like. We had much of the same stuff here. It is indeed ridiculous to the last degree to imagine that excellence is to be attained by any mechanical contrivances whatsoever. But still the overvaluing of foolish or interested people ought not to induce us wholly to reject what may be subordinately useful. Every thing is worth a trial; and much of the business of colouring belonging to a sort of natural history, it is rather worth while to make experiments, as many as one can."'

In another letter, addressed to the artist when he was at Rome, Mr. Burke observes:

'"With regard to your studies, you know, my dear Barry, my opinion. I do not choose to lecture you to death; but to say all I can in a few words, it will not do for a man qualified like you to be a connoisseur and a sketcher.—You must be an artist; and this you cannot be but by drawing with the last degree of noble correctness. Until you can draw beauty with the last degree of truth and precision, you will not consider yourself possessed of that faculty. This power will not hinder you from passing to the great style when you please; if your character should, as I imagine it will, lead you to that style in preference to the other. But no man can draw perfectly, that cannot draw beauty. My dear Barry, I repeat it again and again, leave off sketching. Whatever you do, finish it. Your letters are very kind in remembering us; and surely as to the criticisms of every kind, admirable. Reynolds likes them exceedingly. He conceives extraordinary hopes of you, and recommends, above all things, to you the continual study of the *Capella Sestina*, in which are the greatest works of Michael Angelo. He says he will be mistaken, if that painter does not become your great favourite. Let me entreat that you will overcome that unfortunate delicacy that attends you, and that you will go through a full course of anatomy with the knife in your hand. You will never be able thoroughly to supply the omission of this by any other method.'

He also advises the painter to contract the circle of his studies, lest he should be carried away by too great a diversity of things; and not to undertake the completion of a whole, before he was quite master of the parts.

'"I confess I am not much desirous of your composing many pieces, for some time at least. Composition (though by some people placed foremost in the list of the ingredients of an art) I do not value near so highly. I know none who attempts, that does not succeed tolerably in that part: but that exquisite masterly drawing, which is the glory of the great school where you are, has fallen to the lot of very few, perhaps to none of the present age, in its highest perfection. If I were to indulge a conjecture,

ture, I should attribute all that is called greatness of style and manner of drawing, to this exact knowledge of the parts of the human body, of anatomy and perspective. For by knowing exactly and habitually, without the labour of particular and occasional thinking, what was to be done in every figure they designed, they naturally attained a freedom and spirit of outline; because they could be daring without being absurd; whereas ignorance, if it be cautious, is poor and timid; if bold, it is only blindly presumptuous. This minute and thorough knowledge of anatomy, and practical as well as theoretical perspective, by which I mean to include foreshortening, is all the effect of labour and use in *particular* studies, and not in general compositions. Notwithstanding your natural repugnance to handling of carcases, you ought to make the knife go with the pencil, and study anatomy in real, and, if you can, in frequent dissections. You know that a man who despises, as you do, the minutiæ of the art, is bound to be quite perfect in the noblest part of all, or he is nothing. Mediocrity is tolerable in middling things, but not at all in the great. In the course of the studies I speak of, it would not be amiss to paint portraits often and diligently. This I do not say as wishing you to turn your studies to portrait-painting, quite otherwise; but because many things in the human face will certainly escape you without some intermixture of that kind of study."'

In a letter also written about this time, and containing many valuable suggestions as to Barry's studies, Mr. Burke expresses himself with the utmost generosity with regard to the expences of his *protégé.*

'"Neither Will. nor I were much pleased with your seeming to feel uneasy at a little necessary increase of expense on your settling yourself. You ought to know us too well not to be sensible that we think right upon these points. We wished you at Rome, that you might cultivate your genius by every advantage which the place affords, and to stop at a little expense might defeat the ends for which the rest were incurred. You know we desired you at parting never to scruple to draw for a few pounds extraordinary, and directions will be given to take your drafts on such occasions."'

In the year 1769, he gives Barry a most friendly and judicious admonition on the intractability of his temper; and we agree with the biographer that the whole of this remonstrance should be read by every wayward and contentious man, as soon as he rises in the morning and before he retires to rest at night. The prediction of poor Barry's fate at the close of our extract was, alas, too sadly verified: but, had he obeyed the benevolent suggestions and acted on the golden precepts of that letter, he might have arisen to independence and distinction. We have already been liberal of citation, but we cannot omit this valuable document.

'"As

'"As to any reports concerning your conduct and behaviour, you may be very sure they could have no kind of influence here; for none of us are of such a make as to trust to any one's report for the character of a person whom we ourselves know. Until very lately, I had never heard any thing of your proceedings from others; and when I did, it was much less than I had known from yourself, that you had been upon ill terms with the artists and virtuosi in Rome, without much mention of cause or consequence. If you have improved these unfortunate quarrels to your advancement in your art, you have turned a very disagreeable circumstance to a very capital advantage. However you may have succeeded in this uncommon attempt, permit me to suggest to you, with that friendly liberty which you have always had the goodness to bear from me, that you cannot possibly have always the same success, either with regard to your fortune or your reputation. Depend upon it, that you will find the same competitions, the same jealousies, the same arts and cabals, the emulations of interest and of fame, and the same agitations and passions, here, that you have experienced in Italy; and if they have the same effect on your temper, they will have just the same effects upon your interest; and be your merit what it will, you will never be employed to paint a picture. It will be the same at London as at Rome; and the same in Paris as in London: for the world is pretty nearly alike in all its parts: nay, though it would perhaps be a little inconvenient to me, I had a thousand times rather you should fix your residence in Rome than here, as I should not then have the mortification of seeing with my own eyes a genius of the first rank lost to the world, himself, and his friends, as I certainly must, if you do not assume a manner of acting and thinking here, totally different from what your letters from Rome have described to me.

'"That you have had just subjects of indignation always, and of anger often, I do no ways doubt; who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, my dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them; but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul, as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us.

'"Again and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species; if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own. Think what my feelings must be, from my unfeigned regard, and from my wishes that your talents might be of use, when I see what the inevitable consequences must be, of your persevering in what has hitherto been your course, ever since I knew you, and which you will permit me to trace out for you beforehand.

'"You

'"You will come here; you will observe what the artists are doing; and you will sometimes speak a disapprobation in plain words, and sometimes by a no less expressive silence. By degrees you will produce some of your own works. They will be variously criticized; you will defend them; you will abuse those that have attacked you; expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forward; you will shun your brethren, they will shun you. In the mean time, gentlemen will avoid your friendship, for fear of being engaged in your quarrels; you will fall into distresses which will only aggravate your disposition for farther quarrels; you will be obliged for maintenance to do any thing for any body; your very talents will depart for want of hope and encouragement; and you will go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined."'

We have preferred to expatiate thus largely on the earlier passages of Mr. Burke's life, and have intentionally declined to pursue him into his long political career, which embraces a series of great events and stupendous revolutions, belonging to history rather than to biography. Of the charms of his rhetorical discourses, of the power of his eloquence, of the polished ratiocination which is its great and peculiar characteristic, of his amenity in private intercourse, of his benevolent and virtuous dispositions, a more appropriate estimate may be made; and we are thankful to Mr. Prior for having collected so ample a fund of domestic and social incidents respecting this celebrated man, to set off in its full and genuine lustre the goodness of his heart. Another illustration is thus added to many that are at present on record, of the connection between *real* genius and virtue, which seems to have been decreed from the beginning by Him who is the supreme fountain of both. This persuasion we should be willing to cherish were it only an illusion: but it has taken so firm a grasp of our minds as almost to induce us to consider, with the disciples of the old academic philosophy, that virtue and knowlege are one, and to ask with them, Τί ἐν ἡ επιστήμη, ἡ αρετή; "What is knowlege, but virtue?" (*Maximus Tyrius*, Diss. 17.)

Art. II. *The Birds of Aristophanes.* Translated by the Rev. H. F. Cary, A. M. With Notes. 8vo. pp. 220. 9*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Taylor and Hessey. 1824.

The elegant and faithful translator of Dante may aspire, without the least presumption, to the difficult triumph of translating Aristophanes; and if a great compass of poetic language, with a laborious study and thorough knowlege of the original, can qualify an English writer for the enterprize, Mr. Cary may advance these, and more than these, pretensions. Yet

Yet all who are acquainted with the matchless beauties, and the appropriate graces, of this comic poet, must feel that little beyond a merely relative success can be expected from the most accomplished who endeavor to transfer those charms to the English language; and that the re-production of a comedy of Aristophanes, in such a shape as would impart to the English reader all that it imparted to the Athenian auditor, is absolutely hopeless. Even with the humbler object, only, of enabling the general reader to form an adequate idea of the Aristophanic drama, he who makes the attempt must find himself in a discouraging dilemma. *Literal* translation will render his author unintelligible, and *free* translation will disfigure his meaning. It is due, however, to the real learning and the felicitous talent of Mr. Cary, to admit that these difficulties have been nearly vanquished in his hands; and that his version of "The Birds" is incomparably better than the only one extant, we believe, in English: we mean the prose-translation "by a Member of One of the Universities," published in 1812.* Mr. Cary, however, will not thank us for naming him in the same sentence with a prose-competitor; for no play of Aristophanes can be rendered into prose; and of all his eleven plays, "The Birds" is the most remarkable for choral harmony, and for delightful and varying versification.

If, then, we enumerate a few out of the many difficulties which must inevitably beset the translator of Aristophanes, it will be for the purpose chiefly of setting in a just point of view the merits of Mr. Cary's attempt. Something more must be done, before the English reader ventures on a translated specimen of the old Greek comedy, viz. to give him a general idea of what that comedy was: but he must distinctly understand that, as a necessary preliminary to his formation of the faintest conjecture of its form or its elements, he must dismiss all his English notions on the subject of the comic drama. Above all, he would do well to forget that a plot, or the assemblage of incidents, the gradual unravelling of which passes by that name, makes any part of a comedy. If he looks for the embarrassments of lovers and of heroines, for the counteraction of schemes, for the gradual developement of character, for a regular fable with a subordinate plot to aid its progress, or for the agencies of that universal passion of which the varied attitudes are so essential to a modern comedy, — in all this he will be grievously disap-

* "Comedies of Aristophanes, viz. the Clouds, Plutus, the Frogs, and the Birds, translated into English, with Notes."

pointed. Aristophanes cared little or nothing about his plot; unless, according to Mr. Bayes, "the use of a plot be to bring in good things;" and these he deals out in profusion. He leads us into a totally distinct region of comic fancy, sometimes peopling it with a race quite different from ourselves, but whose conversation and manners impart a rich and exuberant delight, — the most full and the most finished delight which the mingled sweets of discourse and music can administer. All is fairy-land in the Aristophanic drama, where "sounds that the earth owes not" are heard; and the only price, which we have to pay for it, is just so much credulity as will enable us to acquiesce without a murmur in the fiction. The impossibility once tolerated, every thing is just and consistent, the dialogue is truth itself, and the characters are preserved with the strictest fidelity. This unreal comedy, if we may so call it, is poetic in its form, and poetic in its essence. The fancy of the poet has snapped asunder the ties which confine us to the realities of life, in order that he may revel in the sphere of an unrestrained and enchanting gaiety. It is true that chance and adventure are set to work, as in other comedies, but without leading to a serious result, or awakening any serious reflection; in short, without any apparent purpose but that of the mirth and merriment which they produce. If he could attain this purpose, the comic poet recognized no law, and fettered himself by no convention. Gaiety was the staple in which he dealt, and he was at liberty to seek it wherever he pleased: — he might levy contributions in heaven or in earth, on gods or on men.

To take up, therefore, the comedy of "The Birds" in an English form, without these impressions, would be equally unjust to Aristophanes and to his translator; and, tried by modern rules of dramatic fiction, the whole piece, — its aim, and its scope, — would be quite unintelligible. At the same time, it is obvious that the antient Greek comedy, with such a peculiarity of character, becomes the less susceptible of translation, because it is at variance with all our ordinary and settled notions respecting the drama; and a translator has this impediment to remove, before his reader can relish the work which he presents to him. The comic poet also substituted for theatrical regularity those incessant flashes of merriment, those sudden strokes of allusion, which must become wholly vapid by transfusion. Other particularities enhance still farther the difficulty of translating Aristophanes; and among them is that incessant play on words in which he took so much delight. A pun, as Mr. Cary observes, was the Cleopatra for which he would have lost the world. The

Aristophanic quibble also was very often local, when the word denoting the name of a city or country denoted also something quite different; and all such are utterly untranslatable. Many of these puns are praised by the old scholiast for their archness; and, judging from a similar one which occurs in the comedy of "The Clouds," they must have had considerable effect. Strepsiades is venting exclamations at the extravagance of his son, a sort of Newmarket gambler, who had run a horse called *Cutter*, which he had wheedled his father to buy for him. At the mention of the name of the horse, the old man says that his son ought rather to have *cut* out his own eye than have bought him:

Ὅτ' ἐπριάμην Κόμματιαν, οἴμοι τάλας
Εἴθ' ἐξεκόπην πρότερον τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν λίθῳ.

In the play of "The Birds," Mr. Cary could not but come in contact with innumerable pleasantries of the same kind; and we will point out one or two which have sadly perplexed him, even driving him to the aukward alternative of an explanatory note. In act i. scene 3., the old men who had quitted Athens, in quest of a place of residence that should be exempt from the vexations and inquietudes of their native town, are consulting Epops, king of the Birds, on the subject:

'*Epops.* You're looking for an aristocracy, I trow.
'*Euelpides.* I? Hang me, then. I hate his very name
That whoreson cub of Scellius.'

Who could have supposed that the humor here consisted in the double meaning of the word ἀριστοκρατία, as if it meant the government of Aristocrates, the son of Scellius? This equivoque no doubt provoked a hearty laugh at the expence of that personage: but it would be as impracticable to translate it into English, as to convey the drollery of Sir Toby and the ideotic humor of Sir Andrew in any other tongue. "Accost, Sir Andrew, accost." — "Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance."

Another local pun occurs in act iv. scene 2.:

'*Chorus.* On plains *Fanatic* lives a race,
Where Clepsydra impels
Her waters with a silent pace
Along their secret cells.'

The difficulty of rendering such passages will be best seen by Mr. Cary's note:

'The fourth wonder which the Birds relate that they had witnessed in their flights were the rhetoricians who spoke for hire. They were seen at Phanæ, a real name of a promontory in the island

island of Chios, but here used to denote that these men were employed in "accusing" and informing at the courts of judicature, from the word φαίνω. Near this place are supposed to run the waters of the Clepsydra; by which is meant that they spoke by the hour-glass, a machine made by the Greeks with water, as ours with sand; and of which a description may be seen in Potter's Grecian Antiquities, L. i. ch. 21.'

We cannot flatter Mr. Cary with having conveyed even the faintest idea of this paranomasia in his word *Fanatic;* nor could we forbear a smile when we observed him, on another occasion, taking a most atrocious pun by the horns, and endeavoring by main force to 'haul and fix him' in his translation. A legislator, a sort of constitution-monger, by whom Aristophanes intended to ridicule the Utopian schemers of Athens, finds his way to Cuckoocloudland, the new empire of the Birds, takes out one of his constitutions from his box, and begins to read the articles of a new code.

'*Legislator.* And that the Cuckoocloudlanders do use
Like measures, weights, and acts in senate passed
As the *Olophyxians.*
'*Pisthetærus.* *Haul* will I
And *fix* thee in the stocks anon unless ——'

In addition to plays on words, which are wholly irremoveable from one language to another, Aristophanes gave great delight to his audience by parodies of other poets, both dithyrambic and dramatic. Lines or parts of lines he frequently patches together out of the tragic writers; and more frequently still he amuses himself with verses written in strong allusion to the respective styles of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the latter of whom was the standing butt of his raillery. The ablest translator must not encourage the unavailing hope of imitating, by what he conceives equivalent shades and colors of English diction, these transitions and varieties of Attic poesy: yet they are plainly distinguishable in the original, and constitute no small part of the relish which the true scholar feels for Aristophanes. Nor is the catalogue of difficulties yet exhausted. The language itself is untranslatable. It was Attic; and the distinction between the current language of Athens, and that which belonged to the other provinces of Greece, (the proudest of its distinctions and the great charm of Aristophanes,) must be wholly unfelt by those who read his comedy only through the medium of a translation. Other impediments still remain to be noticed. The metrical varieties of the comic writer, and more especially the anapæstic tetrameter, called by grammarians the Aristophanic anapæst, and said to have been

invented by Aristophanes, are absolutely out of the utmost reach of imitation in a foreign idiom. Mr. Cary was fully aware of the impossibility of adhering to the models of the Greek measures, and judiciously

—— " *quæ*
Desperet tractata nitescere posse, relinquit."

' Our metres,' he observes justly, ' when in their form they correspond most nearly to the Greek, will not answer to them in their effect upon the ear; the reason of which is that the English language is more clogged with consonants, and abounds in words of one syllable.' Might he not have added another, a more general, but fully adequate cause; — the impracticability of imitating, in a poetical idiom which is essentially rhythmical and accentual, the sounds of one which is essentially metrical and numerous? No small part of the commendation justly earned by Mr. Cary arises, however, from the skill with which he has met this difficulty, and, out of our comparatively barren stock of English, has exhibited so much of the comic poet's variety; not indeed by the presumptuous effort of an exact metrical imitation, but by a happy use of such of our old national measures as correspond, obediently to the great law of association, with those moods and temperaments of mind, elevated, airy, doubtful, or depressed, which are naturally the parents of corresponding sounds in poetical as well as in musical language. This could not have been done by adopting the precise form of the Greek metre; — for that which in Greek is rapid would probably in English be slow; while that which is stately and grave in our own tongue would perhaps, in that of Greece, be airy and impetuous. In short, a Greek metre exactly imitated in English would " keep its promise to the eye, but break it to the ear." To expect, indeed, from any translator, the full effect of Grecian harmony, — the varied opulence of the original, — that music of the soul which is breathed only by the Greek language, — and which those who discourse and write in any other cannot even comprehend, — this would be a most unrighteous demand. Still, however, we hesitate not to declare that Mr. Cary has executed many of the choral odes in " The Birds" with great happiness, and in a style of poesy that reminds us of the *Faithful Shepherdess* and *Comus*: with a brilliancy also, a chastity, and a melodiousness of versification, that atone for the many unavoidable departures from the precise sense of the poet, into which the necessities of the task have compelled him.

We

We have yet made no mention of the indecencies in Aristophanes, which must perpetually disconcert his translator; and in which respect he is a great offender. Indelicacy is a phrase too delicate to describe the grossness of many of his allusions; and the most exquisite beauties of his diction are for ever overshadowed by neighbouring deformities. Things which, in the decent intercourses of life, have no name, — images, whose entrance into the female or the youthful mind is barred by the united influence of religion and manners, — take their place most unblushingly in the plays of Aristophanes by the side of sentiments breathing the very soul of virtue, and in passages polished to the last refinement of Attic poetry. He seems to have bestowed as much culture on his most loathsome weeds as on his choicest flowers. That which affrighted modesty cannot utter; — the most humiliating of our natural infirmities; — the basest conditions of our nature; — all this is decked out by Aristophanes in the most studied attire, and even deceives us with the semblance of gracefulness beneath the folds of that wonderful language, which exalts the great, embellishes the beautiful, and refines the gross. Instinctively attracted towards obscenity, even while he is soaring with an eagle's pinion to the loftiest heights of moral song, suddenly he wings a downward flight, and abandons his nobler quarry to rake amid the filth and feculence of a dunghill. *

Nothing can be urged in excuse for all this obscenity: but is nothing to be said in behalf of Aristophanes? For the physical nastiness and the vulgarity which pollute his comedies, must be pleaded the necessity to which he was driven of furnishing amusement for the lower classes of the people. That respectable part of an Athenian audience which hissed Cratinus, one of their most admired comic poets, off the stage, for stinting on one occasion their usual allowance of ribaldry, would not have shewn more forbearance to Aristophanes. Physical impurity, indeed, and a taste for grossness, are nearly the same in all ages, — and the people of Athens and the mob of Paris are essentially alike. Our very refined neighbours, in fact, are by no means authorized to be very squeamish about the nastiest allusions in Aristophanes: for in the *Légataire Universel* of Regnard, a comedy held at this day in the highest estimation, and one of their stock plays, an old valetudinarian

* Let the learned reader turn to the beautiful passage in the play of "The Clouds,"

Αλλ' οὖν λίπαρος γὲ και εὐανθὴς εν γυμνασίοις διατρψεις. κ. τ. λ.

is made to exclaim to a lady, with whom he was carrying on a dialogue:

> " *Hélas! ma chère Madame, il faut que je vous dise adieu,*
> *Un besoin pressant m'appelle en certain lieu.*"

In truth, if a dramatic writer of the Christian world can be forgiven for purveying to the grossness of the popular taste, " charity, which thinketh no evil," will extend an equal portion of indulgence to a wit who lived amid the darkness of heathenism. It is even now a matter of great doubt whether, at Athens, women attended the comic theatre: but, if they did, women at Athens lived an uneducated secluded life, and had no influence over the taste of the theatre. No doubt, many things which are so plainly spoken by Aristophanes might have been veiled beneath a more decent circumlocution: but little is gained to decency or to morals, if, as the case generally is, the same image is raised by the circumlocution, which would have been raised by the thing itself called by its real name.

The question now is, How is the translator to comport himself when he comes in contact with such passages? If he omits them altogether, he so far obliterates a striking feature of the antient comedy, and of the popular humor of Athens. We think that Mr. Cary has evaded the difficulty with considerable address, neither giving all the grossness of Aristophanes nor suppressing it *in toto*. For instance, a nasty accident (the effect of sudden panic) befalls Euelpides, act i. scene 2, which raises in Mr. Cary's mind a faint resemblance between the Athenian simpleton and Sancho Pança. To have passed over such a dirty piece of buffoonery altogether would have been to alter the character of Euelpides, as the poet intended to draw him. Jests of this description also were highly in request among the lower class. Strepsiades, in " The Clouds," thus addresses the aerial beings:

> I do revere you, worshipful masters!
> But by your thunders I'm in such a panic,
> That I must also thunder;—fain would I
> Retire to some small distance, but the force
> Of awe and terror so prevail at present,
> I must, be it right or wrong, deposit here. (*Rev.*)

The omission of this passage by Cumberland was not quite fair to Aristophanes, and we have lost by it as much of the comic humor of Strepsiades as we should have lost of that of Sancho, had the translators of Don Quixote made no mention of the analogous effects produced by panic on his 'squire's

'squire's frame, when he stood somewhat too near to his master.

With all our allowances, however, it must be confessed that this is a grossness which is dearly purchased even by the beauty of the versification, and the wit that sparkles in the dialogue. If on any fair principle of compensation it is in any way redeemed, it must be by that severe and righteous chastisement with which, on so many occasions, the dramatist whipped the follies and caprices of the people, (the personified Demus,) and dragged to light the wickedness of the Athenian demagogues. For ourselves, a kindness always *comes over us* for Aristophanes, in spite of his offences, when we take up the comedy of "The Knights," in which he painted to the life the rapines and extortions of Cleon, the successor of Pericles. That private pique might have influenced him, indeed, is not improbable; and Wieland intimates that the poet was in the pay of Nicias, Cleon's political opponent. Yet it is impossible not to admire the intrepidity of "dragging the reluctant monster into day;" for a monster he was, and unchequered by one virtue: whose artful eloquence persuaded that infamous decree which inflicted death on all the males, and reduced to slavery the females and children of Mitylene, after the unsuccessful revolt of that devoted city.* It required yet higher courage in Aristophanes (especially with the lingering fate of Anaxandrides, the comic poet, before his eyes,) to attack a still more ferocious monster, the people themselves; — that "*complex Nero*" before whom, as he himself tells us, all men trembled ὡσπερ ἄνδρα τύραννον.† Surveyed in this sublime attitude, his muse commands our veneration, for every lineament of the portrait glows with truth and with animation. Even the great powers of Aristophanes, however, could scarcely paint the outrageous reality; — for what satire, or what invective, can be more than a faint outline of the depravity, the fitful caprices, and the alternate cowardice and cruelty of that fierce democracy, who, when they sat involuntarily to Aristophanes for their picture, had in their hands the complete sovereignty of the state. It was this tyranny that Aristophanes attacked with all the vigor of his fancy, and all the severity of virtue; and though the painting was relieved by a few tints of flattery, it was impossible not to recognize the portrait. This fearlessness raises Aristophanes in our esteem; aided by his just and manly detestation, so often avowed, of the ruinous war in which his

* Mitford's History of Greece, vol. ii. 4to. p. 128.

† "The Knights." Act iii.

country was engaged, and his admirable ridicule of the contemptible and frivolous disputes of the sophists: whose influence over Athenian morals was the more pernicious, inasmuch as the education of the Athenian youth was for the most part in their hands. — These are good points in a character, to which complete justice has seldom been awarded.

In selecting "The Birds," Mr. Cary has chosen the most difficult but not, we conceive, the most pleasing of the comedies of Aristophanes. It abounds, indeed, to as great a degree as any of them, in that which is the charm of this singular species of composition: — in those quaint fancies, those enchanting absurdities, those frequent sallies and outbreakings, of a rich and poetical imagination, which delight us in spite of ourselves, and were perhaps peculiar to Aristophanes: — but it does not revolve, if we may so speak, on one entire dramatic axis: — it wants a centre; and, its object being vague and indefinite, its personages and agents flit before us like aerial shadows. For our part, we are inclined to agree with the scholiast that the play was a concealed satire on Athens; and certainly it brings before our eyes many of the erring and wild intellectual intoxications of that singular state. Informers, rhetoricians, geometricians, constitution-mongers, (for the Abbé Sieyes had a large kindred at Athens,) and others (*hoc genus omne*), are brought on the stage, and delightfully kicked and cuffed for our amusement. Be that as it may, the whole play is built on the basis of a daring impossibility: but as soon as we arrive in imagination at the new city of the Birds (Cuckoocloudland,) the impossibility vanishes, and all becomes probable and natural. It is worthy of remark, also, that these aerial constructions of states and empires, where the stranger on his arrival finds himself in a new world, and every thing in a sort of topsey-turvey state, compared with the order of his own ideas and his own experience, were not (as it should seem) uncommon in the old comedy of the Greeks. The *Cocania* of Eupolis is lost to us, but it belonged to the same class of comedy, and the name probably suggested the amusing farce of Le Grand, intitled *Le Roi de Cocagne*; a delightful specimen of comic levity, of which the humor consists chiefly in the arrival of shipwrecked strangers at an island, inhabited by beings as strange and absurd and whimsical as "The Birds" of Aristophanes.

We would willingly copy the very witty and pleasing analysis of this drama by Gray, but it is too long for insertion; and we substitute for it the passage from Augustus Schlegel's Lectures which Mr. Cary has introduced in his preface as the best and concisest elucidation, if not of the structure, at least of the plan, of this comedy.

"'' The

'" 'The Birds' transports us, by one of the boldest and richest inventions, into the kingdom of the fantastically wonderful, and delights us with a display of the gayest hilarity: it is a merry, rapid, and highly varied composition. I cannot agree with the old critic in thinking that this work is chiefly characterised by its general and undisguised satire on the corruptions of the Athenian state, and of all human institutions. It seems rather to be marked by a display of the most harmless pranks, in which gods as well as mortals participate, and the poet does not seem to have had any particular aim in view. Whatever in natural history, in mythology, in the doctrine of divination, in the fables of Æsop, or even in proverbial expressions, contained any thing remarkable with relation to birds, has been ingeniously drawn by the poet within his circle; he goes even back to cosmogony, and shows that at first the raven-winged night laid a wind-egg, over which the lovely Eros, with golden pinions (without doubt a bird), brooded, and thence occasioned the origin of all things. Two fugitives of the human race fall into the dominion of the birds, who resolve to revenge themselves on them for the numerous cruelties which they have suffered: the two men contrive to save themselves by convincing the birds of their pre-eminency over all other creatures, and they advise them to collect all their strength in one immense state; the wondrous city, Cloudcuckooburg, is then built above the earth; all sorts of unbidden guests, priests, poets, soothsayers, geometers, scribes, sycophants, wish to nestle in the new state, but are driven out; new gods are appointed, naturally enough, after the image of the birds, as those of men bore a resemblance to themselves; the old gods are shut out from Olympus, so that no odour of sacrifices can reach them: in their emergency, they send an embassy, consisting of the carnivorous Hercules, Neptune, who, according to the common expression, swears by Neptune, and a Thracian god, who is not very familiar with Greek, but speaks a sort of mixed jargon; but yet these gods are under the necessity of submitting to the proposed conditions, and the sovereignty of the world remains to the birds. However much all this resembles a mere farcical joke, it may be said, however, to have this philosophical signification, that it considers all things from above in a sort of bird's eye view; whereas the most of our ideas are only true in a human point of view.

'" The old critics were of opinion that Cratinus was powerful in living satire and direct attack, but that he was deficient in a pleasant humour, in the talent of developing his subject in an advantageous manner, and filling up his pieces with the necessary details; that Eupolis was agreeable in his jocularity, and skilful in the use of ingenious allusions and contrivances, so that he never even needed the assistance of the parabasis to say whatever he chose, but that he was deficient in satirical force; that Aristophanes, by a happy middle course, united the advantages of both; and that in him we have satire and pleasantry combined in the most perfect and attractive manner. From these statements I conceive myself justified in assuming, that among the pieces of Aristo-

Aristophanes, 'The Horsemen' (the Knights) is the most in the style of Cratinus, and 'The Birds' the nearest to the style of Eupolis; and that he had their respective manners in view when he composed these pieces. For although he boasts of his independent originality, and of his never borrowing any thing from others, it was hardly possible, that among such distinguished associates all mutual influence should be excluded. If the opinion to which I have alluded is well founded, we have to lament the loss of the works of Cratinus, perhaps, principally for the light which they threw on the manners of the times, and the knowledge which they displayed of the Athenian constitution; and the loss of the works of Eupolis, chiefly for the comic form in which they were delivered."'

Of the execution of Mr. Cary's task, our opinion will easily be conjectured from what we have said already in its commendation: but we will add that he seems to have found, in the dramatic diction of Massinger, a suitable vehicle for the Aristophanic dialogue. It was difficult, we think, to hit on an appropriate style for this purpose, and to make it easy without vulgarity, and colloquial without being prosaic: but in this particular Mr. Cary has been more successful than Mr. Mitchell, some of whose translations are executed with great taste and spirit. In now indulging our readers with a few extracts, we first subjoin a part of a chorus in act i., as a specimen of the skill with which the Aristophanic anapæst is represented by an English metre. In the original, the poet strings together several images of human frailty from Æschylus and Sophocles, and also gives *a fling* at the frivolous disputes of the sophists.

'*Chorus.* O gentle bird of auburn wing,
Gentlest and dearest, that dost sing
Consorting still with mine thy lay,
Lov'd partner of my wild-wood way,
Thou'rt come, thou'rt come; all hail! all hail!
I see thee now, sweet nightingale,
Low twittering lead thy pipe along;
Then sudden in a spring-tide song
Burst out the descant bold and free
Of anapæstic minstrelsy.

'Oh come, ye men, ye brittle things, mere images of clay,
Ye flitting leaves, ye shadowy shapes, ye creatures of a day,
Poor, wingless, wretched mortals ye, like nothing but a dream;
Give head to us, and list for once to an immortal theme.
Immortals we, and live for aye, from age and sorrow free;
Our mansion in the viewless air; our thoughts, eternity.
Come learn from us, for we can tell ye secrets most sublime,
How all things are; and birds exist before the birth of time;
How Gods and Hell and Chaos rose, and mighty rivers sprang;
Come learn aright; — and then from me bid Prodicus go hang.

First

First Chaos was and Night and Hell and Tartarus profound;
But Earth was not, nor Sky nor Heaven; so Hell withouten bound
Stretch'd forth his bosom dark and deep, by windy tempests blown,
When first of all black-winged Night doth lay an egg thereon.
In circling hours thence Love was born, an infant heavenly fair,
Glittering his back with golden wings, and fleet as eddying air;
With winged Chaos mingling he, amid the gloomy night,
In Tartarus our kind did hatch, and brought us first to light.'

In act ii., the constitution-monger or legislator already mentioned finds his way to the city of the Birds, but is dismissed with little ceremony. The chorus which follows is an exquisite piece of versification, and would have befitted Ariel himself in the grace and lightness of its measure:

'SCENE VII.

'*Priest, Pisthetærus, Chorus, an Envoy, a Legislator.*

'*Legislator* (*reading*). "And 'tis hereby provided that if one
Of Cuckoocloudlands do to an Athenian ——"

'*Pisthetærus.* What other curs'd diploma's coming now?

'*Legislator.* I am a constitution-maker. Laws,
Span-new, I come to vend among you.

'*Pisthetærus.* What's this?

'*Legislator* (*reading*). "And that the Cuckoocloudlanders do use
Like measures, weights, and acts in senate pass'd
As the Olophyxians." *

'*Pisthetærus.* Haul will I
And fix thee in the stocks anon unless ——

'*Legislator.* Ho! Sir! what ails thee?

'*Pisthetærus.* Wilt not budge with thy laws?
Else will I show thee bitter laws to-day.

'*Envoy.* I hereby Pisthetærus cite t' appear
At the next spring assize in Court for Wrong ——

'*Pisthetærus.* What so! thou fellow, hast thou still been here?

'*Legislator* (*reading*). "But if any one drive out the magistrates,
And do not, as the column † directs, receive them ——"

'*Pisthetærus.* Oh! for patience! hast thou too still been here?

'*Envoy.* I'll do for thee. I'll lay the damages at
Ten thousand drachmas.

'* This is not a feigned name, as Beck supposes it to be; for Stephanus de Urbibus, cited by Brunck, mentions the city of Olophyxus, near Mount Athos, and it is also spoken of by Herodotus, l. vii. § 22.; but the word is certainly introduced merely for the sake of the pun upon it, which I have attempted, but rather violently, I fear, to transfer into our language. A pun was the Cleopatra on which Aristophanes was quite as ready to stake the world as Shakspeare could be.'

'† The place to which the public decrees were affixed.'

'*Pisthe-*

'*Pisthetærus.* I'll scatter thy boxes.
'*Legislator.* Remember when one night thou didst befoul
The column.
'*Pisthetærus.* This is past bearing. Seize him, ho!
Wilt not halt, sirrah?
'*Priest.* Fitting 'tis that speedily
We take departure hence, and to the Gods
Complete the unfinish'd sacrifice within.

'SCENE VIII.

'*Chorus.*

'*Semichorus.* O'er the wide world now I sway,
And my subject-realms survey;
Mortals all to me shall bring
Votive prayer and offering.
For the green earth I defend;
All her blooming fruitage tend;
And, ruthless, slay the ravening brood
That lurk within the closed bud,
Or with their million fangs devour
The chalice of the opening flower,
Sit on the trees and suck their fruit,
Or mining sap the secret root.
Through the damask gardens I
Seize the reptile, chase the fly,
Whoe'er with harmful power presume
To waste the sweets or soil the bloom.
Crush'd by my wing the felons lie,
And writhing in their mischief die.'

We insert also, as a curious scene in itself, and as a fair average specimen of the translation, part of the dialogue between Pisthetærus and an Informer; a person held in high detestation at Athens, and affording on all occasions fair game to the comic poets.

'*Informer.* "What birds are these, with plumes so gay,
That live of nought possest?
O wide-wing'd swallow, pause, and say,
Upon thy speckled breast." *

' * The scholiast cites fragments of Alcæus and Simonides, from which this is taken. One is thus corrected in the Museum Criticum, No. IV.

' Ὄρνιθες τίνες οἵδ' ὠκεανῷ; γᾶς ἀπὸ πειράτων
Ἧνθον, παντέλοπες ποικιλόδειροι, ταυσθίπτεροι. Alcæi Fragm. xxi.

where the interrogation would perhaps be better placed at the end. The other is given, with a slight alteration, by Mr. Gaisford, as follows:

' "Ἄγγελε κλυτὰ ἔαρος ἀδυόδμου κυανέα χελιδοῖ.
' "Potæ Min. Græci, v. i. Simonidis Fragm. cxviii."'

'*Pisthetærus.* No slight annoyance this that we have stirr'd.
Here comes another in the sing-song mood.
'*Informer.* "O wide-wing'd swallow, pause again
Upon thy speckled breast."
'*Pisthetærus.* Methinks he hums a catch for his own doublet,
That's worn so bare he had need of many swallows *
To keep the cold out.
'*Informer.* Who's he that wings the comers?
'*Pisthetærus.* Here is he. But thou must say what thou'dst have.
'*Informer.* Wings, wings. † Ask not a second time.
'*Pisthetærus.* Dost think, then,
To fly with them direct unto Pellene? ‡
'*Informer.* Not so, by Jove. But I am an informer,
That seek defaulters through our friendly isles §,
And summon them to justice.
'*Pisthetærus.* Blessed trade!
'*Informer.* Now in this my office of a pettifogger
Some wings would serve me well to whir about,
When I go round on my citations.
'*Pisthetærus.* And couldst thou cite the better for thy wings?
'*Informer.* Not so, by Jove! but that, to avoid pirates,
I may return thence with the cranes. The law-suits
I shall have swallow'd down will serve for ballast.
'*Pisthetærus.* Is this thy occupation? is thy youth
Employ'd in this vile service of informing?
'*Informer.* What should I do? I know not how to dig.
'*Pisthetærus.* But there are other decent ways, by Jove,
Which one of thy age should live honestly by,
Rather than pandering for the hungry courts.
'*Informer.* Good Sir, I came for wings, and not for counsel.
'*Pisthetærus.* I now, in thus discoursing, wing thee.
'*Informer.* How?
Could a man be wing'd with discourses?
'*Pisthetærus.* All are so.
'*Informer.* All?
'*Pisthetærus.* Hast thou never heard what every where
Fathers do say to the boys in barbers' shops? ‖

"My

'* Because one swallow, according to the proverb, does not make a summer.'

'† From the Myrmidons of Æschylus, ὄπλων, ὄπλων δεῖ. *Scholiast.*

'‡ Pellene was famous for its manufactory of woollen cloths, which were given as prizes to those who were victorious in the games held there; they are mentioned more than once by Pindar.'

'§ The inhabitants of the islands in alliance with Athens were amenable to the courts of law held in that city; a circumstance, by the way, which may in some measure account for the great number of suits that were decided there.'

'‖ These were the coffee-houses of the ancients. Theophrastus

" My son is on the wing for chariot-driving,
Plague on it! This is what Diitriphes' * discourse
Has done for him." Another tells you, " *his*
Has had his mind fly off to tragedies,
And that his thoughts still hover o'er the stage."
' *Informer.* And doth discourse indeed give wings?
' *Pisthetærus.* Believe me, does it;
Raises the soul aloft, and lifteth up
The very man. And so I now am willing,
By good discourse, to give thee wings, and turn
To lawful acting.
' *Informer.* But I'm not willing, I.
' *Pisthetærus.* What wilt thou do?
' *Informer.* I will not shame my breeding.
The informer's life is that my fathers left me.
Give me then wings, and be they swift and light,
A hawk's, or mousing owl's, that having cited
Our island friends, and then accused them here,
I then again may fly back there.
' *Pisthetærus.* I understand.
Thou mean'st it thus: that he should be cast and fined,
The islander, ere he come.
' *Informer.* Right, right; thou understand'st.
' *Pisthetærus.* Then he sails hither, and thou fly'st back there
To seize upon his goods.
' *Informer.* Thou hast it all.
I must in nothing differ from a top.
' *Pisthetærus.* I understand: a top. And here, by Jove,
I have some excellent Corcyræan wings.†
' *Informer.* Mercy! thou hast a whip.
' *Pisthetærus.* And therein the wings,
With which this day I'll make thee spin.
' *Informer.* Oh mercy!
Wretch that I am!
' *Pisthetærus.* Wilt thou not wing thee hence?
Wilt not drop off, thou most accursed villain?
I'll show thee a twist-whirligig of justice.
Come, let us gather up the wings, and go.'

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tus calls them δεῖπνα συμβόλα; i. e. wineless compotations. They were assemblies of all idle gossipping fellows, who there assembled to vent their malignity against their betters. The barbers themselves likewise were the most talkative and impertinent of all people. *A note by Fielding in his translation of The Plutus.* Act ii. scene 3.'

' * See note at the end of act i. This seems to allude not only to the station which Diitriphes held, of ἡνίοχος, or master of the horse, but to the wicker wings, on which he was said to have soared to that height.'

' † Corcyræan wings are whips, which were manufactured at Corcyra with ivory handles, and of an unusual size.'

We have not space left to discuss with any particularity the notes which Mr. Cary has added to his version: but we cannot close our report without speaking of them in terms of merited commendation for their illustrative value, with which the reading and learning of the writer have enabled him to indue them. A specimen of these qualities is afforded in our last citation.

ART. III. *Journal of a Ten Months' Residence in New Zealand.* By Richard A. Cruise, Esq., Captain in the 84th Regiment, Foot. 8vo. pp. 320. 10*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Longman and Co.

WE opened this volume with considerable curiosity; because Captain Cook, who frequently visited the island or rather islands of New Zealand, making them the common rendezvous in case of separation from his associate-ship, gave an account of the inhabitants, their manners, customs, religion, government, food, &c., which now excites a desire to know whether any essential change in these respects has resulted from their subsequent intercourse with Europeans. About 18 years ago, Mr. John Savage, a surgeon, published a small volume, intitled "Some Account of New Zealand, particularly the Bay of Islands," &c.; of which we spoke with due approbation in our lviith vol. p. 417., and which we have again consulted on the present occasion, as also the volumes of Captain Cook, for the purpose of comparison. Our great navigator represented the New Zealanders as being of a mild and placid disposition, "treating each other with the tenderest affection:" but as being perpetually at war with neighbouring tribes, implacable towards their enemies, never giving quarter, and addicted to the practice of eating the prisoners whom they had slain in battle.

'Though well aware,' says Captain (now Major) Cruise, 'of our abhorrence of cannibalism, they never denied it to be one of their customs; on the contrary, they too often expressed their predilection for human flesh. The limbs only of a man are eatable, while, with the exception of the head, the whole body of a female or a child is considered delicious.

'Besides the crew of the Boyd, other Europeans have from time to time fallen victims to their ferocity: but they describe the flesh of a white man as tough and unpalatable when compared to that of their own countrymen, and they attribute its inferiority to our universal practice of using salt with our food.

'It is from superstitious motives that they devour their enemies when slain in battle: but there is every reason to conclude that anthropophagy is practised on other occasions.

'Instances

'Instances occurred during our residence among them, and under the eyes of Europeans, of female slaves having been murdered for crimes too trifling to justify such severity; and as their bodies were immediately cut up, washed, and removed to a place where they could be eaten without interruption; and as the intended feast was publicly mentioned by the natives themselves; it is to be presumed the horrid propensity was gratified.

'Except the sailor of the Catherine, no Englishman witnessed the act of cannibalism during our visit to New Zealand; and the people took every precaution for its concealment. But the immediate prelude to it has fallen under the observation of the missionaries, who have had unequivocal proofs of its existence; and what from the information we were able to collect from them, and the confession of the people themselves, it is quite impossible that the most incredulous person in the Dromedary could have returned to England without a firm conviction that anthropophagy exists, and is practised in New Zealand, not only as a superstition, but as a sensual animal gratification.'

Mr. Savage, as well as Captain Cook, spoke of the New Zealanders as particularly kind and affectionate, and a general testimony to the same effect is given by the author before us. We have seen, however, that he says it is from 'superstitious motives that they devour their enemies when slain in battle:' but there is no evidence to this effect; and, at any rate, it is an anomaly in the human character, that the most horrible of all imaginable superstitions should be associated with an habitual mildness and placidity of disposition. The custom, probably, had another origin. When Captain Cook visited these people, he found their country producing neither sheep nor goats, nor hogs nor cattle, nor tame fowls; nor had they any art by which those that were wild could be caught with such frequency as to serve for a regular supply of provision. Their principal food, therefore, was fish; which, although various and abundant, could be procured only on the coast, and there only at certain times in sufficient quantities. Whenever, consequently, the few esculent vegetables which they possessed happened to fail, namely, their fern-root, yams, clams, and sweet potatoes, (for among all the trees, shrubs, and plants of the country, not one produced fruit, except a berry without sweetness and without flavour,) the natives were exposed to the most frightful state of destitution. Famine was perpetually assailing them; dogs and rats were the only quadrupeds found on the island; and the former were bred for no other purpose than to be eaten! Is it not likely, then, that not superstition but hunger originally impelled these poor creatures to eat human flesh; and that the danger of perishing by famine often induced one tribe to make war on another, for the

the purpose of obtaining a meal or two on the bodies of their prisoners? The mischief, however, in this case as in many others, does not end with the necessity which produced it: the practice that was begun on one side by hunger would be adopted by the other in retaliation and revenge; and it might be continued on both sides by habit, perhaps even in the spirit of defiance and national pride, long after the cause for its existence had subsided.

More than fifty years have elapsed since Captain Cook first visited New Zealand; and missionaries, with their accustomed activity, perseverance, and courage, have pervaded these islands, while the crews of European ships have been constantly mixing with the natives. Notwithstanding all this, it does not appear, from Captain Cruise's account, that any essential improvement has taken place among them since our lamented discoverer first *recommended* them to the fostering hand of civilization. "The situation and circumstances of these poor people," he observed, "as well as their temper, are favorable to those who shall settle as a colony among them. Their situation sets them in need of protection, and their temper renders it easy to attach them by kindness; and whatever may be said in favor of savage life, among people who live in luxurious idleness upon the bounty of nature, civilization would certainly be a blessing to those whom her parsimony scarcely furnishes with the bread of life, and *who are perpetually destroying each other by violence as the only alternative of perishing by hunger.*" (Hawkesworth's Voyages, vol. iii. b. ii. ch. ix.)— Captains Cook and Furneaux left goats, sheep, swine, and poultry on these islands, and planted peas and beans, cabbages, carrots, turnips, &c.: but we do not find that any of these articles of subsistence have been successfully propagated, except hogs and potatoes. The former have increased very much: but Captain Cruise says that even these 'bear no proportion to the demand for them by the whale-ships: the avidity of these islanders to obtain fire-arms overcomes all kind of prudence, and twenty hogs — perhaps the only ones possessed by the tribe — have been given for a musket not worth ten shillings.' (P. 302.) Civilization has made no progress, or, more properly speaking, no commencement, among these people. With the exception of the hog which Captain Cook left, and of the dog and rat which he found, they have yet no other quadrupeds; and, though they have a variety of birds, these are seldom killed except for their feathers. The only implement of agriculture is a wooden spade; and, contented with the produce of the naturally fertile patches which are scattered over their dis-

trict, the natives never think of reclaiming any soil which seems poor, but make up the deficiency of their food with fish, fern-root, and the flesh of their enemies!

With those who are accustomed to eat the dead, death must have lost much of its horror; and they on whom nature has bestowed a scanty portion of the means of subsistence, and who have received no compensation from art, must endeavor to keep down their population by preventive or by violent means: — by infanticide, for instance, or by procuring abortion. It appears accordingly that the New Zealanders have recourse to both these expedients:

'The extensive intercourse that takes place between the crews of European shipping and the native women, compared with the very limited offspring of this connection found in the island, afforded reason to presume that infanticide exists here to a considerable extent. We saw but two individuals of this cast during our stay at New Zealand, and heard of but two others; of those we saw, one was an infant, the son of a seaman of a whale-ship, and the other was a grown-up girl, about sixteen years old, the daughter of a person residing in New South Wales. They were both fair; and the latter, though brought up in common with the savages, was quite English in her appearance, except that she was much sunburnt. She was a pretty girl, and at that time lived on board a whale-ship.'—

'To us the women denied the crime of infanticide as far as related to their connection with Europeans, of which they declared that the consequences were prevented by causing premature birth. Taking into consideration the fact that all former ships remained but a short time at the island, this is not improbable; but as many native females left the Dromedary in a very advanced stage of their pregnancy, the curious will be led to enquire whether the children be still living, and if they are, it is to be hoped the humane will be induced to take steps to ameliorate their condition.

'In the native families, when the number of females has far exceeded that of the males, the disappointed mother has been known to sacrifice the former. A daughter of Pomarrée's assured us, that such would have been her fate had not the authority of her father averted it; and a woman at Rangehoo, well known to the missionaries, successively murdered three female children the moment she was delivered of them.

'This barbarous act is effected by the mother pressing her finger upon the aperture in the skull of the new-born infant, and thereby causing its immediate dissolution.

'Though infanticide is committed where there is a superabundance of females, yet in the manner of rearing children, and in the remarkable tenderness and solicitous care bestowed upon them by the parents, no partiality on account of sex was in any instance observed. But as the males form the strength and consequence of the tribe, the birth of a boy is hailed with pride and delight by the

the community: he receives the name of a bird, river, island, or perhaps some part of the human body; a garland of the red berries of a tree called the karamon, supposed to possess particular virtues, is entwined round his brows; and prayers are uttered over him by his tribe, that he may be strong, swift of foot, and invincible in war. The infant is no sooner weaned than a considerable part of its care devolves upon the father; it is taught to twine its arms round his neck, and in this posture it remains the whole day, asleep or awake, suspended upon his shoulders, and covered with his mat; and in his longest journeys, or his most laborious occupation, it is his constant companion. If the child be a boy, it is taught at a very early age the use of arms, the war-dance, how to paddle the canoe, and to sing the accompanying song, and attends its father upon his expeditions. The first successful effort of the stripling in war is hailed as an omen of what he is one day to be; and the circumstance of Repero, Shungie's son, having shot a man at the North Cape, before he attained his fourteenth year, has given him a powerful ascendancy in his tribe.

'Plurality of wives among the chiefs is universal; but there is a decided distinction between the head-wife and the others. The union with the head-wife is a union of policy: she is the daughter of a chief, equal if not superior to the person to whom she is allied; and the offspring of this union, in their right of succession, take precedence of the progeny of the other wives, whose relative situation to the head-wife is nearly that of domestics. The order of succession descends from brother to brother, and reverts to the elder son of the senior brother. The inferior wives are often selected from the prisoners of war; but in these instances the attaint is taken off by the rank of the husband, and the children are born rungateedas, or gentlemen.''

Among other peculiar traits of character, Captain Cook had observed of the New Zealanders that, when an intercourse had once been established between them and his own crew, they were very rarely detected in any act of dishonesty: whereas, before that time, and when the crew were considered as enemies coming on their coast only to make an advantage of them, they were not more scrupulous than such people usually are. Mr. Savage gave a similar account, stating that "they express a great abhorrence of the crime of theft, and that among themselves he believed their practice to correspond with their professions." Captain Cruise confirms this representation. When the *Dromedary** approached the island, a great number of natives came on board, and so many petty thefts were committed that it was necessary to clear the ship of them entirely: but he says that, when an European goes among them, and commits himself and his property to their

* A store-ship, bound with convicts to New South Wales, in which Captain C. commanded the military detachment on board.

protection, he may place implicit confidence in their honesty and honor. 'In the morning,' he continues, 'no less a personage than one of Wevere's wives had been detected in the act of stealing one of the iron scrapers with which the decks are cleaned; but now, though our guns and powder-flasks, which to them were the greatest temptations in the world, lay at the mercy of the natives, not a single article was lost, nor did any one of them attempt to enter our tent without permission.'

Another remarkable peculiarity is to be mentioned: all the South-Sea islanders are fond of ava; and Captain Cook found no people among whom some intoxicating liquor was not in use, except the New Zealanders. "Water," says he, "is their universal and only liquor, as far as we could discover; and if they have really no means of intoxication, they are in this particular happy beyond any other people that we have yet seen or heard of." He goes on to observe that, as intemperance and inactivity are the principal sources of disease, it cannot be deemed strange that these people enjoy perfect and uninterrupted health. "In all our visits to their towns, where young and old, men and women, crowded about us, we never saw a single person who appeared to have any bodily complaint, nor among the numbers that we have seen naked did we once perceive the slightest eruption upon the skin," &c. This is perhaps a solitary instance of temperance among savages; and their intercourse with European sailors had not vitiated the simplicity of their taste in this respect when *Mr. Savage* visited them. The natives, said he, "have a great aversion from spirits, and I do not find that they have any mode of intoxication among them; they are consequently robust, cheerful, and active." Captain Cruise says the same: 'their universal drink,' he tells us, 'is water: as a matter of politeness they may be induced to taste wine or grog, but it is with reluctance.'

We have observed that missionaries have found their way to these uncivilized tribes: but with what success their labors may be ultimately crowned, it is not for us to prophesy. Zeal unquenchable they must have possessed to carry them to the Antipodes; and patience, courage, and inflexible endurance, to remain there. Good sense, and good conduct, resulting from a practical knowlege of the metaphysics of savage life, (if we may so express ourselves,) may in a series of years produce some salutary effect among the New Zealanders: but, at present, appearances do not seem to be particularly favorable. The missionaries have a settlement on the banks of the Kiddy-Kiddy, with an immense tract of

of twenty thousand acres! It may naturally be inquired how they became possessed of it? We are gravely told that it was obtained by purchase; and to any person who has the curiosity to ask what the equivalent given was, the answer is —Forty axes! The missionaries *purchased* this territory from a chieftain named Shungie; a deed was executed by the parties; and when the former had signed it, Shungie and some of his principal chiefs drew the *amoco*, or the pattern according to which their faces are tattooed, on the paper. The missionaries have imported some cows and sheep from New South Wales, which were in good condition when the Dromedary's crew was there. They had also a fine crop of Indian corn, and the bread was deemed excellent which was made of wheat grown in the neighbourhood. Although the missionaries considered themselves as safe under the protection of Shungie, Captain Cruise observes that this is a protection at all times precarious, and maintained at the expence of much forbearance and humiliation. Knowing too well that these poor people are in their power, the natives commit extensive depredations on them, not unfrequently aggravating their extortions by acts of gross insult; and the author adds, the hopeless and alarming observation, that 'indeed we always found the tribes among whom our countrymen lived more troublesome than those whom we met with elsewhere.'

Captain C. mentions the surprize that was one morning created by the appearance on board of a native, who presented himself in a blue coat, trowsers, and boots, wearing a cocked hat and long white feather; and who, on ascending the deck, addressed the persons around him in English. At breakfast, he conducted himself quite like a gentleman, said that his name was Tooi, and that he was the younger brother of the chief Krokro. This person had resided a considerable time in England, and returned to his native country under the immediate charge of one of the missionaries: but he still scrupulously adhered to the barbarous prejudices of his country, and gave a striking proof (says Captain Cruise) of the difficulty of eradicating the habits of savage life in a person of mature age. During breakfast, his conversation was a continued boast of the atrocities which he had committed in a recent excursion; and he dwelt with marked pleasure on an instance of his generalship, in having forced a small party of enemies into a narrow place, where he shot twenty-two of them in succession, without their having the power to make the slightest resistance. He remarked, however, that, though all the dead bodies were devoured by his tribe, "neither he nor his brother ate human

flesh, nor did they fight on Sundays." The trouble and expence that had been bestowed in attempting to civilize Tooi appear to have entirely failed; and he was found to be the greatest savage, and one of the most worthless and profligate men, in the Bay of Islands.

About two years ago, we recollect that a man travelled round the country with the head of a New-Zealand chieftain, fresh as in life. The custom of preserving heads is known to be universal among these islanders; who bring them back from their wars as a trophy, and in the event of peace restore them to the party from whom they had been taken: an interchange of heads being a common article in their treaties of reconciliation. The manner of preserving them is this: 'When the head has been separated from the body and the whole of the interior of it extracted, it is rolled up in leaves and put into a kind of oven, made of heated stones laid in a hole in the ground, and covered over with earth. The temperature is very moderate, and the head is baked or steamed until all the moisture, which is frequently wiped away, is exuded; after which it is left in a current of air until perfectly dry.' (P. 50.)

The New Zealanders are a remarkably well-proportioned and fine race of people, the men standing from five feet eight inches to six feet in height; and their countenances are open and expressive. The features of the women are regular and pleasing, and the tone of their voice is particularly soft and melodious. — Different people have different customs, and it is proverbially absurd to dispute about tastes. In England, the return of an absent friend is welcomed by a hearty shake of the hands: in France, by a kiss on each cheek: in New Zealand, by joining *noses*. When the latter people take leave of each other, also, on an occasion of any domestic affliction, they press their noses together, and remain in this position for half an hour or more, howling and sobbing in the most doleful manner. On the return of an absentee, the nearest relation takes possession of the envied nose, while the other assembled friends hang on his arms and shoulders till the ceremony is over.

Captain Cruise's book is written in a very unpretending manner, and is not only amusing but contains also much information.

ART.

ART. IV. *History and Antiquities of Kensington*, interspersed with Biographical Anecdotes of Royal and Distinguished Personages, and a Descriptive Catalogue of the Collection of Pictures in the Palace, from a Survey made by the late B. West, Esq. P. R. A., by Command of His Majesty. By Thomas Faulkner, Author of "The Historical Accounts of Chelsea and Fulham." 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Payne and Foss, &c.

LORD BACON has compared antiquaries with those strollers on the beach who pick up the fragments of stranded ships, and collect the wreck of exotic merchandise; they can reconstruct in idea the proud vessel, the inscription on whose stern, or the image on whose prow, they have dragged from the shattering wave; they can indicate the *patria* of those damaged wares which they have piled together on the sand; and they can perhaps discover the name of the individual, under whose conduct he himself and his companions perished: but what avails their task? The vacant hull will not float back to his home the voluntary exile of pecuniary ambition, nor gladden with the treasures of his opulence an expecting and affectionate family: — of him and his utilities only the memory remains, to warn or to inspire a future imitator. — It is thus with the relics of ages past. When we know the date of their construction, and the purpose of their form, what have we learnt but that *they were?* Restoration would probably be an useless labor, and an unwise expence; while new wants suggest more expedient forms than those which find favor with enthusiastic worshippers of the antique, or servile imitators of the obsolete.

Antiquarianism, however, will continue to busy the idleness of the old, and the prudence of the clergy; for these classes have a perpetual interest in detaining the attention of society on objects and opinions venerable for their duration rather than their utility, but associated with the memory of times when they had greater personal power and greater professional influence. If the antiquary, like the rower, fixes his regard on land-marks that are passed, and promontories that are receding, still he ought not to arrest the progress of the social bark, but should himself assist in forwarding the crew to their ultimate destination. Instead of sighs over the ruins of feudal castles or monastic mansions, he should sound the key-note of a song of triumph over tyranny abolished and superstition forsaken, and encourage the rising generation to supplant the fallen monuments of barbarism by institutions of a more social character and a more comprehensive utility.

The topographer before us belongs to this meritorious class of antiquaries: he seems aware that a school is of more ser-

vice than a ruin; and that, for navigating safely the pathless seas of life, a compass is of more value than a beacon. Accordingly, he selects for the frontispiece of his volume a view of the National School of Kensington; has provided maps of the roads and conduits; and offers to popular admiration various sketches of the seats of living hospitality. If pedigrees of the noble are provided to record those baptismal names which occasionally and successively vary the stationary appellations of rank, at least the more individual nomenclature of genius and worth has not been neglected; and every opportunity is seized to illustrate the talent or the virtue which has decorated the private citizens of Kensington.

The derivation of the name of this parish is unknown: in Doomsday-book it is written Chenesiton: in a charter of Henry I. Chensneton: but the meaning of either word is not very obvious at this day. It is now a parish of gardens cultivated to supply the markets of the metropolis, and land is supposed to let there at a higher value than any where else. The following antiquities of horticulture are given at p. 24.:

'The learned Linacre first introduced from Italy the damask rose. Thomas Lord Cromwell, in the reign of Henry VIII., enriched our fruit-gardens with three different plums. In the reign of Elizabeth, Edmund Grindall, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, transplanted here the tamerisk. Oranges were brought here by one of the Carew family. To Sir Walter Raleigh we are indebted for that useful root the potatoe. Sir Anthony Ashley first planted cabbages in this country. The fig-trees planted by Cardinal Pole, in the reign of Henry VIII., are still standing at Lambeth. Sir Richard Weston first brought clover-grass into England in 1645. The mulberry is a native of Persia, and is said to have been introduced in 1576. The almond was introduced in 1570, and came from the East. The chesnut is a native of the south of Europe. The walnut is a native of Persia, but the time of its introduction is unknown. The apricot came from America about 1562. The plum is a native of Asia, and was imported into Europe by the crusaders, and the damascene takes its name from the city of Damascus. The alpine strawberry was first cultivated in the King's garden, in 1760. The peach is a native of Persia. The nectarine was first introduced about 1562. Cherries are said to have come originally from Cerasus, a city of Pontus, from which Lucullus brought them into Italy, and they were introduced into Britain about the year 53. It appears that they were commonly sold in the streets in the time of Lydgate, who mentions them in his poem called Lickpenny:

'"Hot pescode own began to cry
Strawberys rype, an cheryes in the ryse."

'Filberts were so named from Phillipert King of France. The quince called Cydonia, from Cydon, was cultivated in this country in

in Gerard's time. The red queen-apple was so called in compliment to Queen Elizabeth. The cultivation of the pear is of great antiquity, for Pliny mentions twenty different kinds. Most of our apples came originally from France.'

It might have been added that the caper-tree has been successfully cultivated at Kensington, and has borne fruit regularly in the gardens of Campden-House. — There are chalybeate springs in Kensington, which have lost their antient celebrity; and there is an overflowing well at Notting-Hill, obtained by boring: but the place is chiefly supplied with Thames water by an incorporated company. The manor formerly belonged to the De Veres, earls of Oxford, but has been alienated since 1610.

Two chapters are allotted to Holland-house, of which a plan and a view are given: but the latter is a sad specimen of unsuccessful lithography. Some letters of Addison, written to the young Earl of Holland in 1708, are here first edited. A model by Westmacott, of his colossal bronze statue erected in Bedford-Square to the memory of Charles James Fox, is preserved in Holland-House, and thus inscribed:

CAR. JAC. FOX,
Cui Plurimæ Consentiunt Gentes
Populi Primarium Fuisse
Virum.

In the chapter concerning the vicarge, many lives of the clergy occur: but the most interesting is that of Dr. Jortin, who was collated to this parish in 1762, and resided there until his death in 1770. He is thus characterized:

'This eminent and learned divine was born in the parish of St. Giles in the Fields, 23d October, 1699. His father, Renatus Jortin, a French refugee, was a native of Bretagne, and came over to England about 1685. In 1691 he was made a gentleman of the privy chamber to King William, and afterwards became successively secretary to the Admirals the Earl of Orford, Sir George Rooke, and Sir Cloudesly Shovel, with the last of whom he was cast away in 1707. Dr. Jortin received his education at the Charter-house, from whence he removed to Jesus-College, Cambridge, where he was admitted a pensioner at the age of seventeen. He early distinguished himself by some classical productions, which however were but preparatory to his higher designs, and soon gave way to the more important enquiries peculiar to the profession he embraced. In 1724 he took holy orders, and soon after was presented by his College to the living of Swavesey near Cambridge, which he resigned in 1731, and came to reside in London, where he preached at various chapels. In 1737 the Earl of Winchelsea gave him the vicarage of Eastwell, in Kent, but he soon

soon after quitted it, the air of the place not agreeing with his health. On the promotion of Dr. Pearce to the bishopric of Bangor, the consecration-sermon was preached by Mr. Jortin at Kensington, 27th February, 1747, and was afterwards published by order of Archbishop Herring. In 1749 he was appointed Boyle's lecturer, but did not publish any of his sermons preached on that occasion. In May, 1751, Archbishop Herring gave him, unsolicited, the rectory of St. Dunstan's in the East. Of this preferment the following anecdote is related; that in the spring of 1751 "Mr. Jortin dined at a feast of the Sons of the Clergy, where Archbishop Herring was present, and, on being told the Archbishop was desirous of renewing his acquaintance with him, he prepared for going to the upper end of the room, by looking at the lower end, amongst a great number of hats that were laid on a table in a confused manner, for his own; his friends told him that the hat was by no means necessary, he therefore waited on the Prelate without it. The Archbishop complimented him on his talents and writings, and ended the conversation by giving him, in the presence of the clergy, a presentation to the rectory of St. Dunstan, which he had purposely brought in his pocket. Mr. Jortin then returned to his seat, telling his friends, 'I have lost my hat, but I have got a living.'"

'In 1762, when Dr. Osbaldeston, Bishop of Carlisle, was translated to the see of London, he immediately appointed Dr. Jortin his domestic chaplain, and gave him the prebendal stall of Harleston in the cathedral of St. Paul; and in the latter end of the same year collated him to the vicarage of Kensington, where he soon after went to reside. In 1764 he was also appointed archdeacon of London; and it has been generally said, that the Bishop had offered him the rectory of St. James's, Westminster, on the death of Dr. Samuel Nicholls, in November, 1763, but that he chose to continue at Kensington, that being a situation he much liked, and better adapted to his advanced age. Dr. Jortin continued to reside in the vicarage-house at Kensington, dividing his time between his pastoral functions and his study, enjoying himself with his usual serenity till the 27th of August, 1770, when he was seized with a disorder in his breast and lungs. He grew continually worse, and without suffering much pain in the course of his illness, or his understanding being the least impaired, he died on the 5th of September, in the seventy-second year of his age.

'The last words of eminent men are frequently thought worth recording: Dr. Jortin, in answer to a female attendant, who offered him some nourishment, said with great composure, "No, I have had enough of every thing." A worthy clergyman asked Dr. Jortin why he did not publish his sermons: he replied, "They shall sleep till I sleep." He left the following direction in writing for his funeral: "Bury me in a private manner, by day-light, at Kensington, in the church, or rather in the new church-yard, and lay a flat stone over the grave." He was accordingly buried about nine o'clock in the morning, in the new church-yard. He left a widow,

widow, who died June 24th, 1778, and who was buried in the same grave.'

The seventh chapter treats of benevolent institutions, enumerates various donations made to the parish, describes the Almshouses, the National School, and the Workhouse, and includes a census of the population. In the next chapter, eminent individuals are enumerated who have illustrated the place by their residence; including some bishops and some foreign ambassadors, but especially Sir Isaac Newton, who dwelt there in Orbell's buildings. — Kensington has also a Sunday-school Society, a Society for relieving the Sick Poor, a Savings Bank, a Blanket Society, a Ladies' Society, an Infant's Friend Society, a Tract Society, an Auxiliary Missionary Society, two Book Societies, and several charity-schools.

When Mr. Faulkner comes to a description of the Royal Palace, he inserts an interesting account of Queen Caroline, the wife of George the Second, whose great merit has not been duly appretiated. It is compiled, if our memory deceives us not, from well known existing books, such as Lord Orford's works, and Coxe's Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, which indeed are expressly cited: but it deserves the perusal of historic readers, though it is too long for us to transcribe. — In the account of the Royal Gardens, Tickell's elegant poem deserved a more attentive notice.

On the whole, this is a handsome and pleasing book; displaying comprehensive reading, appropriate research, praiseworthy liberality, and critical taste.

ART. V. *A Treatise on Mental Derangement.* Containing the Substance of the Gulstonian Lectures for May, 1822. By Francis Willis, M. D. 8vo. pp. 234. 7*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Longman and Co. 1823.

ON first opening this volume, we were prepared by the tone of the author to find it marked by great clearness and accuracy of arrangement: but, as we proceeded in the perusal of it, we dicovered a lamentable deficiency in that respect. From this cause, and from the inaccurate and confused manner in which Dr. Willis has employed the terms descriptive of mental disease, it is difficult to lay before our readers a satisfactory analysis of its contents.

The author commences his treatise by making some remarks on the sound condition of the mind, which he believes to depend for its existence on what he terms the *tone* of the nervous system; and to the loss of that *tone* he ascribes the origin

origin of mental derangement. He states it as his opinion that, in mental derangement, a firm belief exists in an assumed idea, on which the patient is continually acting; and that it is always accompanied by bodily disease: but, in different parts of his work, he employs this expression in a much more general sense. The continued influence of an assumed idea is often apparent in cases of acute mental disorder: but instances are not wanting in which this action does not manifest itself, but the ideas and language of the patient are altogether disjointed, and sometimes wholly unintelligible. Mental derangement has been long distinguished into the two states of high excitement or violence, and great depression; and of these the author has treated in succession under the names of the High and Low State. In illustration of the former, he has injudiciously introduced long quotations from Shakspeare's tragedy of King Lear; which, however excellent as admirable specimens of dramatic writing, cannot supply the place of those sober medical details which we require in a work like the present. The treatment of the high state is considered under the titles of '1. The Preservation of the Patient's Life; 2. His Irritability; 3. His general Health; and 4. His Mental Disorder.' Many patients fall victims to the violence of their excitement; and therefore it is not without good reason that Dr. Willis has first directed the attention of his readers to this particular. Although he does not wholly disapprove of depletion in the high state, he agrees with the best informed writers on this subject in reprobating its indiscriminate and profuse employment. Tonics and stimulants, and, above all, soothing anodynes, are recommended, to prevent the fatal consequences of long continued high excitement. Under the heads of *Irritability*, and *general Health*, nothing deserving particular notice is proposed by Dr. W.: but under that of Mental Disorder, he recommends in strong terms the employment of emetics, as 'the means of rousing the patient, and dissipating his thoughts.' (P. 136.) The consideration of this branch of the subject is closed by the following judicious remarks:

'Although I have now considered the method of treatment under four heads, I do not mean, that we are strictly to confine ourselves to the rules or advice contained therein in every case indiscriminately. I do not contend that wine and bark are always to be given in the first instance; that an emetic is never to be prescribed until the bodily health is restored; or that blood is on no account whatever to be taken away. There may be cases of this disorder in which blood-letting may be required, and prove serviceable; but such I believe to be very rare. To give wine and

and bark when the stomach and bowels are loaded and confined, would, doubtless, be injurious. Emetics and purgatives would at this time be the most necessary and useful remedies.

'My object in making this division has been rather for the purpose of laying down more clearly the principle upon which we should attempt the cure of a disordered mind; of explaining why we must not look for its restoration until much improvement has taken place in the health of the body; of pointing out the effects, both advantageous and injurious, that may happen to arise from our remedies, and of demonstrating that we must be directed in our practice, not by the dissection of the dead, but by an attention to the living; by an examination of the symptoms, not only both past and present, but also of those which are to be apprehended from the countenance, behaviour, irritability, and disordered functions, both of the mind and body. By such symptoms must we be always guided in our practice; bearing in mind, that patients, from the very nature of this disease, are, as we have before observed, likely to sink suddenly, unless supported. Where we think it necessary, therefore, to employ such means as have any tendency to weaken or lower the system, we should do it with caution; watching their effects, both on the mind and body, lest a state of danger should surprise us when least expected.'

The necessity and advantages of bodily coercion during the *high state* of mental derangement are also stated by the author, in clear and satisfactory language. — The *low state* of the disorder is described with equal accuracy, although more briefly: but here again Dr. W. has recourse to his favorite author, and brings forwards *Hamlet*, as he had previously quoted *Lear*. — The cure of this form of disease is dismissed in a very few words. 'Emetics and purgatives in the first instance are mostly required, which should be followed by medicines that tend to restore the tone of the stomach, and other abdominal viscera, such as mild alteratives, tonics, and cordials.'

Dr. W. has devoted the concluding part of this treatise to remarks on Lunacy, or confirmed Insanity, without any complication of bodily disease. These chiefly refer to the topics which are usually discussed before a decision is formed on the condition of a supposed lunatic; and they appear to us to present a sufficiently correct and briefly comprehensive view of the subject.

The name of Willis, and the hereditary knowlege and experience which the author might be supposed to possess certainly induced us to form very favorable anticipations of the volume before us: but we regret to say that they have not been realized. Indeed, we have not found in the work any thing sufficiently novel or interesting to demand that it should have been given to the public. Had the writer been debarred

debarred from introducing quotations out of the writings of Shakspeare, and criticisms on the language of the antient physicians, we fear that his own experience, and all the knowlege which has been handed down to him from his grandfather and his uncles, would have *furnished forth* a production so very slender, that he would not have deemed it worthy of publication. Influenced by such sentiments, it is not unnatural that we should express our disapprobation of that "*pomp and circumstance*" with which Dr. Willis has surrounded his small volume. It has a dedication, a list of authors and editions quoted, and a table of contents; and it wants only an index to make it complete in all the accessaries of a great medical work. In making these remarks, it is very far from our wish to discourage the author from his literary pursuits; for his treatise presents, in our opinion, decided evidence of talents which will enable him at some future period, when his experience is fully matured, to claim from the public a much more favorable reception than he can at present expect.

ART. VI. *The History of Matthew Wald.* 8vo. pp. 382. Boards. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell. 1824.

THE Waverley novels still continue to supply streams of inspiration to a very clever race of imitators. We have noticed the "Lights and Shadows of Scotish Life," a collection of little stories which breathe the purest humanity and softness; and we made an extract or two from the powerful but heart-rending tale of "Margaret Lyndsay." Mr. Matthew Wald is not of the same family, but proceeds from the author of *Valerius*, *Adam Blair*, and *Reginald Dalton*. His story is well written, and sometimes exhibits symptoms of high and successful daring: while the sketches of Scotish scenery, Scotish dialogue, and Scotish manners, are pleasingly interposed, and carry with them a strong air of verisimilitude. Yet the general effect of the tale is far from pleasing, and seems to have been conceived in a mood of deep-seated misanthropy, — a spirit of dark and gloomy resentment against human nature. This has evidently betrayed the author into that sentimental raving which was first introduced, we are inclined to think, by the Vicomte de Chateaubriand; in which the warmth and enthusiasm of the phrase so far transcend the usual course of human feeling, that we immediately suspect the whole to be hypocrisy instead of sentiment; — a system of vulgar horror and exaggeration,

in

in which emotions are pushed into madness, and the incoherent dreams of phrenzy are absurdly attempted to be shaped and modified into description. The most successful writer in such a style of composition will obtain but little praise. The visions that flit before an insane patient, the rapid transitions of phrenzied thought, and the varied involutions of the mind of man in that dark hour of its affliction, may be fancied, but *cannot* and *ought* not to be described. Goethe, in his Faust, has, we think, gone beyond the legitimate province of art, in shewing us the dismal interior of a tortured intellect, and withdrawing the veil from things that we naturally contemplate with shivering and with dread.

To exemplify what we mean, and to point out more clearly what we wish to reprove, we will quote a part of the mad-scene at the end of the volume. The narrator (for the book is written in the first person) had been the involuntary cause of the premature delivery of a beloved wife, and the death of her and her infant; as well as the murderer of his cousin's husband, which also broke her heart.

'And yet, it is I that can look back upon that wilderness of horrors! These are the very limbs that were bound and chained in yon dreary cell; — these are the very eyes that used to watch and curse that one dim straggling day-beam, descending from an immeasurable height above me upon those dark slimy stones; — this is the frame that cowered and shivered in yon corner. It was I that raved up and down that dungeon like a new-caught lion; — it was I that bellowed to the moon; — it was I that coiled myself up like a trampled worm, whenever yonder low iron grating was opened, and the hard-faced barbarian stood, whip in hand, before me.

'What grovelling fears, — what icy sweats, — what terrible dreams, — more terrible even than the waking terrors of madness! What a thirst, and yet what a dread, for the approach of sleep, — what dead blanks of total oblivion, — what agonies of remembrance, — what furious rushing again into the outstretched arms of ever-watchful despair!

'To be nailed on the summit of a precipice high as the clouds, but no clouds in the sky; all clear and bright above; all around gulphs, and measureless plains of snow, dazzling and glaring; — to sit gazing with hot brazen eye-balls, and see some white mass moving near me, and then suddenly the great, black, clumsy bear crawling on, — on, — with his gaping, slavering jaws. The groan of the fearful brute, — the hollow, hungry howl of his half-sleepy yawn, — the convulsive struggle, — the headlong leap, — down, — down into the fathomless abyss ——

'To lie battered on the burning rock in the midst of a world of woods, — glorious dark green woods, — but no shade for me, — the tumult of the ever-sounding cataract in my ear, but no drop for that dry, glowing tongue, — those black and furred lips. To feel the flies crawling and nibbling all over breast and limb; with

with that eternal busy hum of glittering wings, and the piercing of a thousand little needles, — to see one's self eaten away, — to trace, with steady eyes, the widening of the fester, — to see them working out and in, as in a hive, — to see the green creatures dancing up and down your bared nerve, — riding on your stretched vein, and powerless to move even one fibre, — a self-loathsome mass of corrupted clay, — rotting, but not dead, — a living jelly — oh! how exquisitely, how intensely living! —

'Ha! how glorious to be thus mounted. On, on, I say, thou most magnificent of Arabs! The snow will chill your hoofs if we linger, — they shall have a warm bath, though, and that right soon. Come on, I say, — advance, ye blackening squadrons! — Ay, flap all your banners, and blow your trumpets, — I love the sound of them. Down, down I hew you! Do you think to wound me? — Strike, then, with a thousand swords, — ha! I have been steeped, like Achilles, in Lethe; but heel and all, ye ruffians! heel and all! — Maces! straws! this skull is fire, — can your hammers cut the flame? These are splendid cuirasses, — ha! do they shiver so easily? Ho! ho! falcon, dost thou scream? and thou too, black one? Come, little raven, you may come down now — here is blood enough for you to wade in. —

'Such are thousands of the fragments my mind has been able to retain of its then shattered image, — gleams, — snatches out of the waste of blackness.'

This is in the very worst taste imaginable. The author seems to have borrowed a leaf out of the fustian romance of *Le Renégat* of D'Arlincourt, who mingles heaven and earth in the wild chaos of a disordered imagination, and in one of his maledictions exclaims that "the breath of life is nothing more than an infernal anathema floating through immensity." Yet all is not in this manner; for there are several exquisite touches in the narrative of Matthew Wald, which shew that the author's excellence lies in softer and more mellowed tints of delineation. Poor Matthew is kicked and buffetted about before he has arrived at man's estate; and, left to the care of an aunt, who marries a minister, both he and a charming cousin (intended at first, we conceive, for the heroine of the tale,) lead but an indifferent life, for the pedagogue turns out a sad tyrant. At last, he is packed off to the University of St. Andrew's, where he is left without an invitation to go home for three years: when, fairly tired of the dismal summer-vacations of a Scotch college, he moves off without leave, and returns to Blackford, his aunt's residence. Here he is introduced to a young coxcomb, Mr. Lascelyne, who was then in the house actually paying his addresses to Katherine, the companion and friend of his youth.

Quitting this scene in despair, he flies to Edinburgh; where his guardian had deposited all the little patrimony that had been bequeathed to him; and where he is enticed into an unsuc-

unsuccessful law-suit to recover the estate which had belonged to his uncle, but, having been forfeited on the death of that gentleman during the Rebellion, had been granted to Matthew's father, who had taken the opposite side in politics, and who on his death-bed bequeathed it back to his brother's family.

'I was present when the cause was determined. From a corner of the little dark gallery, I saw, myself unseen or unnoticed, the fifteen old men in purple and fine linen crowded round their table. I saw Mr. Mather's finely powdered wig among the counsel at the bar. I heard the presiding Judge conclude his speech with expressing the opinion of the Court, that, under all the circumstances of the case, no blame, — none whatever, — no blame in the world, could be laid to the door of the pursuer in this action: that things had borne a very dubious aspect: that the facts on which the decision ultimately followed were of such a nature, that it was almost impossible their existence should have been suspected in certain quarters: that, on the whole, the Court approved of every thing that had been done, — "assoilzie the defender, grant full costs, and *decern*." — You may imagine the feelings with which I walked home after this scene.

'Mr. Todd gave me to understand, in the course of the evening, that the expenses of this action — what with proofs, witnesses, fees, &c. — amounted in all to 500*l.*: but this was a trifling item in the account which I had to sum up for myself. I knew that, between this and the money I had been expending on my own foolish, and sometimes highly reprehensible pleasures during my residence in Edinburgh, I was all but a beggar. But I believe it would have added little to my burden had I been told distinctly that I was not almost, but altogether one. Around me every thing was dark enough; but what was this to the night, the stormy night, within!'

After several vicissitudes, Matthew becomes tutor in the family of Sir Claud Barr, where he *takes an interest* in Miss Joanne, the Baronet's natural daughter, whom he afterward marries. We are here introduced to Mammy Baird, whose cottage is beautifully described.

'I deferred this visit to the old nurse till the last evening of my stay; when I easily found my way to a lonely and as lovely a retreat, certainly, as ever sheltered the infirmities of age, or the sorrows of youth. Fast by the green margin of the noble Ora, and embowered among the fading foliage of his birches, stood the little rustic shieling, for which Joanne, that gentle child of misfortune, had left the hall of her fathers. The hill rose precipitous behind, clothed to the loftiest crag with copse-wood, from the midst of which, here and there, the red gigantic trunks of the native pine towered upwards with their broad sable canopies. The wide stream rolling in heavy murmurs close underneath the branches of the trees, its dark-brown waters gleaming with the gold of the sunset, appeared to cut off the wilderness it embellished from every intrusion of the world. A small skiff lay chained to the bank, — and slowly

did I urge it, with my single strength, against the deep and steady flow of the autumnal river.

'From without, the appearance of the cottage itself was rude, and even desolate; but within, the habits of another life had already, in the course of but a few days, begun their triumph. I had to stoop ere I could pass the threshold; and I trod upon a floor of naked earth. But the exquisite cleanliness that had entered with the new inhabitants had of itself robbed poverty of all its meanness. Every thing upon the walls shone bright in the blaze of the nicely-trimmed wood fire, and Mammy sat in her elbow-chair at the side of it, a perfect specimen of the majestic repose of extreme, but unbending age. It seemed to me that there was something far more grand about the whole appearance of the old woman, now that I saw her under her own paternal roof. The bluntness of address and expression, which had before been a sort of oddity to amuse a circle of tolerant superiors, was now the natural privilege of independence; though, indeed, I am not sure that the sense of home, and the instinct of hospitality, had not somewhat softened already the external manifestations of a temper, which no change of circumstances could have essentially altered. I was received with courtesy, — even with grace; and when, a minute or two afterwards, Miss Joanne came into the room, and, modestly saluting me, drew her stool towards Mammy's knee, I really could not help thinking, that, in spite of all the young lady's native elegance of aspect and carriage, a stranger might easily have been deceived, and supposed himself to be contemplating a family group.

'I, you will have no great difficulty in believing, could not contemplate it without some feelings of awkwardness, as well as of admiration. The situation in which I saw Joanne Barr was new; and her demeanour, I could not help thinking, was almost as greatly changed. We had been used to treat each other like friends, — some spell seemed now to hover over us both. Our eyes seldom met, and neither addressed more than a few syllables to the other, — she took her work, and I sat listening, or pretending to listen, to Mammy. At last, I contrived to make it be understood that I had come to take my farewell; that I was to leave the country the next morning. Mammy gave me her blessing very affectionately, and I bowed to Joanne. The poor girl said nothing, but (in a very low whisper it was) "I wish you well, Sir, wherever you go." She did not put out her hand, and I retired, stammering more good-byes.

'I jumped into my little boat, and had pushed myself a few yards from the brink, when I heard my name called in Joanne's sweet voice, and perceived that she had followed me to the bank of the river, and was holding something towards me in her hand. I ran the skiff in again, and she stooped to give me my gloves, which I had left behind me. Our hands touched each other, — and, in the deepening twilight, and in the midst of some confusion of my own, I could not be blind to the blush, the deep, grave, timid blush, and the troubled workings of that half-averted eye.

How

How much may pass in a moment! My little boat was out in the stream again almost instantly, and yet the words *return* and *hope* had been whispered; and while, in rowing across the river, my eyes were fixed upon the lowly cabin, I perceived that a shadow was still lingering in the window, — and a soft dream floated over my heart, that some day I should indeed return, and that the world, after all, might still retain some visions of hope, — ay, of tenderness and soothing consolation, for me, — even for me. No fiery pulse beat, — no maddening ecstasy of passion fluttered in my brain: — these were strings which had been snapt; but a calm, pensive feeling, was deep upon me. I cannot explain it. No man loves twice, perhaps, in the same sense of the word. But, although the pine-tree will never sprout again after he has been levelled to the ground, what need hinder plants of humbler stature, yet of softer foliage, to spring from the soil beneath which his ponderous roots are mouldering?'

Having carried on the drudgery of a village-apothecary and surgeon for some years, he recovers the ample estate of Joanne his wife, whose mother's marriage with Sir Claud is established, and her own legitimacy decided, — and becomes a member of parliament. Matthew now makes an extraordinary figure in this capacity; and, as the scene is managed with considerable humor, it shall be our concluding extract.

'The grandest epoch, however, was that when the honourable member for Maldoun made his maiden speech. This occurred when the before-mentioned fishery-bill was brought forward. I had lived for several years near the coast, I had property on it, had made myself master of the subject, and I really did deliver a very fair speech, — a business-like sensible statement of facts, unhackneyed arguments, briefly and unflourishingly produced; — such were my materials, — and the outlandish utterance, I believe, did more good than harm; for its novel barbarity excited good humour at the opening of the affair, and that is generally, in such cases, more than half the battle. In short, I did make a very respectable appearance, (for a Scotch member,) and we carried our bill by a triumphant majority.

'It would have been as well, in every point of view, if I had continued Single-speech Wald; but this was not the case. On the contrary, Sir, I was so much gratified with my success on that great occasion, that nothing, forsooth, would please me, but I must say a few words when, in about a fortnight after, a question of quite another description, — a public, political, national question, — a question about America and England, — came on the carpet. Total failure was the consequence; the House had no notion of listening to my Sawney brogue in relation to a theme of this sort. In short, I felt, ere I had been on my legs three minutes, that every one considered my uprising as a piece of arrant presumption. I caught glimpses of sarcastic eyes twinkling upon me from every corner, and the solemn, fixed attention of the Speaker

struck me all of a sudden as mere mockery. I perceived I was quizzed; I heard feet shuffling, — noses blowing, — hems, — coughs, — snuffing, — sneezing. In a word, I understood my situation; and, rousing myself to the utmost, thundered out one great, long, unmeaning lump of a sentence, with the confidence of a kettle-drum; and then, with a ton, at least, of bile in full ferment within me, I floundered myself down into my seat.

'No notice of any thing I had uttered was taken by the two speakers who followed; and, indeed, this was not very wonderful, since of what I had meant to say beforehand, I, upon reflection, was quite sensible that I had in reality brought forth scarcely a fragment. The third in hand, however, being a professed joker of the House, a very fine, polished, courtly punster, thought fit not only to advert to something of my attempt towards argument, but, in doing so, to make some sly allusions to my *quondam* profession; and, moreover, to mimic one or two of the tones of my voice, and not a few of my improvements on the pronunciation of the English tongue, in a way that produced an universal titter, which again terminated in something very like a horse-laugh. I sat boiling, — every eye upon me, — until he had finished his oration; and then, starting up, rattled forth, to the total astoundment of every one who had the least knowledge of what is usual there, a coarse, blunt strain of angry invective, in which (for my sins) were interwoven certain most unparliamentary flowers of rhetoric (such as *stuff*, *impertinence*, *Saddlers' Wells wit*, and I know not what atrocities besides). A prodigious fuss of *order! order!* followed, — worlds of appeals to the chair, — all manner of solemn cant; and, after fuming for a quarter of an hour, "the gentlemen mutually explained," — "Mr. Speaker took the honourable members' word, that this affair should go no farther," &c. &c. &c. as is the established and venerable etiquette of St. Stephen's, whenever TRUTH [as between man and man] is so forgetful of propriety as to come forth in her own naked unloveliness.'

There is something aukward and inartificial in the winding up of this most spirited narrative. We do not see exactly why the author judged it necessary to tinge the mind of Joanne with methodistical notions: — the circumstance has no influence over her fortunes or those of Wald himself; — and the placing of Katherine, who had been deserted by her husband, in the very next house to that which was occupied by Matthew, has too much the appearance of a forced contrivance.

On the whole, however, we think that this detail, "excepting as before excepted," is a story of great interest. The moral, indeed, if it has any, is not to be discerned through ordinary glasses: but the great example of the author of Waverley shews that pleasing fictions may be written without any moral purpose, and therefore we stifle an objection that was ready to start from our pen. We have given

given one or two specimens of the execution of the work before us; and from these it will be manifest that, if the fable be not well designed, the richness and vivacity of the composition bespeak the hand of no ordinary artist. This, indeed, our readers would be prepared to expect from our accounts of the writer's previous compositions.

ART. VII. *A Supplement to the Appendix of Captain Parry's Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage*, in the Years 1819, 1820. Containing an Account of the Subjects of Natural History. 4to. pp. 116. 7*s*. 6*d*. Boards. Murray. 1824.

IT will be observed that a considerable delay has taken place in the preparation of this Supplement for the press; and the circumstance led us to form expectations of its extent and importance which have not been altogether realized. The contributions in zoology, particularly, although their exposition is conducted with ability and interest, are far more slender than we could have anticipated: but the botanical catalogue is more ample, and characterized by the well-known caution and accuracy of its learned editor. The account of the mammalia, birds, fishes, and marine invertebrate animals, is drawn up by Captain Edward Sabine; that of the land invertebrate animals, by the Rev. William Kirby; that of the shells, by John Edward Gray, Esq.; that of the plants, by Robert Brown, Esq.; and that of the rock-specimens, by Charles Konig, Esq.

The species described under *Mammalia* are, *Ursus maritimus*, *Gulo luscus*, *Mustela erminea*, *Canis lupus*, *C. lagopus*, *Lepus glacialis*, *Lemmus Hudsonius*, *Bos moschatus*, *Cervus tarandus*, *Phoca vitulina*, *Trichecus rosmarus*, and *Monodon monoceros*. *Balana mysticetus*, *B. physalus*, and *Delphinus albicans*, were frequently seen, but no individual of any of them was killed.

The Polar bears, it is remarked, often occur on the west coast of Davis's Straits, where they are less disturbed by the whalers than on the eastern shore; and it has been noticed that they are rare in those parts of the Polar sea in which the seals and walruses are scarce. The opinion that these quadrupeds hybernate appears to be a mistake; and it is, indeed, positively denied by Fabricius. Though they swim well, they are incapable of remaining long under water.

Captain Sabine's definition of *Lepus glacialis* is, '*albus, auribus apice nigris capite longioribus, caudâ abbreviatâ, ungui-*

bus validis latis depressis;' so that it appears to be distinct both from the *timidus* and the *variabilis*. Though a common inhabitant of Greenland, the southern coasts of Barrow's Strait, and the North Georgian Islands, it was not seen by any of the expedition during the winter.

The Hudson's Bay Lemming, which is well characterized by the prolongation of the two middle toes of the fore feet, frequents the west side of Davis's Straits, and the islands of the Polar sea; living in burrows in summer, and in winter in nests of moss, on the surface of the ground, beneath the snow. The tail is not absolutely wanting, as erroneously stated by Cuvier: but it is not quite half an inch in length.

In the months of summer, the Musk Ox inhabits the North Georgian Islands, and, it is presumed, the country to the west of Davis's Straits and on the north of Baffin's Bay: but it seems to migrate southwards about the end of September. The remarkable projection of the orbit of its eye is conjectured to be a provision to carry that organ 'clear of the great quantity of hair, which the severity of the cold renders necessary in such high latitudes.'

Of the Wolverene, only the lower jaw was accidentally picked up; from which it is inferred that this species is a rare inhabitant of the Georgian Islands.

Wolves were seen almost daily during the winter, but kept without gun-shot: they were of a very light color, and of the full size of a setter-dog.

'Those naturalists who believe that no animal, in a perfectly natural and wild state, will connect itself with one of a different species, will consider the long-agitated question, of the specific identity of the wolf and dog, as determined by a circumstance of frequent occurrence at Melville Island; in December and January, which are the months in which wolves are in season, a female paid almost daily visits to the neighbourhood of the ships, and remained till she was joined by a setter-dog belonging to one of the officers; they were usually together from two to three hours, and as they did not go far away unless an endeavour was made to approach them, repeated and decided evidence was obtained of the purpose for which they were thus associated; as they became more familiar, the absences of the dog were of longer continuance, until at length he did not return, having probably fallen a sacrifice in an encounter with a male wolf; the female, however, continued to visit the ships as before, and enticed a second dog in the same manner, which, after several meetings, returned so severely bitten, as to be disabled for many days.

'It is believed, that this is the first authenticated instance of an undomesticated wolf having intercourse with a dog; when tamed, it is well known that they will readily breed together.'

In

In discussing the birds, of which only thirty-two species are particularized, frequent reference is made to Captain Sabine's excellent Memoir on the Birds of Greenland, inserted in the twelfth volume of the Linnéan Transactions, the contents of which it was judged superfluous to repeat. The present limited catalogue is prefaced by a general and almost unexceptionable observation, that such of the feathered tribe as resort to the islands in the Polar sea, to breed, arrive in May, and depart with their broods in October. Among the rarer species here indicated are *Strix nyctea*, *Tringa maritima*, *Phalaropus platyrynchos*, *Larus eburneus*, *L. Sabini*, *Lestris pomarinus*, *Anas spectabilis*, and *Anas glacialis*. In several instances, the varieties of color in the plumage, induced by age, sex, or season, have been critically and satisfactorily noted; and the descriptions and remarks of Temminck have been confirmed or amended. Captain Sabine has, we think, successfully settled the points of difference between *Tetrao rupestris* and *T. lagopus*, or the *Rock Grous* and *Ptarmigan*, the former of which is unknown in this island, but is by no means uncommon within the Arctic circle. 'These birds are easily killed, especially in the breeding season, when the female will suffer herself to be taken on the nest. When in pairs, the male will not quit the female on her being shot. They were killed in considerable numbers in Melville Island, as a supply of provision to the ships' companies.'

In conformity with Temminck's opinion, *Sterna Arctica* is now detached from *S. hirundo*, and is no longer considered as a mere variety. — With respect to the local range of *Larus Sabini*, we look for additional information in the forthcoming Supplement to Captain Parry's recent voyage. — As few authentic details of the economy of the King-Duck have reached us, we gladly give insertion to the following:

'This species as well as the preceding [Brent Goose] are very abundant in the North Georgian Islands, having their nests on the ground in the neighbourhood of fresh-water ponds, and feeding on the aquatic vegetation. The egg is shorter than that of the Eider Duck, rather broader across in the widest part, and more tapering; of a cinereous olive colour, not whitish, as stated erroneously by Montague [Montagu], but less green than the egg of the Eider. Mr. Temminck's description of the male bird is generally correct; but he has omitted to notice the peculiarity of the tertial feathers of the wing, which curve outwards in a remarkable manner over the primaries; nor can the colour of the wings be called a deep black, being ferruginous, especially in the inner webs.'

The list of fishes is particularly slender, being confined to eight species; two of which, namely, a *Salmo*, approaching

to the *Alpinus* or *Char*, and a *Merlangus*, could not be determined on account of the imperfect state of the specimens; and three others, viz. *Merlangus carbonarius*, *Liparis communis*, and *Cottus quadricornis*, were already sufficiently known. The remaining three are, *Merlangus Polaris*, nearly allied to *Gadus virens*; *Blennius Polaris*, which closely resembles *B. viviparus*; and *Cottus Polaris*, similar in its habits to *Cottus gobio*.

During the long stay of the expedition in Winter Harbour, only six species of insects were collected, viz. *Bombyx Sabini*, a caterpillar, apparently related to *Bombyx fasceline* of Fabricius, *Bombus Arcticus*, *Ctenophora Parrii*, *Chironomus Polaris*, and a minute spider-like insect, provisionally designated *Salticus Melvillensis*. Mr. Kirby's annotations on these diminutive northern strangers will be perused with interest by the entomological reader.

The marine invertebrate animals, which are classed according to the arrangements of Lamarck, comprize several non-descripts; as, *Dianæa glacialis*, *Asterias Polaris*, *Phoxichilus proboscideus*, *Idotea Baffini*, *Gammarus loricatus*, *Talitrus Edvardsii*, *T. cyaneæ*, *Crangon septemcarinatus*, and *Alpheus Polaris*. The other species enumerated amount to twenty-four.

Mr. Gray's account of the shells, which is despatched in seven pages, includes, as additions to our former catalogue, *Buccinum Sabinii*, *Nucula Arctica*, *Nicania crenata*, *Crassina Arctica*, *Arca glacialis*, *Pecten vitreus*, and *Balanus glacialis*.

To judge from the geological specimens brought home, it would appear that the western coast of Baffin's Bay is chiefly of primitive formation; the predominant rocks being gneiss and micaceous quartz, with some ambiguous granitic compounds, into which hornblend seems to enter as a subordinate ingredient. About the entrance to Sir James Lancaster's Sound, the older trapps, and their transition-concomitants, begin to prevail; as syenite, frequently including epidote, hornblend-rocks, with disseminated garnet, green-stone, and greenish-grey sand-stone. The northern coast of Barrow's Strait, and part of the eastern coast of Prince Regent's Inlet, indicate the more recent formations, connected with the primitive mountains of Scandinavia; particularly lime-stone resembling the alpine.

'It is of a yellowish white colour, and, in most hand-specimens, exhibits a uniform coarse granular structure; it is friable, and the grains are indeterminately angular, more or less shining, and sometimes intermixed with, or cemented by, calcareous matter of a deeper yellow. Reduced to powder, it emits a yellow phosphorescent light when strewed on a heated iron. This calcareous

careous rock, in some specimens from Prince Regent's Inlet, abounds with parts of the jointed stem and single joints of a zoophyte belonging to the natural order of Encrini; other specimens appear to be entirely without these bodies: but on subjecting the different varieties of aggregation to a closer examination, it will be found that those which contain no remains manifestly belonging to the just mentioned organized fossil bodies, are, nevertheless, entirely composed of their *detritus*. This encrinitic mass, in single specimens, might readily be mistaken for a friable variety of common granular lime-stone, did not a comparison of a series of specimens prove that appearance to be produced by the extreme comminution of the substance of those fossil zoophytes, each particle of which still exhibits planes of cleavage parallel to the primitive rhombohedron.'

Captain Parry detected in the transition lime-stone another fossil zoophytes, which proves to be a fine *Catenipora*, but distinct from the common chain-coral of Gothland; and it is now introduced in the system under the designation of *Catenipora Parrii, tubulis crassiusculis, compressis, collectis in laminas sinuatas varia inter sese coalitas, tubulorum orificiis ovatis sæpe confluentibus: dissepimentis confertissimis.*

Some specimens of magnetic iron-stone were found in latitude 72° 45′, and longitude 90° west. Although the samples from Melville Island are only rolled pieces, or casual fragments, they are not devoid of interest; for they include two or three varieties of granite, gneiss, and syenite, the last mentioned similar to that which occurs in many parts of Jersey: but the principal formation of the island is presumed to be flœtz sandstone, with the subordinate one of coal and iron stone. Among the secondary fossils contained in the sand-stone, have been discovered a species belonging to Brongniart's genus *Asaphus*, and joints of the stem of an Encrinus; besides vestiges of arborescent ferns and reeds, attesting the luxuriant vegetation which once adorned these now desolate regions. The coal is more or less slaty, and leaves when burned a copious residue of ashes. Wood-stone was found both at Winter Harbour and on Byam Martin's Island.

We regret to mention that the state of Mr. Brown's health has retarded his elucidation of the flora of Melville Island. He also assigns, as causes of delay, the difficulties which he had to encounter in ascertaining several of the species; as well as the more extended scheme of exposition which he had contemplated and partly executed, but which he subsequently renounced for want of time, and of the requisite materials. Meanwhile, he has distributed the contents of the herbaria collected by Captain Parry, and several of his officers, according to the method of natural orders, accompanying his defin-

definitions with references and occasional remarks. The species enumerated amount to 119; and nine others could not be recognized, owing to the mutilated or imperfectly dried state of the specimens. The following are to be reckoned among genuine or reputed novelties: — *Ranunculus Sabinii, R. affinis, Caltha Arctica, Draba pauciflora, Platypetalum purpurascens, P. dubium, Eutrema Edwardsii, Parrya Arctica, Stellaria Edwardsii, Arenaria Rossii, Saxifraga Hyperborea, Sieversia Rossii, Oxytropis Arctica, Cineraria congesta, Tussilago corymbosa, Pedicularis Arctica, Carex misandra, C. concolor, Poa angustata, P. abbreviata, Festuca brevifolia, Pleuropogon Sabinii, Dupontia Fisheri, Deschampsia brevifolia, Hierochloe pauciflora, Polytrichum propinquum, P. brevifolium, Pohlia bryoides, P. Arctica, P. purpurascens, Barbula leucostoma, Gymnostomum obtusifolium, Splachnum Arcticum, S. propinquum, S. paradoxum,* and *Borrera aurantiaca.* Several of these are proposed with hesitation, and require the examination of perfect specimens. — No submarine *Algæ* appear to have been collected.

The aspect and fructification of a few of the non-descripts are neatly represented in engravings by Curtis, from drawings by Bauer.

ART. VIII. *A Compendious History of the Cotton-Manufacture;* with a Disproval of the Claim of Sir Richard Arkwright to the Invention of its ingenious Machinery. By Richard Guest. 4to. With Engravings. pp. 70. 9*s*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1823.

WE never read a report of any public meeting with a satisfaction so entirely unalloyed, as the account of that which took place a short time ago to do honor to the memory of Mr. James Watt. Conquerors of the earth have often had obsequious and ill-earned homage paid to them for deeds of devastation and slaughter, for depopulating cities and subjugating provinces: but how rarely have those benefactors of the human race, whose genius has been devoted to the improvement of the peaceful arts alone, received the meed of public applause! They who have augmented the numbers of mankind by multiplying their enjoyments, and have called thousands into existence by preparing for them the means of maintenance, have gone to their tombs unhonored, or at most have furnished materials for the unheeded obituary of a Magazine.

"Time hath a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,

A great-

A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done."

To see the monarch of this great empire, the first ministers of state, legislators without distinction of party, chemists, and men of profound science, all uniting to pay homage to the memory of a private individual for the application of his transcendent talents to the construction of a steam-engine, — to see them emulating each other in lavishing eulogiums on the man who had surpassed all others in economizing human labor, by setting the most delicate and powerful machinery in motion, — is to see them acknowleging the wondrous ascendency of mind over matter; and recognizing that the opulence, strength, and resources of a state are attributable to that ascendency, which is exhibited in the ingenuity of its mechanical inventions.

The name of Sir Richard Arkwright has attained a celebrity second only to that of James Watt; and the *Spinning Jenny* kept at work by the steam-engine exhibits such a variety, velocity, and combination of mechanical powers, as to leave all human labor at an immeasurable distance.

'The machinery employed in the cotton-manufacture is little known except to the manufacturers themselves, and the history of its progressive improvements, perhaps, scarcely to them. For the greatest improvements we are indebted to a man in humble life, whose poverty and want of patronage prevented him from either reaping the pecuniary benefit, or establishing his claims to that fame to which his ingenuity entitled him. By borrowing his ingenious inventions, the late Sir Richard Arkwright lived to acquire a princely fortune, and died with the reputation of being one of the most eminent of those individuals, who have enlarged the resources of their native country, and made her manufactures and machinery the wonder of surrounding nations; while the man to whose painful labours and ingenious contrivances Sir Richard was indebted for these honours, lived in obscurity, and died in indigence:

'"*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes,*
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves." VIRGIL.

'To him Sir Richard in his greatness held out no fostering hand. — he not only reaped the harvest himself, but assumed the reputation of having sown the grain; and whether from shame, from vanity, or indifference, left the author of his fame to languish in his original poverty.'

This is the worst part of the case: but we all profit by and improve on the inventions of those who have gone before us. The spider spun its web, the bird built its nest, and the bees con-

constructed their hive, with as much perfection a thousand years ago as they do now; and man is the only animal who enlarges the circle of transmitted knowlege by making one discovery conduct him to another. The expansive force of steam, however, was not altogether unknown to the antients; and a French writer, nearly two hundred years ago, is said to have described a method of raising water to the upper part of a house by filling a chamber with steam, and suffering it to condense of itself. Mr. Watt might never have brought the steam-engine to the perfection which he gave to it, but for the previous discoveries and successive improvements of Captain Savery, who lived a hundred years before him, of the Marquis of Worcester, of M. Papin, of Messrs. Newcomen and Cawley, of Dr. Black, and other scientific men. Yet no one disputes his claim to what may be fairly called the *invention* of that machine, whose gigantic powers are now displayed not only in all our manufacturing towns, but on the surface of the ocean, and in the deepest bowels of the earth. Thus, also, Sir Richard Arkwright might justly have assumed the merit of an *inventor*, by availing himself of the ingenuity of other people in the first instance, and by so combining and concentrating their insulated inventions as to extend the application of them and increase their efficacy. It is acknowleged by Mr. Guest himself, whose object is to strip Sir Richard not of his borrowed but his stolen plumage, 'that he deserves well of his country, and that he was one great means of forwarding her manufactures;' and without him, too, 'the water-frame would probably have had a slow and tedious introduction, or might have perished with its author, and been lost to the world.' To purloin from another the merit of an ingenious invention is bad enough: but to suffer the individual, from whom it was stolen, to live and die in poverty and neglect, is a frightful aggravation of the offence; and of this offence Sir Richard is accused. He was often engaged in law-processes to resist the invasion of his patents, and it is on the evidence given before the Court of King's Bench that the present charge is substantiated.

The history of the Spinning Jenny is briefly this. About the year 1760, the Manchester merchants began to export fustians largely into Italy, Germany, and America; and the cotton-manufacture increased so much that the spinners were unable to supply the weavers with *weft*. The weft, or transverse threads of the cloth, was made of cotton; while the *warp*, or longitudinal threads, was made of linen-yarn imported from Germany. It was no uncommon thing for a weaver to walk three or four miles in a morning, before he could collect

collect from five or six spinners weft enough to employ him for the rest of the day.

'A reed-maker, of the name of Thomas Highs, residing in the town of Leigh, in Lancashire, one forenoon in the year 1763 or 1764, being in the house of one of his neighbours, whose son, a weaver, had come home after a long, ineffectual search for weft, was, by the circumstance, roused to consider whether a machine could not be invented to produce a more plentiful supply of weft. He engaged one Kay, a clock-maker, to make him the wheels and other apparatus of his machine, and they worked together in a garret in Highs's house. The chamber-door was kept locked, and they worked at over hours with great assiduity, and perseverance for several months. All their trouble and pains were, however, abortive, and one Sunday evening, in a fit of despondency, they threw the machine through the garret-window, into the yard.—During their labours they were often jeered by their neighbours, with inquiries for weft, and after the catastrophe of the garret-window, the derision broke out without restraint. Kay was asked what wages his master gave him for making spinning-wheels, to which he replied, that he had done with spinning; and then joined in the laugh with his neighbours. Highs was not so easily discouraged; his persevering mind, though foiled, was not subdued. He took the broken wheels once more to his garret, and after another effort produced the ingenious machine known by the name of the Spinning Jenny, and which he so called after his daughter, her Christian name being Jane. The first Jenny was about a yard square, and worked only six spindles, which he afterwards increased to twenty and twenty-five.'

Having learnt that Kay had been Highs's workman, Arkwright introduced himself to him in a circuitous and crafty manner, by employing him to turn some brass, or wheels, took him to a public house, and treated him with wine; telling him that he was endeavoring to discover the perpetual motion, and that the turned brass was for some machine on that principle. In the course of time, he wheedled Kay out of a model of Highs's Jenny, as well as of the water-frame or throstle. Having shewn the model to several gentlemen, and obtained sufficient pecuniary aid to enable him to build a factory, he next engaged this Kay to work for him; and, as it appears from the evidence on one of the trials, he secured his secresy, for a certain number of years, by a bond. Colonel Mordaunt having invaded one of Arkwright's patents, an action was brought against him in 1781; and the Colonel's defence was, that Arkwright had not fully communicated his inventions in the specification. Several witnesses proved that, instead of disclosing his inventions in the specification as the law required, he had described them in a confused and unintelligible manner; and the individual, W. D. Crofts, who had been employed

ployed by Arkwright to draw out the specification, admitted that the latter told him he wished it "to operate as a specification, *but to be as obscure as the nature of the case would possibly admit.*" Mr. Justice Buller expressed his opinion that the plaintiff "had not a leg to stand upon," and a verdict was given against him. Soon after this, Arkwright published "The Case;" in which he stated that, about the year 1767, one Hargrave of Blackburn constructed an engine that would at once spin twenty or thirty threads into yarn for the fustian manufacture; and this account, Mr. Guest says, was copied by Dr. Aikin in his History of Manchester, by the editors of Encyclopædias, and other writers. The word "constructed," used by Arkwright, has been changed into "invented," and the merit of the invention erroneously attributed to Hargrave. He adds; 'it was convenient for Arkwright, and served his purpose, to attribute the invention of the Jenny to Hargrave, because Hargrave was not the inventor of the water-frame, the talisman of Arkwright's fortune, and which, by his "Case" or memorial, he was then seeking to engross to himself. To have mentioned Highs, the real inventor of the Jenny, might have been a dangerous experiment, because Mr. Arkwright well knew that Highs was the inventor of the water-frame as well as of the Jenny.'

'Sir Richard Arkwright was a rare instance of one, who, from a very inferior situation in life, by dint of indefatigable perseverance, unity of object, and able management of the men he had to deal with, amassed a large fortune, and raised himself to great eminence. With no original invention to boast of in the department of mechanics, to which he devoted himself, he possessed unwearied zeal and patience in obtaining the discoveries of others, and great skill in combining them and turning them to his own purposes. Whether he had a natural turn for the mechanics, or whether he had sharp sightedness and sagacity enough to discover the land of promise through the haze which surrounded him, and was thus induced to seek after inventions for spinning, does not appear; but he had the same appalling obstacle to surmount which Highs himself had — the *res angustæ domi*; — nothing could be done by either, without capital. The modest spirit of Highs shrunk from the humiliation of soliciting partnerships or patronage; he was incapable of dressing up his projects and expectations in the pomp of promise, and the alluring colours of confident prediction and plausible calculations, — a quality much more necessary to a projector than the real merits of his scheme. Highs's proper arena was in his garret, among his wheels and machines; it was here that his peaceful successes were achieved; but the sphere of Arkwright was in the world and amongst men. It was there that his bustling activity was in its proper element, and there that his successes equalled those of Highs in his garret. Arkwright succeeded

ceeded very unaccountably in finding fresh partnerships, though former ones were dissolved in consequence of their not answering, and he always came richer from the misfortune, like Antæus, who in his falls gained strength from his mother-earth.'

It is well known that riches flowed into the coffers of Sir Richard, like the golden sands of Pactolus, while Highs was left struggling for the pittance of a day-laborer. He was a man of a serious turn of mind and retired habits; sober, intelligent, and unassuming.

Here we cannot help asking, How comes it that Sir Richard Arkwright has been allowed, up to the present hour, the reputation of having invented the machinery of the cotton-manufacture, when it was openly proved in the Court of King's Bench, forty years ago, that it was invented by Highs? Mr. Guest does not now come forwards for the first time to detect his piracy, but merely re-states the old evidence. It is natural to inquire, therefore, whether there be any counter-statement; and, if there be not, how it happened that Sir Richard's civic crown has so long retained its verdure unwithered? Fortune blindly smiled on him in his life-time, and must have guarded his grave with unmerited vigilance.

The history of Sir Richard and poor Highs is by no means the only interesting portion of this volume: for Mr. Guest has given an account of the manufacture of cotton into thread for the purpose of being woven into cloth, from the use of the distaff and spindle to the present complicated machinery employed in it; and, to render this intelligible, he has accompanied it by a series of explanatory engravings. The spindle and distaff are still used in Hindoostan; and Mr. Guest attributes the superiority of texture and the durability of India nankeens and long cloths to this mode of spinning, which disposes the fibres of cotton more evenly, and twists them more into the body of the thread, than the spinning machines do. Steam-looms are now rapidly superseding the old hand-looms. In 1818, there were in Manchester, Stockport, &c., and the vicinity, about two thousand looms: in 1821, in the same neighbourhood, five thousand seven hundred and thirty-two; and it is estimated that there are at present not fewer than ten thousand steam-looms in Great Britain. In the factories where they are employed, the cotton is carded, roved, spun, and woven into cloth under the same roof; and the same quantum of labor is performed in one of these structures, which formerly occupied the industry of an entire district. Mr. Guest, however, assures us that so vast is the disproportion between the price of labor in India and in Europe, that, when the mule-twist is exported from England

England to Hindoostan, or should mule-factories be established there, the Indian hand-weavers will undersell the English steam-loom manufacturers; that is to say, when the Indian weaver can avail himself of a *part* of our machinery, he will be able to beat the other part out of the market. The race of competition, between the cheapness of labor in Hindoostan and English industry assisted by machinery, is much nearer an equality than persons commonly imagine; and the difference between yarn spun by the distaff and spindle in India, and that which is produced in England from yarn spun by machinery, is only as fourteen and a quarter to nineteen and a half. The Indian manufacturer is able to sell for one shilling and seven-pence halfpenny that which the English manufacturer, with all his machinery and economy of human labor, cannot sell for less than one shilling and two-pence farthing. Mr. Guest, therefore, dreads this Indian rival; and he deprecates, as the greatest evil that can possibly happen to the manufactures of England, the establishment of mule or other factories in Hindoostan. The annual consumption of cotton in India is 800,000 bags, and that of Great Britain 600,000; and, as no machinery is used in India, the spinning and manufacturing of this vast quantity must support immense numbers of people, who would be thrown out of employment if English spun twist and weft were conveyed to them in a state ready for being woven into cloth. The consequence would be, that the hands thus disengaged would be applied to the labors of the loom, and the Indian population would become weavers for the whole world. Should English twist be freely exported, all the capital and machinery employed in improving the steam-loom would, according to the writer, become a ruinous speculation. The Indian weaver, having obtained our twist, would weave it into cloth, return it to England, and with all our boasted machinery would undersell us in our own markets. Mr. Guest is perfectly horrified at this spectre, which his imagination pictures to him as approaching; for a quantity of twist was actually shipped last year from the port of Liverpool, and the adventure proved very successful. This shipment was probably the first of the kind that ever went to India from the British shores.

We know not what Mr. Guest's personal opinion is concerning the protecting duties on corn: but we have found so many people advocating the principles of an unfettered traffic with all the world, yet demanding an exception from the operation of those principles in some particular article, — this particular article being precisely the one in which their interests happen to be concerned, — that it is possible he may share the

the prevalent inconsistency. When the Speaker of the House of Commons addressed his Majesty at the prorogation of the parliament, a few weeks ago, he stated, very correctly, that it had been an object during the session "to disencumber the trade of the country from the impediments which restricted it, and which were condemned by enlarged and enlightened views of policy; but that they had never lost sight of the necessity of proceeding cautiously in breaking down a system which, however impolitic, had been the growth of ages." The operative weavers of this country form a very numerous, a very intelligent, and a very industrious portion of its population; and we should be sorry to see any system, "the growth of ages," however impolitic, suddenly and abruptly "broken down," under which they have found even an imaginary protection. Let us "proceed cautiously," therefore, but nevertheless resolutely, "in disencumbering the trade of the country from impediments which restrict it, and which are condemned by enlarged and enlightened views of policy." If, by prohibiting the export of twist to India, the price of cotton-goods is to be kept up in the British market, it must be so kept up in favor of the producers at the expence of the consumers; that is, in favor of the few at the expence of the many. Be the commodity what it may, let government take care of the consumers, and the producers will always take care of themselves. For ages past, however, the opposite system has been adopted; producers having been protected, and consumers left to their mercy. Mr. Guest says that, by bringing the Indian into competition with the British weaver, the latter, notwithstanding all his advantages of machinery, will be entirely destroyed. Other writers again say, if we bring the continental farmer into competition with the British farmer, the British farmer will be undone; and the same argument is used by some advocate of each peculiar class, whose marketable commodity is threatened to be exposed to foreign competition. What will become of England when all her farmers, merchants, and manufacturers, are thus destroyed "in one fell swoop" of competition? To exhibit the quakings and trepidations of all, however, is to expose the absurdity of them all. These alarmists argue as if they thought that foreigners were such liberal-hearted creatures as to give us their commodities for nothing;—Italy her silks, and France her wines, and Spain her olives, and India her cottons and her cotton-weavers too! Were this millennium to arrive, we should indeed enjoy the "*otium cum dignitate*" on a most magnificent and wonderful scale. Sculpture and painting, poetry, music, and dancing, would

be the varied recreations from our only serious employment, the study of philosophy and the severer sciences; while the dull and plodding practice of manual labor and the mechanic arts would devolve on the inhabitants of those tributary countries, which gratuitously furnish us with all the vulgar necessaries, aye, and luxuries of life. — However, *till* the arrival of that millennial happiness and repose, our artizans will find abundant employment for their ingenuity in furnishing surrounding nations with the various commodities which they require, in exchange for the commodities with which *they* supply us.

ART. IX. *Body and Soul.* Vol. II. 12mo. pp. 380. 9s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1823.

THIS volume is the sequel of a work which we examined in our Number for February, 1823, p. 175. It is written in the same style and spirit as the preceding part; and though, as we before hinted, we may deem it questionable how far it is well judged to render books of amusement the vehicle for inculcating doctrines of divinity, and particularly for conveying information on speculative and controverted points, yet, if such matters *are* to be introduced, they are not likely to be discussed in a better feeling or with more temper than the writer generally displays in the production before us. He every where reprehends those dark and gloomy views which are calculated to render religion a terror rather than a consolation, and which would invest the Supreme Being with the character of a tyrant over his creation. On the other hand, cheerfulness, instead of being considered as a criminal propensity, is very justly represented as the natural result of the proper discharge of the relative duties, and as the attendant and evidence of an unclouded conscience. The exercise of the social affections is also warmly recommended, and a rational indulgence in the amusements and pleasures of life. Besides all this, the author explains the doctrines of grace, of a second birth, and other high points, in such a manner as to remove from them much of the mysticism in which they are frequently involved; and he confines the sin against the Holy Ghost to the wilful infidelity of those who witnessed the miracles of Christ, and who, recognizing an extraordinary interposition, nevertheless perversely attributed it to the agency of evil spirits. Such an interpretation of this obscure text has been before laid down by Dr. Maltby, at some length, in a note to one of his sermons; though the present

present writer does not on this or on other occasions make references to any authority.

The characters introduced in this volume are not described with any extraordinary ability, and some of the attempts at light composition, particularly in the chapter on matrimony, are very unsuccessful: but the remarks of Dr. Freeman, with which that chapter closes, are written in much better taste; and we extract the passage as displaying unaffected seriousness and solemnity:

"'My dear young friends! hear the words of one whose sand is nearly run, and who has experienced both joy and sorrow, happiness and affliction. I began life with ardent expectations: my heart beat in unison with one, whose many virtues excited hopes that were soon blasted by the chillness of death; but the memory of them still lives, in dear and honoured characters. I lost my wife, I gained a child,—one, in whom was imaged the dear picture of my lost Emily, and one, who, alas! too, like her, in early life followed her mother to the house appointed for all living. To-morrow completes the five-and-twentieth year since my Emily was called hence. God only knows, whether, on that day, 'my soul may be required of me.' But why do I mention these things? Why throw over this day of brightness the cloud of darkness? Why infuse into the cup of pleasure the ingredient of woe? Why selfishly talk of my sufferings, when your hopes are burning with fondest anticipations? It is, my young friends, to teach you, that life, however its morning rises with sunshine, is liable to continual glooms, and obnoxious to encroaching clouds. It is to warn you against indulging, what, indeed, is natural, in the hope of uninterrupted happiness. How kindly soever affectionate you may be, however well disposed to promote mutual comfort, you must not expect to pass your days without being the cause of some pang to one another, or dimming, though transcendently, the mirror of one another's joy. Besides this, which will sometimes happen, and well for us that it does, there are and will be rougher and more unyielding monitors that will convince you of the futility of allowing earthly joys to engross all your attention, or make you believe that this world is your home. We need all the trials and afflictions which we have to encounter, to wean us from unsubstantial pursuits, and engage us more heartily in the service of that Sovereign, who claims our duty from the cradle to the grave. There is no true happiness but in religion. Where it is the directing star, all other enjoyments are incalculably enhanced. Never, then, forget who and what you are, and for what purpose you were born. Let not the comforts of your happy condition sensualize your hearts; rather, whilst your hearts burn with affection, ripened and mellowed by a continued reciprocation of domestic duties, let them also burn, as the disciples' at Emmaus, with that flame which derives its influence and effect from your Saviour, and which, under God's grace, depends for its continuance on your own exertions. Oswald,

your hand; cherish, as you have sworn, this lovely plant — shield her from rougher cares, but exclude her not from your inmost self: — support, direct, love her! — Maria, your hand; secure your husband's affections by gentleness, by confidence, by deference, by affection. Heaven bless you, my children! Be good, be religious, be happy!"'

We have praised the liberal tone which in general prevails through this work, and we are sorry to mark exceptions: but the following passage is so grossly unjust in the reflections which it casts on two respectable sects of Christians, that we feel it our duty to quote it, and expressly to reprobate the exclusive and unchristianlike spirit by which it seems to have been dictated:

'He found her strongly tinctured with the sentiments of a sect that assumes the title of Baptists, as if no other denominations of Christians had claim to that appellation, except themselves. Like another class of religionists, who in their self-sufficiency, by forming a Deity carved to the standard of their understandings, assume the distinction of Unitarians, whilst at the same time they cannot fail to be conscious, that there is no body of Christians (a name they abjure *) which is not as much unitarian in worship and belief as themselves; and certainly which has not much better pretensions to Christianity than the disciples of Priestley or Lindsay.'

The statement that Unitarians abjure the name of Christians is directly false in the obvious sense of the words; and something more than a quotation from Bishop Horne is necessary to justify such an assertion on the ground that they abjure the name of Christians by construction. It is surely mere intolerance to deny the name of Christians to a class of persons who believe not only the divine mission of Christ, but the reality of his miracles, and who acknowlege the genuineness of the writings left by his apostles.

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* "It is a truth, that calls for the most serious consideration of all those who draw up systems of religion exclusively of Christianity, that neither Heathens, Jews (in their present state of unbelief), Mahometans, Deists, Arians, or Socinians, worship the true God. For all that is manifested of the true God in his word is manifested of him as existing in three persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The Son and the Holy Ghost they have not, for they deny him; and it is written, 'Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father.' (1 John, iii. 23.) And if he has neither Father, Son, nor Holy Ghost, he has not the true God, and if he has not the true God, he has no God, because there is but one God." — Bishop Horne.'

ART. X. *Collective Works of the late Dr. Sayers*; to which have been prefixed some Biographic Particulars, by W. Taylor of Norwich. 2 Vols. 8vo. Printed at Norwich. 1823.

BIOGRAPHIC writing possesses a charm that is wholly independent of great dignity or distinction in the actual subject of the memoir; and it is not necessary that the man whose life is sketched should have shaken empires by his valor, or senates by his eloquence. The little events of the closet or the library, on the favorite studies and domestic habits of men of cultivated minds, have something in them that acquires a strong hold over our feelings, barren as such details must inevitably be with regard to those striking vicissitudes and sudden transitions, which contribute so much to our amusement in romance. The truth is, we love to contemplate lives like our own: we see ourselves reflected, as it were, in the images of those whose fortunes are on a level with our own; — of those whom we could admire without envy when living, and whose memory when gone we cherish with a calm and pious regret. We are awed and astonished with mountain-crags, with the torrent of Niagara, or the fall of Lodore: but we hang with indolent delight over the murmurs of the village-stream, whose course is uniform and noiseless, and broken only by the few sedges that modestly peep above its surface.

If, however, the person commemorated was one of our own circle, and his tastes, his peculiarities, the tones of his voice, and his little collection of habits, are still recent in our own recollections, while also they call up several of our oldest and fondest associations, then the recapitulation of the events that took place as he travelled to his last home is a fascinating and engaging duty, which confers distinction and importance on occurrences in themselves unmeaning or trivial. In this mood it is that the club at which he smoked his pipe, or the little coterie who laughed at his sallies or sat delighted with his conversation, — in short, every incident connected with him, — administers to the friend who occupies himself with the task a delight that usuriously overpays its labor. He still converses with his deceased companion, hears "his tale of symptoms," participates in his hopes, or sympathizes in his anxieties, and thus the chasm in his heart is for a while filled up.

That the accomplished and intelligent editor of these volumes, therefore, should, while thus occupied, attribute a seeming dignity to circumstances which the cold calculations of reason would not allow them, is a pleasing and an amiable delusion; and if it be not likely that his work will force its way far be-

yond the immediate circle of the friends of Dr. Sayers, on those friends he confers an invaluable obligation. This gentleman was the well-known author of "Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology," and of several critical and philosophical dissertations, deservedly eulogized when they first appeared, and still worthy of an elevated rank in English literature. His life was literary, social, and cheerful; — flowing away in an inaudible current of calm meditation and lettered ease, undisturbed by envy, and unembittered by faction. Habitual cheerfulness smiled in his features: no one more enjoyed the pleasures of society and of a tempered gentlemanly conviviality: none ever assented more readily to the merits of another; or when they were obscured or unnoticed, contributed more to give them light and reputation. His friendships, slowly formed, were durable: it was only the death of one of the parties that could break them; and they were not disturbed by the fitful alternations of coldness and fondness which interrupt vulgar association. Occasionally, a tinge of sarcasm gave piquancy to his conversation, but not a particle of ill nature. He was not a man of the world in one sense of the word: but, notwithstanding his retired habits, an instinctive native good sense supplied the place of experience; and, though he lived in a provincial town, his mind had never been bounded by its little horizon. He practised benevolence without the ostentatious display of it; and, in fine, he was an accomplished, learned, and good man.

Such, it appears, was Dr. Sayers; and such an account of him we had heard while he was living. Yet we should have read this biography of him with sincere pleasure, if we had known nothing of him by name or reputation: for it is adorned by the kindred goodness of heart which the biographer infuses into every page. It is indeed marked by some of his peculiarities of style; and not without a share of those innovations, which the German privilege of coining a new word where the old one is not adapted to the writer's fancy seems to have suggested to him: — neologisms that sometimes appear to surprize and terrify every other word in the sentence: — but Mr. Taylor has made his own affections ours, and this is a great thing for a writer to effect. We take a delight in his feelings, as he pourtrays them to us, simply and honestly, without the slightest sentimental exaggeration. We see him busily at work in the kind office of setting in order all his fond recollections of his departed companion; — ticketing, labelling, and assorting them; — and all this with a minuteness that undeniably asserts the genuineness and *naïveté* of his own feelings. He carries us to Palgrave school, the scene of

their mutual studies, and the theatre of their first distinctions: we hear in imagination the shrill voice and foreign accent of its little ruler; and we see the village-green on which it stood, with the pond, the church, and even the more distant features of the scene, to which the boys occasionally wandered in some of their furtive excursions:

'The Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, having accepted the pastorship of a dissenting congregation at Palgrave, in Suffolk, determined to open a boarding-school there; he took a house previously occupied by the celebrated antiquary, Mr. Thomas Martin, and in the summer of 1774 brought his bride Lætitia (born Aikin) to this residence. Among their first eight scholars were Sayers and myself. The same single-bedded room was allotted to us both; we were disciplined in the same classes; we stayed together at Palgrave three years; and there began that "early and uninterrupted friendship," which has strown in my way so many valuable and delightful moments, and the record of which (see the Dedication to the Poems) constitutes the dearest and proudest trophy of my life. Sayers was two years and a half older than myself; this is much, at that age; he was my protector, my helper, my model; a feeling of gratitude, of deference, of admiration, accompanied my attachment from its commencement, and still, I hope, marks the attitude in which I bend over his urn.

'During the summer-vacation of 1775, Sayers addressed to me a rhymed invitation to pass with him at Yarmouth a part of the holidays. This I believe to have been his first poetical attempt; it was modelled apparently, in point of diction, on some verses written by his cousin, Mr. James Sayers. Until lately the letter was in my possession; it was remarkable for ease and grace of versification; I cautioned Dr. Sayers against destroying it, when I gave it up to him; but he was inexorable, and it has disappeared.

'At Palgrave school it was customary for the boys to perform a play shortly before the vacation. In the Tempest, Sayers had the part of Prospero; in the Siege of Damascus, of Caled; in Henry the Fourth, of the King; and in Julius Cæsar, of Mark Anthony. In this last tragedy, particularly, he shone greatly beyond all the other juvenile players: his unfaultering memory, and the exquisite beauty and pathos of his recitation, were warmly applauded and deservedly admired. Indeed Dr. Sayers was throughout life one of the finest readers I ever heard: expression of every kind was at his command; his own emotion was always transitive, yet given with that subdued grace which is the expedient distinction between lecture and declamation.

'Among the instructions bestowed at Palgrave, Dr. Sayers has repeatedly observed to me, that he most valued the lessons of English composition superintended by Mrs. Barbauld. On Wednesdays and Saturdays the boys were called in separate classes to her apartment: she read a fable, a short story, or a moral essay, to them aloud, and then sent them back into the school-room to write it out on the slates in their own words. Each exercise was

separately overlooked by her; the faults of grammar were obliterated, the vulgarisms were chastised, the idle epithets were cancelled, and a distinct reason was always assigned for every correction; so that the arts of inditing and of criticising were in some degree learnt together. Many a lad from the great schools, who excels in Latin and Greek, cannot write properly a vernacular letter, for want of some such discipline.

'The school-boys at Palgrave had rival factions of Norwichians and Yarmouthians; but Sayers, though resident among the latter party, always piqued himself on being born in the metropolis, and wrote his name in his favourite books, *F. Sayers, Londinensis*, a practice which he continued in maturer life. He surpassed not only in the school-room, but in the play-ground, at trap-ball for instance; and he swam well.'

Dr. Sayers's life was for the most part provincial; and provincial occurrences, therefore, form a considerable portion of the biographical sketch before us: but these in Mr. Taylor's hands are pleasing and picturesque descriptions. We were completely one of the party, in our mind's eye, at the annual meeting of the mayors of Norwich and Yarmouth in their state-barges at Hardley-Cross, and would rather have witnessed it than the more pompous spectacle of

—— "the Adriatic wedded to our duke."

'Annually in July the mayors of Norwich and Yarmouth meet in their state-barges on the river Yare, at Hardley-Cross, which separates their respective jurisdictions, and in the afternoon fall down into Breydon. This is a broad expanse of water, which receives three tributary streams, the Waveney, the Yare, and the Bure. All the many pleasure-boats kept on these rivers assemble; the commercial craft is in requisition to stow spectators, to waft music, to vend refreshments: such of the shipping, as ascends above the Yarmouth drawbridge, is moored within ken; there are sailing matches, rowing matches, and spontaneous evolutions of vessels of all sorts, a dance of ships, their streamers flying and their canvass spread. It is a fair afloat, where the voice of revelry resounds from every gliding tent. And when the tide begins to fall, and to condense this various fleet into the narrower waters, and the bridge and quays and balconies and windows of Yarmouth are thronged with innumerable spectators, — and boys have climbed the masts and rigging of the moored ships, adding to the crowd on shore a rocking crowd above,—and the gathering boats mingle their separate concerts in one chorus of jollity, — and guns fire, — and loyalty and liberty shout with rival glee, — and the setting sun inflames the whole lake, — the scene becomes surpassingly impressive, exhilarating, and magnificent. I have since attended this show, and agree with Dr. Sayers in thinking that the "narrow waters" (such is the technical designation of the festival) afford "one of the fine aquatic spectacles of the world."'

In

In the summer of 1787, Mr. Taylor saw his friend at Edinburgh, where he was then prosecuting his medical studies. The description which ensues is exceedingly pleasing:

'Sayers soon imparted to me his own warm admiration of the place; he compared its site with the ground-plan of Athens, called its castle the Acropolis, its great church the Parthenon, and its port the Piræus; he pointed out to me, in turn, the sublime, the beautiful, and the romantic features of this magnificent city, — the High-Street, the long and the broad, which, with the width of a market-place, is darkened into the likeness of a lane, by the colossal elevation of the bordering buildings, piled seemingly by a people of giants, — the New Town with its white and trim elegant modern edifices, — the bridges, which, like aqueducts of antiquity, carry from hill to hill an endless stream of people, — and that vast magical prospect of mingled edifice, wood and water, which bursts at so many stations on the wanderer. We together examined, in Holyrood-House, the apartments which had witnessed the adventures of Mary Queen of Scots; we attended the lecture-rooms of science; and walked in a pilgrimage, then sympathetic, to the sepulchre of Hume. Our evenings were divided between the play-house, where we saw Mrs. Siddons in Lady Randolph, and supper-parties of the students, who sometimes received us at their lodgings, and sometimes met us at Scrimgeour's oyster-cellar.'

Speaking of the "Dramatic Sketches," the biographer thus introduces us into the study of the poet:

'Were it possible to teach how extraordinary men have become so, this would be the highest use of biography: the young artist can best profit by studying the method of composition of a great master. In the case of Dr. Sayers, I was admitted behind the curtain, saw his works as it were on the easel, first in the outline, then garishly shaded, and, lastly, with the blended and finished colouring. His first care was to round the fable, and every where to foresee his drift; the dialogue was then rapidly composed, and always the shortest cut taken to the purpose in view; the critical situations were afterwards raised into effect, and heightened into brilliance, by consulting analogous efforts of celebrated writers, with the intention of transplanting beauties of detail; and, finally, the lyrical ornaments, in which he mainly excelled, were inserted at every opportunity.'

Although 'to be the first man in Norwich' is not a surpassing distinction, it is impossible not to admire the heart-felt eulogy with which Mr. Taylor dwells on the habits, the talents, and the virtues of his friend.

'At this period, methinks, Dr. Sayers had attained his full maturity, had reached the height of his greatness. Insensibly he was become the first man in Norwich, the one to whom an illustrious stranger, a judge of merit, would most have coveted to be intro-

introduced, and would have learned to know with unmixed delight and admiration. All his accomplishments were of the highest class and of the finest chiselling; in him learning, genius, and intellect, struggled for the mastery. Majesty blended with suavity and feeling characterized the expression of his person. Perhaps his earlier manners had been accused of shyness, they now united dignity with ease, and exhibited the urbanity of European polish. "A diner-out of the first water" and consequently of the first wine, there was no table in or near Norwich, which asserted a genteel hospitality, whose host was not proud to seat him among the guests. His acquaintance however was select not general; and he preferred small to large parties, often repeating from Athenæus, that the number at a symposium should vibrate between that of the Graces and the Muses. His conversation, always ready but never usurpative, won its easy way to the heart of attention, displaying a knowledge various and sound, decorations lively, playful, and facetious, reasoning luminous and principled, yet so skilfully guided by an inherent taste and temper within the nicest limits of the graceful, that his learning was never pedantic, his wit never sarcastic, his argument never pertinacious. No where did he unfold with more felicity and cordiality his fascinating conversational powers than at a weekly evening club, held at the Hole in the Wall, where he pretty regularly met Mr. Amyot, Mr. Barron, Mr. Dalrymple, Rev. G. De Hague, Mr. Firth, afterwards Serjeant Firth, Rev. O. Linley, Mr. Pitchford, Dr. Wright, and myself.'

Dr. Sayers died on the 16th of August, 1817, beloved and honored by all who knew him. Mr. Hudson Gurney, one of his friends and associates, and whose rare endowments of heart and intellect rendered his society a source of constant delight to him, aspired to the honor of erecting a monument to his memory: but the pious office was contested with him, and Mr. James Sayers urged the right of consanguinity to perform it. The Rev. F. Howes wrote an inscription for it, in very elegant latinity. It runs thus:

'*M. S*
Viri . Multis . Nominibus . Dilecti . Desideratique
Frank . Sayers . M . D
In . Quo . Ingenio . Acri . Judicium . Par . Accesserat
Inerat . In . Sermone . Ejus . Innocuus . Gravitate . Conditus . Lepos
Literis . Deditus . Ab . Insolenti . Asperitate . Prorsus . Abhorrebat
Ut . Doctrinae . Copiam . Morum . Liberalitas . Æquaret
Vixit . Moderatus . Probus . Pius . Simplex
In . Pauperes . Pro . Facultatibus . Largus
In . Amicos . Comis . Benevolus . In . Omnes
Profectus . Ejus . Quales . Essent
Circa . Archaelogiam . Historiam . Philosophiam . Poesin
Quæ . Scripsit . Testantur
Qualis . Ipse . Superstitum . Lacrymae
Obiit . VI . *Die . Aug . An . Dom* . MDCCCXVII.
Aetatis . Suae . LV.'

As

As we have formerly noticed the productions of Dr. Sayers*, any remarks on them at present would be inconsistent with our plan and duty. With regard, however, to his prose-writings, we will just observe that their peculiar characteristics are neatness and simplicity. His style was precisely what the subject required: clear without diffuseness, and elegant without affectation. We feel sincere sorrow that literature will receive no farther illustration from the talents, candor, and industry of so accomplished a scholar.

Art. XI. *Journal of a Tour in Asia Minor*, with comparative Remarks on the ancient and modern Geography of that Country. By William Martin Leake, F.R.S. Accompanied by a Map. 8vo. 18*s*. Boards. Murray. 1824.

This is scarcely to be deemed a *new* publication, the journal of Colonel Leake's tour through the central parts of Asia Minor having appeared a few years ago in the second volume of Mr. Walpole's Collection of Memoirs on Greece.† More minute inquiry into its antient and modern geography, extended over the whole of that peninsula, having enabled the learned and diligent author to frame a map of Asia Minor on a scale sufficiently large, and unquestionable in respect of accuracy as far as distances can be computed in a country so unfavorable to travelling, he has now republished the substance of the memoir, considerably enlarged by the additional remarks which recent investigations suggested.

The subject, it must be confessed, is uninviting, and offers a scanty banquet for the amusement of persons who read only to be amused: but a book which contains, we truly believe, all the existing information that can be obtained respecting regions so little explored, and sheds so many lights on antient history and classical research, must be highly valuable and useful. It is clear that the geography of Asia Minor can only be elucidated by gradual approximations to a detailed map, derived from the combined stock of information to be found in the journals of successive travellers: but of these the number is small, and among modern explorers we have only two who have traversed the country in various directions for scientific purposes: Paul Lucas, in the years

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* "Dramatic Sketches," Monthly Review, vol. iii. N.S. p. 140. — "Poems," vol. vii. p. 331. — "*Nuga Poeticæ*," vol. xliv. p. 429. — "Disquisitions," vol. x. p. 373. — "Miscellanies Antiquarian and Historical," vol. xlix. p. 417.

† See Rev. vol. xcvii. p. 262.

1705, 1706, and 1715; and Captain Kinneir in 1813 and 1814. The rest have merely followed a single route. Even Kinneir did little more than pursue several routes instead of one; the state of the provinces and the mode of travelling having rendered it impracticable to make any of those excursions from the main road, without which it is impossible to ascertain the geography of an unknown country. The difficulties which he had to encounter frustrated every attempt to examine particular sites explanatory of antient history; and, in addition, he was unfortunate in his collection of inscriptions, which are the surest tests of antient geography.

Of late years these obstacles have increased. To say nothing of the existing war in Greece, (desecrated by the present writer when he terms it 'an insurrection,') the deserted state of the country, the continual disputes between the persons in power, the weakness of the Turkish government in the remote provinces of the empire, the wretched ignorance of the Turks, (who can imagine no other motive for the visits of foreigners to that region than a preparation for hostile invasion, or a search for hidden treasure,) the plague, banditti, the effects of climate, and fatigue, seldom fail to check the career of travellers long before they have finished the expedition which they projected. The principality of Tshappán-Oglu offered them indeed some security, but it has been broken up by his death; and that of Kara-Osmán-Oglu, whose mild and protecting government extended over the greater part of Æolis, Ionia, and Lydia, has been terminated by the impolitic jealousy of the present Ottoman government. Under these circumstances, all that can be effected by a traveller is a rapid passage along the principal roads, a transient view of some of the remains of antiquity, and a statement of the distances of places, with the general bearings of hills or other objects on either side of the way.

With respect to the map, the writer has relied on two kinds of authorities, viz. celestial observations made during nautical surveys of the coast, and the relations of those who have travelled into the interior. Captain Beaufort's survey of the entire southern coast, and of several parts of the coast between Mákri and Smyrna, with the recently published chart of the Black Sea by Captain Gauttier of the French navy, have been Colonel Leake's guides in the principal points of the southern and of the Pontic coast of the peninsula. The French officers of the navy, who accompanied the embassy of Comte Choiseul Gouffier to the Porte in 1784, having surveyed the western coast from the Gulf of Elæa to the mouth of the Hellespont, and their researches having been

been published in the *Voyage Pittoresque de la Grèce*, the exterior geography of the peninsula may be said to be indisputably ascertained in his map by the aid of these authorities. Of the elder travellers, whose routes have contributed to the construction of the map, the author has given a short catalogue, which, to those who are occupied in these studies, will be neither useless nor uninstructive. These are principally Tavernier, Tournefort, Paul Lucas, Otter, and Pococke. We shall insert it in his own words:

'Tavernier informs us, in his introduction, that he began his travels by a visit to England, in the reign of James I.; he died in 1685. Although he crossed Asia Minor several times, in the way to Persia, where his commercial speculations carried him, he has left us nothing more than a very brief description of two caravan routes to Tokát: the one from Constantinople, by Bóli, Tósia, and Amasía; the other from Smyrna, by Kassabá, Allahshehr, Afiom Karahissár, Bulwudún, and across the Salt country to the Kizil-Ermak, which he passed at Kesre Klupri.

'Tournefort traversed Asia Minor only in one direction, from Erzrúm by Tokát to An'gura, from whence he passed a little to the north of Eski-shehr, to Brusa.

'Paul Lucas was sent out in the year 1704, by the same minister of Louis XIV., who employed Tournefort on a similar expedition in the Archipelago, the Black Sea, and Armenia. But, unfortunately for our geographical knowledge of Asia Minor, Lucas's qualifications were very inferior to those of his contemporary; nor does he appear to have been well adapted, by previous study, even for those branches of investigation to which his attention was particularly directed by his employers; namely, the collecting of coins and inscriptions.

'By assuming the medical character, he secured a good reception at several of the provincial towns, and protection from the governors, as far as their authority extended; but the banditti, which at that period infested every part of the country, obliged him always to travel in haste, and often in the night; and he was not qualified to derive as much advantage from journeys made under such circumstances, as a more experienced and more enlightened traveller might have done. He was generally careful in noting the time employed in each stage; but the names of places are often disfigured by his careless mode of writing. His ignorance and credulity made him delight in repeating the absurd tales which the traveller so often hears in these half-civilised countries; at the same time that he omitted the insertion of many useful observations which he could not have failed to make. In some instances he has repeated the fabulous accounts of the natives as if he had himself witnessed them, and has thus rendered himself liable to the suspicion of having wilfully imposed upon his readers. There can be no doubt, however, that his itinerary, abstracted from his narrative, is as correct as he was capable of making it. The geographical results, when connected and compared with those

those of other travellers, are a sufficient proof of this fact; and Lucas, with all his faults, has furnished us with a greater number of routes than any other traveller in Asia Minor. In 1705, he went from Constantinople to Nicomedia, Nicæa, and Brusa; from Brusa to Kutaya, Eski-shehr, An'gura, Kir-shehr, Kesaría; from Kesaría to Nigde, Bor, Erkle, and Kónia; from Kónia to An'gura, Beibazár, Kíwa, Nicomedia, and Constantinople, to which city he returned in February, 1706. In the autumn of the same year, after a long journey in Greece, he set out on a second tour in Asia Minor from Smyrna, travelling by Sardes, to Allah-shehr, Alankiúi, Burdur, Susu, and Adália; from Adália to Susu, Isbarta, Egerder, Serkiserai, and Kónia; from Kónia to Erkle, and over Mount Taurus, by the Pylæ Ciliciæ to A'dana, Tarsus, and thence into Syria. In a third journey in Asia Minor, in the year 1715, Lucas went from Smyrna to Ghiuzel Hissár by Tire; from thence by the valley of the Mæander to Denizlú; and from Denizlú by Burdur to Isbarta, from whence he travelled the same road as before to Kónia. He states also, but without giving any particulars of his route, that he again visited Kesaría; and that, after having returned to Kónia, he once more proceeded by the Pylæ Ciliciæ to A'dana, and into Syria.

'Next to Lucas, Otter is the most useful of the earlier travellers. He was a Swede, sent to Persia by the court of France in 1734. He crossed Asia Minor by the way of Iznimid, Lefke, Inoghi, Eski-shehr, Akshehr, Kónia, Erkle, and A'dana; and returned from Persia by the route of Amasía and Bóli. His narrative is chiefly valuable from his knowledge of the Turkish language, and from his having previously consulted some manuscript works in the Royal Library at Paris, especially that of Ibrahim Effendi, who first established a Turkish press at Constantinople, and whose information seems to accord with that of Hadji Khalfa, and of Abubekr of Damasus.

'Among our own countrymen, Pococke is the only traveller of the last century who has published his route with sufficient precision to be of any use to the geographer; but he has been extremely negligent in noting bearings and distances: his narrative is very obscure and confused; and his journey in Asia Minor is consequently of much less importance than it might have been made by so enlightened, learned, and persevering a traveller. In the year 1740, after visiting a great part of Ionia and Caria, he ascended the valley of the Mæander and its branches to Ishekli and Sándukli, from whence he crossed to Beiad, Sevrihissár, and An'gura. From An'gura he crossed to the northward into the great eastern road from Constantinople, and returned to that capital by the way of Bóli and Nicomedia.'

The more modern travellers who have explored this unfrequented country are Browne, Olivier, and Kinneir: but they have thrown little light comparatively on the antient geography of Asia Minor, which it was one of the chief objects of

of the present map to establish. The uncertainty of this branch of the subject is acknowleged by the author, notwithstanding the ample materials deducible from the antient writers, whom he thus enumerates:

'The authorities upon which our knowledge of the *ancient* geography of Asia Minor is chiefly founded, are the works of Strabo, Ptolemy, Pliny, Stephanus Byzantinus, the curious table or map of roads called the Peutingerian Table, the Antonine and Jerusalem Itineraries, the Synecdemus of Hierocles, and the following historical narratives of some celebrated military expeditions: — 1. The Journal by Xenophon, of the route of Cyrus from Sardes to Celænæ, and from thence to Iconium; and through Lycaonia and part of Cappadocia, and over Mount Taurus to Tarsus. 2. Arrian's History of the Conquest of Asia Minor by Alexander; in which the part more particularly worthy of the geographer's attention is the march from Lycia into Pamphylia and Pisidia, and thence to Gordium in Phrygia, and to Ancyra, and through Cappadocia and the Pylæ Ciliciæ to Tarsus. 3. The History of the Roman Wars in Asia by Polybius, Livy, and Appian; especially the description by Livy of the marches of Cn. Manlius in Phrygia, Pamphylia, and Pisidia, and thence into Gallogræcia, and to Ancyra. 4. The march of the Emperor Alexius Comnenus, from Constantinople to Iconium, in an expedition against the Turks, as related by his daughter Anna Comnena.

'To these may be added, with regard to the southern coast, an anonymous Periplus, entitled "σταδιασμὸς τῆς μεγάλης θαλάσσης," which was extracted from a manuscript in the Royal Library of Madrid, and published in a volume called *Regiæ Bibliothecæ Matritensis Codices Græci MSS.* by the librarian Iriarte, in the year 1769. But the best and most numerous evidences of ancient geography are those which still exist in the country itself, in the ruins of the ancient cities, and in the inscriptions and other monuments which may be found there. When these remains of antiquity shall be thoroughly explored, and the results compared with the geographers, with the itineraries, and with the passages of history just referred to, they will probably lead to a system of Ancient Geography in Asia Minor much more correct than we at present possess. For while we are still ignorant of the exact position of such important points as Gordium, Pessinus, Synnada, Celænæ, Cibyra, Sagalassus, Aspendus, Selge, Antioch of Pisidia and Isaura, it is almost a vain attempt to form any satisfactory system; as the several parts of it must depend so much upon one another, and upon an accurate determination of the principal places.

'After this remark, the reader will not be surprised, upon consulting the map, to find that not only the boundaries of the provinces or districts are indistinctly marked, but that even the names of places, both ancient and modern, are often inserted without the usual note of exact locality.'

Colonel Leake conjectures that Doganlû is the antient Nacoleia. It is situated in a valley bearing the name of Doganlû,

Digala, and is remarkable for a great sculptured rock, which the author, from the little resemblance that it bears to the works of Grecian art, at first supposed to have been Persian: but he afterward abandoned this inference for one much more probable, viz. that it is a relic of the antient Phrygians, one of the independent nations of Asia Minor before the Persian conquest, who made use of an alphabet differing slightly from the Greek, and derived from the same oriental origin. Those who have entered deeply into the most curious of all investigations, the genealogy of languages, will be entertained with a learned note which occurs in this part of the work respecting the obscure subject of the old Etruscan dialect. It is in the first place to be understood that an essential characteristic, which distinguishes the Etruscan from the Greek, is that the former was written from right to left.

"There is nothing, however, very surprising in this peculiarity of the Etruscan. The Greek alphabet, like its oriental prototype, was at first written from right to left, then indifferently either way, then alternately, in the manner called boustrophedon; and, lastly, from left to right. It was imported into Etruria at a period when it was written in the earliest manner; and the Etruscans, by a practice often observable in colonies, seem to have adhered to the custom after it had been altered in the mother-country.

"It can no longer be doubted, from a comparison of the military architecture and other arts of the Etruscans with those of the Greeks, as well as from that of their language and writing, so ably investigated by Lanzi, that the two people had a common origin, or a common source of civilization. This source, in the opinion of the Greeks, was a people called Pelasgi, the last seat of whose prosperity was the country adjacent to the Thessalian Olympus. Driven away from thence about the fifteenth century before the Christian æra, they migrated to Asia, Crete, Epirus, and a part of them to Etruria; where they are said to have been joined, about two centuries afterwards, by a colony from Lydia. We find an evidence of the skill of the Pelasgi in military architecture, in the circumstance of the Athenians having employed some of those who were settled in Attica to fortify the Acropolis; and it is probable that the peculiar style of building exhibited in the walls of many ancient cities, as well in Greece as in Etruria and Italy, and which is the same in all, had its origin in the Pelasgic school. Hellanicus of Lesbos, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, denied that the Etruscans had ever been colonized from Lydia: but in this they were opposed to the general opinion of antiquity, as shown by Herodotus, Strabo, Paterculus, Pliny, Seneca, Plutarch, Appian, Justin, and Tacitus. At the time of the War of Troy, the Pelasgi possessed the fertile plains on the south-eastern side of Mount Ida, and had given the name of the Thessalian Larissa to their chief town. Hom. Il. β. 840. Several other communities in

the surrounding parts of Asia Minor were of Pelasgic origin, and Lydia is said to have received one of their colonies. (Plutarch, in Romulo, Raoul Rochette Hist. des Colonies Grecques.) Etruria, therefore, in its manners, arts, language, and writing, could not have been very much altered by the addition of a Lydian colony, if any such event ever took place. Among the numerous instances of resemblance between the Etruscan and Æolic Greek adduced by Lanzi, I shall mention one only, as it is illustrated by a discovery of my own. ΑΠΛV Aplu, we find, by some of the monuments of Etruria, to have been the Etruscan name for Apollo; and Plato, in a passage of the Cratylus referred to by Lanzi, observes that Ἀπλοῦν or Ἄπλα was the name of the Thessalian Apollo. Between Larissa and Mount Olympus, in the part of Thessaly which, as late as the time of the Roman empire, was called Pelasgiotis, I found two marbles inscribed with dedications to this deity, ΑΠΛΟΤΝΙ. See Lanzi Saggio di Lingua Etrusca, tomo ii. p. 200. 224.; Walpole's Collection of Travels in Turkey, vol. ii. p. 506.; Classical Journal, No. 52.'

Colonel Leake accompanied General Koehler in 1800 from Constantinople to Egypt, through Asia Minor, and the present journal is a memoir of that expedition: but, as the entire object of it was geographical research, it contains little or nothing of description, and presents a nomenclature of places and a computation of distances, which render it merely a book of reference for the use of those who are addicted to similar pursuits. Chapter ii. includes a very elaborate illustration of the antient geography of the central part of Asia Minor, and is dedicated to several obscure and difficult questions respecting the situation of the opulent and celebrated cities of those beautiful provinces. A very curious note occurs at the end of this chapter, in which the learned geographer hazards an hypothesis, that tends to illustrate the mysterious problem of the African Niger.

'The existence of a large district in the interior of Asia Minor, in which the waters do not flow to the sea, and that much larger tract on the frontier of Persia, and Caubul, which is watered by the Elmend (Etymander), terminating in a lake subject to periodical inundations, seem sufficient without other examples to render it probable that a great part of the still larger continent of North Africa may have a physical construction of the same kind, and that its interior may be a system of oases, formed by rivers ending in lakes which vary in size according to the season of the year. The mode in which nature fertilizes low lands in countries so situated as to climate that rain seldom falls, except in the mountains or their vicinity, is exemplified in Egypt; and it is obvious that the same end may be produced, whether the inundating river has a delta and a communication with the sea, or whether it terminates in a lake which overflows large plains around its banks after the

season of rain in the high lands. In some instances, as in the small district of Taka, which is situated in the midst of the Desert, between the Astaboras and the Red Sea, the inundation which descends from the mountains of Abyssinia previous to the season of vegetation, is afterwards totally dried up. (Burckhardt's Nubia, p. 387.) But it more frequently happens that the recipient preserves a part of its water all the year; and this seems to be the condition of the lakes of Fitré and Bornou. From the southern slopes of the African mountains bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, several considerable rivers run southward into the great Desert, which cannot terminate otherwise than in fertilized sands, or lakes, or inundations. The lake Dibbie, or Tybe, which was crossed by Alexander Scott in the course of his captivity, we know from Park to be an inundation derived from the Niger. It is not impossible that the lake of Bornou may originate, in part at least, from the same stream; for as nature generally economizes her means, it is evident that in the case of an interior river, the greatest effect will be produced by the spreading of its waters as its course advances, instead of their being collected into one bed, as occurs in rivers which flow into the sea. In proportion, therefore, as the information of travellers may show the impossibility of a junction of the Niger with the Nile (and Browne and English seem to have furnished the strongest evidence to this effect), it will become more probable that the Niger, by branching and by expanding into lakes and inundations, is the great fertilizing cause throughout the low countries of North Africa which lie just without the reach of the tropical rains. Thus spread out and exposed to the rapid evaporation of an African sun, the Niger may be as large, or perhaps even larger where Park saw it at Sego, than in any subsequent part of its course. In several rivers of Spain, Italy, and particularly of Greece, artificial derivations alone have caused a similar effect; so that the quantity of water in the bed of the river diminishes instead of increases from the foot of the mountains to the sea. Even the Nile carries very little of its water to the sea, except during the inundation; and in ancient times when the Mæris and other smaller lakes were annually filled to a great extent, and when three or four times as much land was watered by the overflowing of the river as in the present day, the quantity of water discharged by the mouths of the Nile must have been still smaller than it is at present.'

The remains of Ephesus are still very considerable, but they have been superficially explored. The temple of Diana, the most celebrated of the Asiatic Greek buildings, is the only one of the great specimens of the Ionic order of which we do not at present possess any particulars: for not a stone has been discovered that can with any precision be ascribed to that edifice, although little doubt exists as to its precise situation. On this subject we extract a note replete with remarks which, we think, are as just as they are ingenious and original.

The

'The total disappearance of such a vast edifice as the temple of Diana Ephesia is to be ascribed to two causes, both arising from its situation. Its position near the sea has facilitated the removal of its materials for the use of new buildings during the long period of Grecian barbarism; while that gradual rising of the soil of the valley, which has not only obstructed the port near the temple, but has created a plain of three miles between it and the sea, has buried all the remains of the temple that may have escaped removal. Enough of these, however, it is probable, still exists beneath the soil to enable the architect to obtain a perfect knowledge of every part of the construction.

'It is remarkable that all the greatest and most costly of the temples of Asia, except one, are built on low and marshy spots: those of Samus, Ephesus, Magnesia, and Sardes, are all so situated. It might be supposed that the Greek architects, having to guard against earthquakes, as against the most cruel enemy of their art, and having ample experience in all the concomitant circumstances of these dreadful convulsions, which are the peculiar scourge of all the finest parts of Asia Minor, were of opinion that a marshy situation offered some security against their effects. But the custom seems rather to be connected with the character of the Ionic order, which is itself associated with that of the Asiatic Greeks. While the massy and majestic Doric was best displayed on a lofty rock, the greater proportional height of the elegant Ionic required a level, surrounded with hills. So sensible were the Greeks of this general principle, that the columns of the Doric temple of Nemea, which is situated in a narrow plain, have proportions not less slender than some examples of the Ionic order. In fact, it was situation that determined the Greeks in all the varieties of their architecture; and, so far from being the slaves of rule, there are no two examples of the Doric, much less of the Ionic, that exactly resemble, either in proportion, construction, or ornament. It must be admitted, however, that the colonies of Italy and Sicily appear to have been less refined in taste; and, like all colonies, to have adhered to ancient models longer than the mother-country.'

The *vexata quæstio* concerning the Troad is revived by Colonel Leake; who is decidedly convinced, with Le Chevalier, that Bunárbashi is the Homeric Ilium. We must close our citations with his arguments for this position.

'As even the identity of the country on the Asiatic side of the entrance of the Hellespontine strait with the scene of the Ilias has been doubted, it may not be useless to premise, that if the war of Troy was a real event, having reference to a real topography (and to doubt it would shake the whole fabric of profane history), no district has yet been shown that will combine even a few of the requisite features of the plain of Troy, except that between Kum-Kalé and Bunárbashi: whereas in that district, and in the surrounding country by land and by water, we find the seas and mountains and islands in the positions which the poet indicates, and many of

them with the same or nearly the same names. The features which do not accord so well with his description are those which are the most liable to change in the lapse of ages, — the course and size of the rivers, and the extent and direction of the low coast where these waters join the sea. Instead of a river with two large branches, which Homer seems to describe, we find on one side of the plain a broad torrent, reduced in the dry season to a slender brook, and a few stagnant pools; and on the other side a small perennial stream, which instead of joining the former is diverted into an artificial channel, and is thus carried to a different part of the coast. But the diminutive size of some of the most celebrated rivers of antiquity is well known to those who have travelled in Greece; and it must be considered that a poet writing of a real scene is obliged to magnify those features, which without exaggeration would be beneath the dignity of his verse. In regard to the course of the streams, it seems sufficient still to find, at the end of three thousand years, two rivers which, if they do not now unite, evidently did so at a former period of time; and for the sources of that stream which Homer describes as rising under the walls of Troy, to find some very remarkable springs, not very different in their peculiarities from the poet's description, and rising at the foot of a commanding height on the edge of the plain.

'For poetry this coincidence appears sufficient; and in regard to the position of Troy itself, it seems enough to find a hill rising above the sources just mentioned, not only agreeing in all particulars with the kind of position which the Greeks usually chose for their towns, but the only situation in this region which will combine all the requisites they sought for; namely, a height overlooking a fertile maritime plain, — situated at a sufficient distance from the sea to be secure from the attacks of pirates, and furnished with a copious and perennial supply of water, — presenting a very strong and healthy position for the city; and for the citadel a hill beyond the reach of bowshot from the neighbouring heights, defended at the back by steep rocks and precipices, surrounded by a deep valley and broad torrent, and backed beyond the river by mountains which supplied timber and fuel. That it was precisely such a situation as the inhabitants of Greece and Asia in remote ages preferred, might be shown by a great variety of examples: and it can hardly be doubted that a person totally unacquainted with the Ilias, but accustomed to observe the positions of ancient Greek towns, would fix on Bunárbashi for the site of the chief place of the surrounding country.

'It is a necessary consequence of placing Troy on the heights to the S.E. of Bunárbashi, that the river flowing from the sources which give that village its name (meaning Spring-head), is the Scamander of Homer: that the large torrent which flows through a deep ravine on the eastern side of the heights, is the Simoeis; and that, notwithstanding the much greater magnitude of the bed of the latter and occasionally of that stream itself, the united river after the junction in the plain was called by the name of the former, Scamander. In support of this opinion, it has been justly observed

observed by Lechevalier, that Homer's description, allowance being made for poetical exaggeration, is correct, both as to the springs themselves, and as to the very different character of the two rivers: nor can it be denied that the two hills, that of Bunárbashi and the higher eminence behind it, correspond to the mention by Homer of Ilium and its citadel Pergamus. The termination of the slope towards the springs accords also with the idea which we receive from the poet of the extent of the city on that side, and of the position of the gate Scææ or Dardaniæ, which was near the sources of the Scamander, and was the principal outlet towards the plain. But if these assumptions are not unreasonable, it cannot be denied, on the other hand, that in attempting to identify such objects as the tombs of Ilus, Myrinna, and Æsyetes, Lechevalier has exposed himself to reasonable objections from his opponents, and has rather injured than strengthened his cause. For it is not certain that all the monuments mentioned by Homer were tumuli; and it is very possible that if they were, several of them have been obliterated by time. Nothing can be more likely than that the real history of the monuments should have been forgotten in the interval between the destruction of Troy and the foundation of New Ilium, and that names should have been ascribed to them by the inhabitants of the latter place suited to their own system of Trojan topography, and favourable to the pretensions which they held, that their city stood upon the ancient site. With regard to the existing barrows, it seems incontrovertible only that those which stand in conspicuous situations on either side of the mouth of the Scamander are the tumuli supposed in the time of the Romans, and probably with reason, to have been the sepulchres of Ajax, Achilles, and some other chieftains; and these monuments are so far important, as they prove the identity of the plain of the Mendere with the scene of the Ilias.'

We cannot forbear to remark that a site which was unknown 2000 years ago is not likely to be ever satisfactorily determined: but, in reply to this observation, it is here justly urged that not one of the antient authors who have written on the Troas, except Homer, was half so well acquainted with its locality as the modern travellers who have explored it; and that not one antient writer understood its topography with an accuracy approaching that of the surveys which have been recently made of it. We must be allowed to hint, however, that if, in spite of so many accurate topographical delineations, the question is still undetermined, it would be the most visionary of all speculations to look for a satisfactory decision of the controversy.

Among the additional illustrations at the end of the volume, is a very interesting architectural notice of the antient Greek theatre, which we lament that we cannot insert. Several inscriptions, also, are published for the first time in this edition of the memoir, which are well explained, and we

doubt not have been as accurately copied as the hurry of the journey and other impediments would permit. On this point, however, ample gleanings are still left for future travellers.

ART. XII. *Memoirs of the Public and Private Life of John Howard, the Philanthropist;* compiled from his own Diary, in the Possession of his Family; his confidential Letters; the Communications of his surviving Relatives and Friends; and other authentic Sources of Information. By James Baldwin Brown, Esq. LL. D., of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. Second Edition. 8vo. 15*s.* Boards. Underwood. 1823.

THE first edition of these Memoirs, in a quarto volume, appeared about six years ago, but, from some circumstances, was not reported in our pages. It was with feelings of gratification, however, that we received a new impression of them, in a more commodious form; assuring us, as it does, of the high degree of interest which continues to be attached to a subject every way so momentous, and so important to the cause of humanity. This cause was left as a legacy by the excellent Howard to his countrymen; a few of whom have since proved themselves not unworthy of the great and ennobling trust, by pursuing his footsteps even at a humble distance, and gradually advancing in the same career with his *labors of love.* "To my country I commit the result of my past labours," said the great philanthropist, before he departed on his last journey to the North of Europe; and these labors have been duly appreciated, have been crowned with a rich "harvest of good," and continue daily to enlarge their beneficent influence, not merely in our own but in other lands. From the southern shores of America to the northern plains of Tartary, — in the new world as in the old, — from east to west, — the same glorious impulse has been given; and a more humane spirit, a feeling of Christian brotherhood, has been acknowleged, which, increasing with purer views of religion, and fostered by a few illustrious examples, is gradually improving the condition and meliorating the laws and institutions of almost every state.

In many instances, doubtless, this spirit has been checked, or has even been subdued for a season: but the united energies of education, and the diffusion of knowlege and true religion, are in their very nature irresistible, and must ultimately triumph, like Christianity itself, by the mere force of reason and kind feeling over the prejudices and callousness of mankind. It was this humanity which first inspired the breast of Howard;

Howard; which emboldened and sustained him in his glorious task; which achieved such undertakings — such wonders — in one man; and which rendered him the founder of a new system, that must eventually abolish the remains of judicial torture and punishment which are still permitted to disgrace the legal records of the age.

His, therefore, at no distant period, will be the praise of having converted the living tombs and dungeons of the poor, the unfortunate, the erring, and the guilty, into reformatory schools and penitentiaries, for reclaiming the lost and abandoned of the human species; and that, in addition to his own great individual exertions, he is farther intitled to the honor of having first given importance to plans of improved prison-discipline and reform, sufficiently appears from the fact of his having subscribed his name for the sum of 500*l.* towards the formation of a society for such specific purpose: as well as from his having accepted the office of inspector of some proposed buildings adapted to such an object. He is so far, then, to be considered as the real author of the numerous societies of this nature recently established, both here and in America; if not of the milder portion of the doctrines by which they are actuated: *both* of which, however, we are disposed to maintain, though aware that an impression to his disadvantage has gone forth respecting the latter. This impression arises from the idea — for it is merely an idea — of his having proposed separate apartments for the prisoners with the view of introducing solitary confinement, which has therefore in many instances been injudiciously enforced; whereas it was evidently his object only to secure separate dormitories, and to apply to the other plan only as a resource in very extreme cases. Indeed, this is apparent from the general tenor of the whole of his observations, not less than from particular instances in his life and conduct very minutely exhibited to view in the work before us; while it might be farther illustrated by his well known admiration of the noble inscription placed by Pope Clement XI. over the Hospital of San Michele for the reception of orphan and destitute boys: "*Parum est coercere improbos pœnâ, nisi probos efficias disciplinâ.*" (It is of little advantage to restrain the bad by punishment, unless you render them good by discipline.)

Now it must be owned that there is much of real punishment, and but little of moral discipline, in the state of solitary confinement; and, therefore, it is next to impossible that it should have found an advocate in one whose avowed object was to *restore* the unhappy captive to the blessings of social life; — not to plunge him into still more terrific gloom, in the pre-

cincts of a solitary cell. This charge, then, we must conclude to be as unfounded as another of a not less serious nature, which accuses him of having shewn an undue degree of severity towards both his wives, and his only child: while every thing that can possibly be drawn from facts, from words, and from inference, tends to establish that he was uniformly as kind and generous in his private relations as in his public life and works. We must add, that not the least excellent features in the system pursued by Mr. Howard appear to have been, like the religious source from which it was derived, its total freedom from every interested or worldly motive; its absence from all party or political feeling; and its perfect purity, single mindedness, and devotedness of object. It is doubtless this unity of motive and of action which has already so far consecrated his name, and kept alive the spirit by which he was actuated; and which, we would trust, is destined never again to be quenched, until it has fully succeeded in establishing those principles of humanity and mercy which his whole life and doctrine were evidently intended to inculcate.

Hence we would now also take occasion, from the mildness and moderation of his views, which are every where too apparent to be mistaken throughout the present work, to caution the friends of prison-discipline and reform against any reference to the character of Howard, his professions, or his principles, for any example of severity in the farther adoption of their measures, and in the reformatory treatment of the prisoners submitted to their control. It appears to us that, in so doing, there are societies both here and in America, which, judging from the detail of their late proceedings, must have failed in rightly interpreting the motives of their great founder, in appreciating their true spirit and benevolence, and in rating at its just value the great object of his labors; viz. the alleviation of human misery. Let us ask whether, in the alterations introduced into our prisons by the exercise of tread-wheels, this last object has been uniformly consulted, in such a way as to lessen that aggregate of human misery which it was his chief pleasure in life to relieve; — whether such alterations have always been made in a spirit consonant to his avowed doctrine and wishes; — and whether the deprivation of food, the wretchedness, the toil, and the solitude, the efficacy of which was lately asserted in some of our modern establishments, ever entered into his ideas of prison-discipline? His words must surely have been misunderstood, and his views misinterpreted; for, as far as we have been enabled to learn from the sentiments of his surviving friends, from his published documents, from the tenor of his whole life and conduct, and

and from his own reflections amid the scenes which he visited, we feel justified in concluding that the infliction of corporeal punishments and privations, and of cruel and compulsory labor, amounting to actual torture, never formed a part of his reformatory creed. Indeed, he himself explicitly disavowed the least intention of countenancing severity of treatment, by his observations on solitary confinement, in his second publication on the State of our Prisons; where he recommended, on the contrary, a mild and generous treatment, founded on the basis of moral discipline, in preference to the cruel and degrading methods then adopted, which tended rather to debase and harden than to improve or soften the heart and feelings of offenders.

How, then, is it possible that any society for the improvement of prison-discipline, either here or abroad, can imagine that *some* of the measures lately adopted (and which we are sorry to find still recommended in their "Reports") would have met with the sanction and concurrence of Mr. Howard, in whose footsteps they believe they tread, and on whose principles they flatter themselves they are acting, while they still cling to some of the worst prejudices which he would eagerly have striven to remove? Though we are among the foremost to honor and appreciate their motives, we cannot remain blind to the erroneous views by which, in some instances, they appear to have been actuated: — we cannot approve the adoption of useless and expensive machines, to weary, to irritate, and to annoy the *limbs*, without rewarding the *exertions*, of the laborer: nor advocate solitary confinement, on account of the horror and despair which it is said to create in the mind of its victim. Yet do we not still hear of the *efficacy* of these plans, on the plea of the aversion and dread which they are calculated to inspire; and also of the *efficacy* of public example? — as if the degradation, the callousness, and the reckless wretchedness of mind which they are known to produce, were likely to prove any safeguard from the repetition of future offences. Do they appeal to the heart, improve the disposition, give renewed habits, or increase the chances and capacity for earning a subsistence, in the objects on whom they are inflicted? Do they, moreover, embrace any portion of the philanthropic system of a Howard; or would he not, on the contrary, have joined with us in pronouncing them dangerous and ill-judged innovations on the reformatory plans already commenced: — expedients too often adopted in an arbitrary manner, and ingenious substitutes for instruments of keener torture and oppression, which the *measured* humanity of the present age has consented

sented to abolish? Would he have viewed without grief and indignation such an exhibition as some of our prisons at this time afford, of women and young boys employed in the endless, wearying, and degrading occupation of working round a mill, with their feet every other instant slipping from under them, and not unfrequently bruised or bleeding; a fact now established by medical testimony? Would he have visited the solitary cells of other prisoners, such as are to be found within the precincts of New York and Philadelphia, without still stronger feelings? Would he have sanctioned, as a system, measures which were never intended to be employed except in cases of extreme necessity? Would he have continued, at this more enlightened period, to unite his voice with that of our societies for prison-discipline, in supporting the old and mistaken principles of deterring from crime by the force of example; (an idea which first introduced every species of torture into the world;) and by exciting feelings of degradation, disgust, and terror, in the compulsory exposure of prisoners chained to their tread-wheels, instead of employing them in useful occupations, to which they might be gradually accustomed, and which, accompanied by proper moral discipline, might furnish them with means of subsistence when again turned on the world?

In short, let us seriously ask ourselves whether a Howard would not naturally have expected, ere this, to find our receptacles for offenders against the laws assuming somewhat more of the aspect and character of correctional schools, under the patronage and encouragement of the great, and the judicious control of committees of directors; combined with the advantages to be derived from a spirit of emulation and monitorial jurisdiction, established (as in our new system of schools) among the prisoners themselves? This last principle might be far more universally applied than it has yet been, and with much more important results; viz. to the whole of the wretched inmates, of whatever sex or age, now for the greatest part remaining useless or misemployed within the cells and court-yards of our prisons; and its success on a small scale, under the auspices of our excellent countrywomen, both in penitentiaries and in prisons, over the female portion of the inhabitants, is sufficient to authorize a belief in its general efficacy, were it reduced to a more regulated and prevalent system. It has at least been ascertained that the common principles of our nature, the sense and the love of what is right and just, and the instinctive kindness and gratitude towards those who devote themselves to our welfare and reformation, are not so entirely extinguished in the

bosom of offenders as to forbid the hope of a restoration to virtue, to self-respect, and to society. It has been shewn that moral discipline, combined with an exaction of the common labor and duties of civil life, without any accompanying badge of infamy or punishment, is sufficient to awaken in them feelings of sorrow and remorse; to induce new habits of industry, decency, and forbearance; and to lay the surest and best foundation for their own future respectability, and the safety of others. We are therefore firmly persuaded that it will not be very long before the inefficacy of the present mistaken system, in some points, must after so many trials be admitted, from the fact of the daily growing amount of offences; and then we shall behold the adoption of more humane and judicious methods, better in unison with reason and justice, and with those precepts of Christian love and duty which were exemplified in the life and doctrine of Howard.

Thus far we have conceived it to be our duty, while engaged on this subject, to raise our voice against such an abuse of the reformatory principles assumed by the Society for the Improvement of Prison-discipline, as the cruel, disgraceful, and unnecessary infliction of the Tread-wheel. We are not by any means singular in this opinion, and daily become less so: for although among the *foremost* we have not been the *first* to adopt it, after a long and careful observation of the injurious effects, moral and physical, which result from the repeated exercise of the tread-wheel, on the minds and bodies of the sufferers. Among the inquiries and discussions which have lately taken place, several medical opinions have been elicited, nearly the whole of which are hostile to its continuance: a fact which we should hope, in common justice and humanity, will arrest its farther progress, and lead to its final abandonment. Satisfied with having entered with these our own protest, we forbear to press a question which has already encroached on our more immediate duty, intimately blended as it is with the general merits of the subject before us. At last, however, "Ixion rests upon his wheel;" and we turn, with pleasure, to the very full and particular labors of Mr. Brown: scarcely less arduous, we should think from their voluminous aspect, than a course of wheel-discipline, though incomparably happier and more advantageous, we trust, in their results. We are seriously of opinion that, detailed and "lengthy" as they are, — somewhat heavy in matter and arrangement, and heavier in point of style, — such labors were really wanted, in justice not less to the memory of him whom they celebrate than

than to the cause for which he devoted his existence. With some few exceptions, the author appears to have been far from deficient in the chief requisites for so high a task. In good sense and good feeling, in solidity and strength of reasoning, in compass of information and of research, he is fully equal to the duty which he undertook; though he seems not to have been sufficiently ambitious of displaying them to advantage, in the polish and elegance of his diction. We cannot speak so favorably of the degree of judgment and delicacy with which he has treated some of the more difficult points arising out of his subject, connected with the private and religious feelings of our great philanthropist. These, we think, he has brought too peculiarly and minutely into view; and, though he may have clearly and satisfactorily made *out his case*, we question the use and propriety of insisting so strongly on Mr. Howard's peculiar religious tenets, — on his private moments and his prayers, — and on the retirement and sanctitude of his spirit in those bursts of sorrow and devotion, which are too frequently and familiarly introduced. We cannot but apprehend that the author has sometimes carried all this to an indiscreet excess, and much beyond what was necessary to have shewn him in the light of a moderate Calvinist. We do not mean that the biographer should have been *silent* on these *peculiar opinions*, but that he might have shewn less anxiety in dwelling on them, in attaching the name and memory of Howard to a religious party, and in blending them with his general subject; — a question of high and paramount importance regarding the melioration of the most unhappy portion of the human species.

While we lament that Mr. Brown has so far given way to his own particular views, in which the followers of other doctrines cannot be supposed to participate, it is but due to him to observe that he has no where stretched the religious sentiments of Howard beyond the meaning which they appear to convey; that he has shewn no warmth or illiberality; and that, however we may occasionally question his judgment, his motives and feelings are uniformly good. We have nothing, therefore, to allege against the general spirit in which the work is written: for its sectarianism is neither captious nor violent; and its entire views and sentiments are invariably on the side of humanity and truth. The ability also which it displays is always at least respectable; though we sometimes wish that it had been a little more severely applied in condensing the materials, rather than in pursuing points of minor importance into an irksome detail. We cannot but think, when we contemplate the modest and unobtrusive

obtrusive character of Howard, that the author has been injudiciously free in so repeatedly recurring to the private moments, the secret prayers, and all the complaints and aspirations of a spirit that would have shrunk from the gaze of the world. It is a common remark that, among the many penalties which fate imposes on men whose lot it has been to be ranked among "the great ones of the earth," the most serious of all must be an injudicious biographer. While we live, we can contradict the mistakes which weakness or misrepresentation are apt to promulgate: but, once consigned to dust, we are at the mercy of every person who may seek to make use of our unhappy names for the accomplishment of his own particular and limited views. Our private desks and cabinets are taken as it were by storm; our literary remains are mangled without remorse; our letters are on all sides ransacked; every small slip of paper on which a passing sentiment has been traced, — sentences that have been written in the privacy of the deepest retreat, carefully secluded by their author from every eye but his own, and recorded only as passing thoughts, — are all to be held up to the idle gaze of the world, exhibiting us in motley color, half truth and half falsehood, as it may happen.

We doubt not that Mr. B. would unite with us in reprobating practices like these; and we feel assured that, actuated himself only by the purest motives, he would agree that such wilful intrusions and such breaches of trust, as it were, with the deceased, are deserving of the strongest censure: not only on account of the want of decorum which they discover, but because they must inevitably lead to the destruction by their authors of many valuable compositions, which their well-founded fear of future biographers may induce them to commit to the flames. A false and ridiculous regard also to the *littlenesses* of the *great* is too often evinced, which has been justly censured in the correspondence between Pope and Swift; and had the author before us perused that correspondence, it might have spared him some portion of the pains which he has taken in accumulating the too minute and prolix details, into which he has occasionally entered on minor points. An idea of this excess may be formed from his own words, when he is speaking of his friendly reception on paying a visit to the interesting scene of his inquiries, 'in order to glean every little incident in the domestic history, every trifling peculiarity in the habits, manners, and character of the illustrious subject of his biography, which might have escaped the notice of his fair fellow-labourer in this interesting field of inquiry.' (Preface, p. 18.)

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Independently of this objection, the work certainly abounds with much more full and complete information on a variety of topics, connected with the very extended and successful inquiries of Howard, than any of the biographical accounts which have preceded it; and, indeed, with the exceptions which we have mentioned, it may be said to be the only tribute completely worthy of his memory which has yet been produced. The life by Dr. Aikin was far too confined and limited in its objects, excellent as in other respects it undoubtedly is; and the biography by an anonymous writer, together with many others which appeared soon afterward, are quite undeserving of mention. Even some of the most liberal and disinterested friends of Howard must unite with us in thinking that, on the whole, he could not have well met with a more warmly attached, able, and impartial historian than Mr. Brown; — such an one as he himself would most probably have approved, — of congenial views and sentiments, — and imbued with a spirit of toleration and humanity which reflects the highest credit on his character, attached as he is said to be to a sect of somewhat peculiar and exclusive principles. Mr. B., therefore, was for the most part correct in his opinion, that sufficient justice had not before been done to the character and exertions of Britain's great philanthropist; and we are indebted to him for supplying such a deficiency, with the full and satisfactory narration of his truly glorious career, his thousand deeds of charity and love. As a copious abstract, however, of the former accounts of his life, containing the various incidents and results of his different journies, is to be found in the eighth volume of our New Series, our closing inquiries will be directed chiefly to the manner in which his biographer has fulfilled other parts of his duty. One of his objects, in which he has fully succeeded by fair and liberal argument, and just inferences, was to prove (as we have said) that Mr. Howard was at least a moderate Calvinist; that he possessed highly wrought religious feelings, with which most of his actions were strongly tinctured; and that he was not without his peculiarities.

If any persons, however, should be led to infer that on these peculiar tenets Mr. B. has proceeded to erect a fair temple in honor of Calvinism, and that he has attributed the entire excellence of this great man, with all the value of his deeds, to the powerful workings of a sectarian spirit, we must say that such is not the case: though, at the same time, it was not likely that the author would on these points coincide with Howard's former biographers, especially with his excellent and enlightened friend the late Dr. Aikin. Thus we perceive

ceive that he has entered somewhat injudiciously into a sort of discussion of Dr. A.'s sentiments on the religious tenets of his friend, as contained in the ensuing remarks:

"As Mr. H.," says the Doctor, "was so eminently a religious character, it may be expected that somewhat more should be said of the peculiar tenets which he adopted. But besides that this was a topic which did not enter into our conversations, I confess I do not perceive how his general plan of conduct was likely to be influenced by any peculiarity of that kind. The principle of religious duty which is nearly the same in all systems, and differs rather in strength than in kind in different persons, is surely sufficient to account for all that he did and underwent in promoting the good of mankind by modes which Providence seemed to place before him."

This open and clear avowal that Mr. Howard was actuated by a sense of religious duty, in all that he undertook, might have been enough to conciliate the author before us, without his deeming it necessary to call for any farther admissions on the part of his biographical predecessor. Yet, not quite fairly interpreting that writer's language, which merely throws a doubt on the *peculiarity* of doctrine, while it clearly describes Howard's eminent piety, Mr. Brown's too great anxiety for raising trifles into importance leads him to these remarks, as if desirous of combating with a shadow:

"Without feeling myself called upon to controvert a position which seems to place the disciples of Christ, of Mahomed, and of Brahma upon the same level, as to the benevolent actions which the principles of their religion may lead them to perform, and can therefore know no difference between the Christian martyr sacrificing his life, rather than give up an article of the faith once delivered to the *saints*, and the self-devoted victim of the impure and merciless Jaghernaut, as to the principle by which they are actuated, I think it sufficient to say that the letters and papers of Mr. Howard do most unequivocally prove that he was influenced in all he did, in every part of his conduct both in public and private life, by some of the peculiar tenets he had adopted;—though in these tenets the doctrine of predestination, which some of his biographers have asserted to have had so unhappy an influence upon his conduct, holds no very prominent, and certainly far from a dangerous place. But in making this remark I wish to be distinctly understood as giving no opinion whatever upon the question whether a person who not only did not hold one of the tenets peculiar to the Calvinists,—the body of Christians to which as it respects doctrine Mr. Howard belonged,—but who even openly oppugned some of the most essential articles of their faith, might not have devoted himself to the cause of humanity with as much zeal and precisely in the same manner as he did; but I must maintain, and the documents I shall hereafter produce will bear

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me out in the assertion, that the motives that would actuate such a man, — whether more natural or less scriptural is not the question here to be decided, — would in many respects have differed most essentially from those upon which Howard acted, and by which he himself avers that he was supported through his great and most laborious undertaking.' (P. 65.)

Now, besides the superfluous waste of words to disprove something which the Doctor appears never to have advanced, a degree of obscurity and mysticism prevails in the style and sentiments of the above passage, not like Mr. B.'s usual force and clearness of argument, and not corresponding with the liberal spirit and enlarged principles of other portions of the work. With the same religious views, he has likewise given us too frequent and voluminous extracts from hitherto unpublished papers, the whole of which are intended to satisfy his readers of the indisputable evidence of Mr. Howard's Calvinism. — These devotional effusions, moreover, appear to have been produced in those moments of that amiable man's life, when, added to his strong natural piety and firm Christian principles, his mind was worn down with fatigue and suffering, sickened with the contemplation of human misery, eager to pour forth its weakness and its trust in the most impassioned language, and, resting its sorrows on the Rock of Ages, looked up to Heaven for fresh strength and consolation to pursue the glorious task which Providence seemed to have assigned to him. His prayers are, at once, the sacrifice of a finely strung and sensitive heart, and the free but sacred breathings of a wounded spirit: produced by the early disappointment of his dearest affections in the loss of his second wife, and the mental aberration of an only son. We think that they are not the sort of materials that should have been blended in the body of the present work, and made the subject of a running comment, of which the following remarks will afford one among many instances:

'Throughout this extract,' says Mr. B., 'from his *private* reflections and most *secret* meditations, this faithful and invaluable record of every disposition of his mind, and every emotion of his heart, we cannot fail to trace that habitual sacrifice of his pleasures to his duties, of his own comfort and gratification to the comfort and gratification of others, which afterwards became the chief impetus in forming, and the ruling principle of his life in carrying into execution, that boundless plan of benevolence for the relief of the most destitute and the most abandoned of his fellow-creatures; which has deservedly procured for this extraordinary man so distinguished a place in the list of the benefactors of mankind.'

Mr. B. then proceeds to state:

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'We next behold him most cheerfully sacrificing the delight which the contemplation of all that is most sublime in nature and most curious in art must have afforded to a taste so cultivated, and a heart so formed for the enjoyment of the beauty and grandeur of the creation, as were his, because it could not be purchased but by the loss of the religious privileges to which he had been accustomed; and especially of that he most of all delighted in, the going up with his family and Christian friends to worship God in his sanctuary, according to the dictates of his conscience, no man daring to say him nay.'

We are willing to believe that, in these last observations, the author's expression, 'by the loss of religious privileges,' alludes to Mr. H.'s *absence* amid foreign scenes of nature and of art, rather than intimates that he would have forfeited such privileges by indulging his admiration of those scenes: — a supposition, indeed, by no means warranted by the liberality of Mr. Brown's general views.

With the exception, then, of such faults as we have mentioned, the work before us has many fresh claims to notice, in addition to the accounts already extant. It enters very fully into a consideration of the motives and plans, the extent of the inquiries, and the good works, accomplished by the illustrious subject of its pages; and it is clearly and well arranged: though we can scarcely excuse the author's neglect in not having completed such arrangement by the addition of a copious index, and the more frequent use of dates to mark the particular progress and succession of the journies and labors which he recounts.

In conclusion, we have only to observe that it is impossible to behold without feelings of satisfaction this new impression of the Life of Howard, were it only as an earnest of the daily increasing importance attached to his labors in the cause of alleviating human misery, wherever it was to be found, either within or without the walls of a prison. His, indeed, is a character which cannot be too frequently held up to the admiration and example of the world; and we believe that it has done more towards introducing a practical Christian spirit into these realms, and into the various charitable societies now established in the world, than all the volumes of good theology or of elegant sermons that ever were written. *His* acts, indeed, bespoke none of the Calvinistic disregard of *good works*: — *he* had nothing of the *cant* of religion: — *his* piety was of the heart and spirit, known only "by its fruits," and in the exemplification of the precepts of his Divine Master. Before his time, too general a feeling of *abhorrence* prevailed among mankind for the crimes and errors of their fellow-creatures: they conceived it to be their duty only to punish

and to torture, — to detest and to shun the offender at the very time when their compassionate feelings and exertions were most required to reclaim him. They were too apt to imagine that every sin was past redemption, regardless of the Christian dispensation of forgiveness and repentance; not considering that severe and unequal punishments rather confirm the prisoner in his violence and hatred against society, than win him back to the paths of virtue and peace. It was in this point that the mind and actions of Howard shone with angelic splendor: for, excellent as he was, and "pure in heart," no comparisons ever found place in his breast between his own uprightness and the abasement of his suffering brother. He stretched forth the aid of his hand, and imparted the consolations of his own bosom, to those who were supposed to have the least claim to them, — the erring, the destitute, and the guilty. Such truly Christian feelings and principles will, ere long, we trust, be more widely diffused and brought into action than they have yet been: for we are persuaded that a just and generous confidence in them would tend more to the prevention of crime and misery, than the severest denunciations which cruelty can invent, or power carry into execution. It is to be hoped that we are at length beginning to perceive that man is a rational creature; and that he possesses faculties which, however depraved by vice and error, are yet susceptible of being influenced through another and a better medium than the chain and the scourge. We may consider it as one of the most deserving claims which the name of Howard can make on the lasting gratitude of his race, that by his exertions, and his "faithful witness," we were first taught to examine with more humane accuracy into the true distinction between the pride of virtue and the misery of guilt.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

For AUGUST, 1824.

POETRY.

Art. 13. *Tears for Pity.* By William Barrett Marshall. 8vo. pp. 162. 10*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Cadell. 1824.

We have perused this volume with interest, for it displays talent and information, though not combined with so high a degree of poetic merit as we could have wished to discern; and though its author suffers too much singularity and quaintness to characterize his manner of treating his subjects, whatever occasional merit his effusions may possess. He has evidently formed himself on the

the model of the late unhappy poet Keats, whom he resembles not in his genius and powers so much as in other and more unfortunate points of resemblance. Like him belonging to the medical profession, and destitute of resources, he appears to have imbibed a passion for polite literature and poetry, without the common means and conveniences of indulging it. He promises, however, to devote himself hereafter to his professional duties alone; and under this condition we heartily advise his medical brethren and others to lend him their aid, by purchasing liberally the present specimens of his compositions. Indeed, we think that no person of any wealth, or any degree of feeling, of whatever profession, could be proof against the perusal of the author's statements in his preface: 'Tears for Pity' truly constituting the entire work.

'His professional engagements,' he says, 'must henceforth employ his whole mind: his professional fortunes apparently doom him to a temporary exile from his native land. He has studied much, long, and perseveringly; prosecuted the pursuit of knowledge without assistance, and without advice: a limited income, and checquered destinies, have frustrated in part the endeavours of his beloved parents; and while his father was wasting for him, health, strength, and activity, in the burning climate of India, the writer conceived himself justified in setting his shoulder to the wheel; and while it was probable that death might terminate the labour of one parent, thereby lessening the income of the other, to raise a fund for the completion of his studies, and without a patron to claim the patronage of public support. If he have failed, he has failed in a good cause; if he have succeeded, the success will be his reward; in either case, he is not ashamed of thus candidly explaining his motive for publishing the productions of his youth, in all their greenness, and in all their immaturity, reckless of the blight, and callous to the blow, of the assassin or the ruffian; assured of the approbation of every amiable, and the applause of every feeling, mind.'

Art. 14. *Poetic Vigils*. By Bernard Barton. 12mo. pp. 303. 8*s*. Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1824.

There is at all events one advantage in the multitude of our modern poets, viz. that we enjoy a power of choice and selection which ought to satisfy every reader, however fastidious be his humor. If his taste lead him to lofty and imaginative themes, let him seek Lord Byron.—Is he lyrical? Campbell shall content him.—Does he love the romantic? Sir Walter Scott must be his bard.—Have the contemplative and the metaphysical any charms for him? Wordsworth is his author.—To those who delight in the happy delineation of the domestic affections, and all the warmer but calmer feelings of the heart, we recommend the verses of Mr. Barton. Were we compelled to define the peculiar characteristic of his poetry, we should term it "the poetry of the affections;" and, to describe it negatively, we should say that it possesses none of the ardent and splendid imagination which burns through the writings of Lord Byron; none of the high lyrical power which gives such grace and dignity to the verse of

Campbell; none of the rich narrative of Sir Walter Scott's style; nor any of the mystical obscurity of Wordsworth. It is the simple and pleasing effusion of a warm and poetical heart, poured out in verse eminently suited to the expression of tender feelings; — lucid, correct, and harmonious. At some times, poetry like this possesses greater charms than loftier and nobler compositions; as in music we occasionally prefer a simple and touching air to the most elaborate efforts of the great masters. A relish for this species of poetry seems to argue the existence of natural and unsophisticated feelings, and it is always with real satisfaction that we find ourselves capable of enjoying it. Among modern poets, Burns is certainly most distinguished for the amiable and admirable quality to which we have adverted; and no one can read his poetry without finding all his most generous and kindly feelings excited.

In the writings of the poets of this class, we frequently perceive a tone of melancholy sentiment which throws great tenderness and beauty over their verse. The temperament of genius is never marked by unclouded cheerfulness, and the darker and more painful moments of a poet's life are perhaps the most favorable to inspiration. Much of this melancholy feeling appears in the following simple but touching lines by Mr. Barton, which remind us strongly of Mr. Montgomery's style:

'THE POET'S LOT.

'Askest thou what it is to be
A Poet? — I will tell thee what;
And show the thoughtless world, and thee,
His weary lot.

'It is to sacrifice each good
That Fortune's favour'd minions share,
And in unheeded solitude
Her frowns to bear.

'It is to nourish hopes that cheat;
Which, when he felt them first beat high,
Appear'd so humble, blameless, sweet,
They could not die.

'It is to feel foreboding fears, —
Then fancy them unfounded too, —
And last, with pangs too deep for tears,
To own them true!

'It is to cherish in the heart
Feelings the warmest, kindest, best; —
To wish their essence to impart
To *every* breast; —

'And then, awaking from such dream,
With anguish not to be controll'd,
To find that hearts which warmest seem
Are icy cold!

'Tis

'Tis like the pelican to feed
Others from his warm breast; but own,
Unlike that bird — the Bard may bleed,
Unthank'd, unknown.

It is to pamper vicious taste,
By spurning Virtue's strict control;
Then be with Fame and Riches graced,
And lose his soul!

Or while his humble verse defends
Her cause, her loveliness portrays;
To win from her apparent friends
Cold, cautious praise.

It is a thorny path to tread,
By Care, by Sorrow overcast;
With but one thought its balm to shed, —
"*This cannot last!*"

For soon that thorny path is trod;
From Man he has no more to crave; —
Grant him thy mercy, gracious God!
Thou, Earth! — a grave!'

A considerable similitude indeed prevails between the poetry of Mr. Barton and that of Mr. Montgomery, both in the simplicity of style and in the strong tone of religious feeling; and, in some pleasing lines in the present volume addressed to Mr. Montgomery, the author seems to be conscious of such a resemblance.

'Thus have I listen'd unto thine,
Dear friend! — enough for me,
If, in my artless, lowly line,
I may resemble thee: —
Not as an echo, which repeats,
Unconsciously, each sound that greets
Its own mechanic ear, —
But in that kindred soul, and sense,
Whose meek and holy influence
The wise and good revere.'

We shall only farther quote 'A Poet's Thanks,' which we consider as the most pleasing composition in this very agreeable volume.

'Nay! let not sorrow cloud thy brow,
Nor thus in thought repine,
Because thou see'st my vigour bow,
My drooping health decline;
This heart is yet in love unchill'd,
My spirit is as free,
My feelings still as fondly thrill'd,
Whene'er I turn to thee.

I know, although thou speak'st them not,
The thoughts which fill thy mind;
Thou think'st thy minstrel's earthly lot
Unworthily assign'd:

Could wish of thine that lot dictate,
Much brighter it would be;
Yet far from cheerless is his fate
Who finds a friend like thee.

'I own I should rejoice to share
What poorest peasants do:
To breathe heaven's heart-reviving air,
And hail its vault of blue;
To see great nature's soul awake
In flow'ret, bush, and tree,
And childhood's early joys partake
In quiet haunts with thee.

'Yet more, far more, 't would soothe my soul
With thee, dear friend, to stray
Where Ocean's murmuring billows roll
In some secluded bay;
The silent cliffs, the speaking main,
The breezes blowing free,
These could not look, speak, breathe in vain,
If felt and shared with thee.

'But though such luxuries as these
Remain to us unknown,
We from our scanty store may seize
Some joys of tend'rest tone:—
Proudest Prosperity had brought
No purer bliss to me,
Than bleak Adversity has caught
In darkest hours from thee.

'Had fortune on our prospects smil'd,
And sunshine round us flung,
Had flowers alone our path beguil'd,
Where many a thorn has sprung,—
That thornless path, those sun-bright skies,
Though lovely they might be,
Could ne'er have taught my heart to prize
What most I prize in thee.

'The bird whose soft and plaintive song
Is heard alone at night,
Whose note outvies the warbling throng
That hail day's garish light,—
The flower that spreads in wilds remote
Its blossom to the bee,—
These, these, the touching charms denote
Which I discern in thee.

'Thy voice in care, in grief, in pain,
Has been to me as dear
As nature owns that night-bird's strain
In watches dark and drear;
What to the bee that flow'ret's bloom,
Or sunlight to the sea,—
All this and more, in hours of gloom,
Have I oft found in thee.

'While

'While some, as every joy decreas'd,
Their sympathy denied,
Or like *the Levite* and *the priest*,
Pass'd on the other side;
My cares *thou* didst not coldly scan,
Nor from my sorrows flee;
The kind, the good Samaritan,
Was still a type of thee.

'Though I may darkly pass away,
As in the noon of life,
And sink, by premature decay,
From being's feverish strife;
Yet thou, at least, hast been a friend,
A noble friend to me,
Nor with my mortal life can end
The tribute due to thee.

'Believe it not! the love that gives
To life its truest zest,
The warm affection that outlives
The sunshine of the breast;—
These, these are boons surpassing far,
What bends the worldling's knee;
These, which the world can never mar,
I owe, dear friend, to thee.

'And should some fragments of my song,
Which thy applause endears,
Borne on the stream of time along,
Survive to distant years;
May such around thy cherish'd name
A fadeless garland be,
And with the poet's purest fame
Be twined his love for thee.'

We ought to observe that these 'Poetic Vigils' consist altogether of short miscellaneous pieces; a kind of composition much more suited to Mr. Barton's muse than longer and more laborious attempts. On this account, as well as on others, we prefer the present volume to the author's former productions.

BIOGRAPHY.

Art. 15. *Memoir of the late Mrs. Henrietta Fordyce*, Relict of James Fordyce, D.D.; containing Original Letters, Anecdotes, and Pieces of Poetry. To which is added, A Sketch of the Life of James Fordyce, D.D. Crown 8vo. pp. 139. 6*s*. Boards. Hurst and Co. 1823.

The name of Fordyce, the great banker of former days, whose failure caused such astonishment and such losses,—of Sir William Fordyce, the physician, of so much repute forty years ago,—and of Dr. James Fordyce, the author of so many pious and popular works,—must give interest to the Memoirs before us, which they deserve also from their own intrinsic merit in relation to an

amiable and exemplary female, who became the doctor's wife. The work is written in a neat and agreeable style, and we recommend it to our readers as an instructive as well as interesting detail. Mrs. Fordyce died at Bath, having nearly attained the advanced age of 89.

NOVELS.

Art. 16. *Mountalyth*, a Tale. By Jane Hervey. 12mo. 3 Vols. Baldwin and Co. 1823.

It seems scarcely equitable now to look for much *novelty* in a *novel*; — at least it may not be expected from any but the "master spirits" of an art which has been cultivated almost to exhaustion. We cannot say that the fair writer of Mountalyth may justly be complimented with the possession of extraordinary powers in the formation of plot, the delineation of character, or the description of event: but her work is unobjectionable in spirit and tendency, and may "hold the even tenor of its way" with the great bulk of novels in point of composition and attraction.

Art. 17. *Rosaline de Vere.* Crown 8vo. 2 Vols. 16s. Boards. Treuttel and Co. 1824.

We have lately had an ample supply of historical novels, and religious novels, and romantic novels; and here we have that strange thing, a metaphysical novel, — a *Kantian* novel. The heroine is introduced in a preface to the "courteous reader" in the following terms:

'Who, you will exclaim, can compare with Rosaline de Vere! Is she not, like the Venus de Medicis, composed of a collection of women? It is true, I have met with her qualities scattered among different women; I have put them together in her, are they not in harmony? Among the millions of combinations of moral and physical forms, such a woman may have existed, — possibly does exist, — and probably will exist. In my opinion, it will be the gage of the high toned sentiment and intelligence of those men who fall in love with her, aye, and of those women, too, who admire her.'

It is difficult to say whether Rosaline excels most as a politician, a metaphysician, a lover, or a maniac: but, if the impatient reader wishes at once to be acquainted with her in the second character, he may peruse her letter to Clorinda, which begins at p. 72. of the first volume, and which we should be inclined to quote for a similar purpose if it were not too extensive for our limits in this case. It is sufficiently explanatory of her tenets: but, at p. 115. of the same volume, she is still more explicit; and, by a series of arguments which may be found in Helvetius, though not expressed there in the jargon of the Kantian school, she establishes the conclusion that the denying or the avowal of God is one and the same thing.

As this work is out of the common routine of novels, so we may admit that it displays talents above the common standard in such compositions: but then it must also be confessed that while it is not likely, neither is it desirable, that such capabilities, so exerted, should become objects of more frequent contemplation.

Art.

Art. 18. *Crates and Hipparchia.* A Tale, in a Series of Letters; translated from the German of Christopher M. Wieland. By Charles Richard Coke. 12mo. pp. 132. 5*s.* Boards. Stacy, Norwich; Longman and Co., &c. London. 1823.

Next to Goethe, the name of Wieland has perhaps been the most popular among us of all German writers; and the universality of his works (if we may so speak), which abound with so much learning, combined with so much wit and entertainment, has rendered him a common favorite, even in places where the generality of his countrymen were disliked. We have often not only paid him detailed attention, but have offered to him the tribute of our high applause; and of the little work of which a translation is now before us, we have spoken with decided praise in our lxxviith volume, p. 539. Strikingly characteristic as it is of the graces, the learning, and the wit of Wieland's manner, we think it would be found impossible to preserve in another language these qualities as pure and entire as we would have them. If, then, Mr. Coke has not been able to display the masterly touches, the ease, the harmony, and the variety of his original, still he may claim the merits of simplicity and fidelity; and these are not of slight attainment on the modern scale of translation; especially when they are mentioned with reference to one of the most difficult and masterly of Wieland's classic productions, excepting perhaps his "Menander and Glycerion," and his still more inimitable writings in the manner of the comic Lucian.

As far as we can judge, nothing can be in better keeping with the character, the manners, the customs, and the mode of reasoning of the antient Greeks, than the philosophical and amatory correspondence displayed in the letters before us. The time, place, and circumstances are well imagined; the characters are strikingly marked; the incidents are skilfully feigned; and the illustrations of the subject are rich, happy, and learned. Two or three of the letters are too characteristic and amusing to be passed over. It appears that Hipparchia, smitten with the noble spirit and beauty of the eloquence of Crates, had gained admittance to his lectures in disguise: but she afterward reveals herself, and writes to consult the philosopher on the conduct which she ought to pursue, respecting a marriage that is attempted to be forced on her by her friends. Though really admiring the lady, Crates affords a proof of his stoicism by writing to her the following answer, — a pattern of advice to all refractory young ladies:

"CRATES TO HIPPARCHIA.

"As the unexpected transformation of my young friend Hipparchides, into the beautiful Hipparchia, is accomplished without (as I hope) any disadvantage to him and myself, we will speak the best of it, as a thing past, or what may be still more adviseable, say nothing concerning it. All that I will permit myself to say, with respect to this little anomaly, is that it lays the duty upon me of acting the more cautiously, in giving the advice, which Hipparchia desires of me, lest it should happen, that an involuntary recollection of the vanished Hipparchides may make the adviser more

more partial than it is permitted for him to be, if he would justify the confidence with which she has favoured him. You inform me, that your nearest relations wish to force upon you, against your inclination, a youth whom I, with all Athens, know under the name of the handsome Leotychus, and you desire to know from me, whether you ought, from filial love, to sacrifice the happiness of your life to the wishes of a deceived father? And who is the person, I ask myself first of all, who lays before you a problem, which perhaps in the mouths of a thousand other daughters of Attica would not have been at all surprising? Is it not this very Hipparchia, who already in the morning of her life is illuminated by the light of philosophy, and is awakened out of the stupifying dullness, in which the confined souls of most of her sex dream away their existence, to a feeling of the worth of her nature; who not content with limiting herself to the mere duties of her sex, ventures to strive after a higher and purer form of being, after manly wisdom and virtue, in short, after the highest excellence which is attainable by man. Ought not this Hipparchia, at the moment when that question arose in her bosom, to have been able to read the answer, in the interior sanctuary of the God within her? What is your virtue, if it shrinks from a sacrifice which it owes to duty? But have I no duties towards myself, asks concealed self-love? No, Hipparchia, duties relate only to others; man has duties to parents, family, country, to mankind in general, to all nature, for all these have a right in him, to the possession of which they can only attain, in so much as he acknowledges and exercises the derivative duties. Without doubt, self-preservation is the ground-work of all the requisitions which nature makes upon us, in all her relations. I must exist, in order to be able to fulfill the duties by which I am bound to nature. But for this, stronger incitements are requisite than mere feelings of duty. For that purpose, nature has provided us with passions, whose operation is so mighty, that it is not always easily in the power of the best and wisest to rule them, and to submit to the duties with which they are always in contest. She can safely depend upon the strength of these inclinations, in every man, and upon their sufficiency for the purpose for which they were given. But there is self-deception, when a man tries to ennoble mere instincts into duties, and as often as this happens, there certainly lies somewhere in ambush a veiled desire to withdraw from a real duty, out of selfish motives. If I grant to you, in order that we may not dispute about words, that you have duties towards yourself, yet these always remain subordinate to higher duties, and self must not be considered, when it comes into collision with what we owe to others. But here admire with me the wisdom of nature, which has facilitated such self-denial, through another noble, and not less powerful passion. Need I name it to you, Hipparchia? What are we not capable of doing, for those whom we love? What pain, what cares, what sufferings, are too difficult for us, if we undertake them for a person beloved? Let us now repeat the question proposed, and I trust that I may be allowed to leave it to you to

translate

translate it, out of the sophistical language of self-love into the language of pure dutiful feeling. What! can a soul like yours want strength to sacrifice, out of love to a father, who deserves your tenderest attachment, your wishes to his? How could she at the first moment, when a doubt arose in her breast, without being blinded by a selfish passion, conceal from herself, that the filial love must be very feeble, which duty could not bring to make such a sacrifice cheerfully? And wherein, after all, consists this hard sacrifice, which a good father rather expects from the love of his daughter, than demands from her duty? If the question were, whether she, like Andromeda and Psyche, should, in order to expiate some heavy crime of her progenitors, be delivered up to a monster, then a burst of pity for herself might very well be pardoned. But excepting yourself, hardly any one would consider it as a great calamity, to be given as a wife to the handsome and clever Leotychus, who is destined for the first honours of the Republic, even if he had greater faults than you complain of. The faults which so much offend you in him, would appear unimportant if you loved him. They are partly faults of youth, which imperceptibly vanish of themselves, partly general qualities of people of his rank, and of men in general. They are neither incurable, nor of such a nature, that a man, who is in other respects estimable, (and that he must be, as he has the approbation of your father,) should on account of them be thought unworthy of the regard of a virtuous woman: much less would they prevent you from performing the sacred duties of the wife and the mother, and from feeling happy in the consciousness of having fulfilled them. If you consider your situation in this light, noble Hipparchia, then I do not see why you, with some exertion of the strength of soul which you appear to possess, might not come to the meritorious determination of yielding to the wishes of your father, and for the sake of the praise of generously sacrificing an inclination, or a fancy, to purchase the fine consciousness, that the happiness of his old age is the effect of your virtue.

'18th *Skirrophorion* (*June*).'

The fair Greek, however, proves too powerful an adversary for philosophy, though apparently submitting to the whole of its laws and penalties.

'CRATES TO HIPPARCHIA.

'Enthusiasm, dear Hipparchia, is natural to dissatisfied love in solitude; and I honour the lofty enthusiasm, of which you have given me a specimen, in its cause and effect. Every thing extraordinary, which appears in a beautiful soul, is something sacred to me, that I dare not venture to touch; but if a God has betrayed my secret to you, how can I any longer wish to veil myself from you? How poorly must nature have gifted that man, in sense and genius, who did not become a little infected by so amiable an enthusiast as Hipparchia, and would not feel strongly tempted to realize such charming visions! No, Hipparchia! the God in your bosom, who makes you so certain that I love you, does not deceive you, and what

what could I add to that, which the God had revealed to you? But may not you be deceived yourself, my dear lady, if you make yourself so certain, that the love of an oddity like Crates will make you happy? Much also as my heart clings to you, and rich as is the enjoyment of life, which I can promise myself with you, what will you think if I confess to you, that I cannot sacrifice even to you, who make so great a sacrifice to me, a single one of the whims, as the world calls my peculiarities? I feel how very much such a confession must hurt a beloved woman, who is entitled to expect the most unlimited complaisance. But the thought of deceiving her is more revolting still. Ask yourself, therefore, Hipparchia, can you who were born and brought up in abundance, in a convenient dwelling, with splendid furniture and a numerous attendance, with a rich table, chests full of fine and elegant garments of all sorts, with brilliant necklaces and bracelets, costly ointments, in short, with every thing which traditional custom makes necessary to a person of your sex and condition; can you all at once forego these things in order to partake with me the Socratic mode of life, which our degenerated age, with deriding contempt, calls the cynical, and confine yourself in every thing to the simplest enjoyment of what nature requires? Can you live upon three Oboles a day, dwell in a poor hut, sleep upon a hard bed, and exchange for ever (as you have already done once) your finely woven, richly folded, elegantly bordered, and embroidered tunics and veils, for the coarse woollen double mantle?

'Can you condescend with clear, free mind, and joyful heart, to do, in case of necessity, the humblest and most difficult offices of domestic life, and determine to do yourself all that women of your rank are wont to distribute amongst a whole multitude of female slaves? In a word, consider how widely that which becomes the wife of Crates differs from the way of life and the customs of the Attic ladies of your class, and then inform me, whether you can still persevere in devoting yourself to the man who pretends to love you, and can make such demands of you?

'1st *Boedromion* (*September*).'

'HIPPARCHIA TO CRATES.

'You doubt, dear Crates, whether I do not perhaps deceive myself, when I take it as quite certain, that the love of such a singular person as you are would make me happy?

'However, that is a matter which is yet to be tried: must not I know best, whether I am happy or not? Do I require or do I expect, that you should make the smallest sacrifice out of regard for my happiness: or has only one of all the sacrifices, which you appear to attribute to me as a merit, the slightest value in my eyes? Do I desire any thing but to live with you, and for you, and to see you happier than you would have been without me?

'Do not be anxious on my account; the gratification of my heart makes me so happy, that there does not remain with me either a feeling of privation, or a wish for any thing better.

'To all the questions which you begin with "Can you ——?" but can Crates have thrown out these questions quite in earnest? Can

Can he really be still uncertain, how I shall answer them? Then, indeed, the God in my bosom would have deceived me: I dare not let this thought arise; away with it! I have, therefore, a very short answer to your questions. I have for more than two months past set about every thing which still appears to be a matter of doubt with you. I live in the worst chamber of our country-house, at Marathon; my apparel, indeed, is still feminine and tolerably clean, but so homely and unadorned, that the housewives of the wise Socrates, and of the virtuous Phocion, could hardly have been less so in both respects; there can be no thought of perfumed waters, rose-oil, and costly ointments: I know not how the wise man was called, (or were not you yourself he?) who said that "a woman is best scented when she smells of nothing?" I am of this opinion also. As for the rest, I have since that time waited upon myself, dressed and undressed myself, and have not permitted any helping hand to touch me. I provide myself every thing that comes upon my person; I sleep upon a pretty hard mattress, from six to seven hours at longest, and am usually the waker of the whole house. All kinds of household affairs pass briskly through my hands, and I know no one so troublesome, or so low, but that it becomes ennobled and lightened, because I do it with a free will, and a cheerful heart.

'With respect to my diet, I must confess, that all I take for myself each day, may, according to the prices in this place, be valued at four or five Oboles daily.

'But you I hope will rely upon me, that I, in case of necessity, could give up two Oboles a day, for I have never made a point of costly dishes, and dainty bits. I flatter myself, also, that when you see me as Hipparchia, you will be glad to observe how tanned and brown-shaded my complexion is become, and how red my hard arms are. Be therefore of good courage, dear Crates, and be assured that I do not consider any thing that is worthy of and becoming your wife as a thing at which a noble lady ought to blush. Are you now satisfied with me?

'3d *Boedromion* (*September*).'

Art. 19. *Herwald de Wake;* or, the Two Apostates. A Romance. 12mo. 3 Vols. 18s. Boards. Whittakers. 1823.

We are here carried back to the close of the eleventh century, and led to contemplate society as it then existed in a rude and lawless state, when deeds of violence, feats of arms, and acts of superstition, constituted nearly all the employment of mankind. The scene opens in England, but is afterward transferred to "other climes and eastern suns." Those who delight in extraordinary transitions and surprizing adventures, — in noise and tumult, — in "battle, murder, and sudden death," — may be pleased with the eventful pages of this romance; which manifests much fertility of invention, and some power over the attention of the reader. The 'apostacy' of Herwald, however, we think will displease and disappoint him: at least *we* had augured better things of that personage; and, as we did not anticipate his "backslidings," we are neither satisfied with their occurrence nor tranquillized

quillized by their termination, when they end in merited punishment.

Art. 20. *Hurstwood:* a Tale of the Year 1715. 12mo. 3 Vols. 16*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Longman and Co. 1823.

The year 1715 and the year 1745 have lately afforded so much matter, for the great Scotch novelist, that the public cannot wish for any other writer's interference on the same subject, nor can it be very prudent in any other to attempt it. In the tale before us, however, the Scotch rebellion of 1715 is made the ground-work of the story: but only so far as to cause the principal dangers of the hero, who was in a degree connected with that event. If, then, this work would not bear comparison with those of the *Known-unknown*, neither would such comparison be fairly instituted: but it may suffice to say that the composition is far from discreditable to the writer, in point of character, fable, and description; and that it may be perused by the novel-reader not only without injury, but with interest and amusement.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 21. *Additions to James Scurry's Narrative*, communicated by William Whiteway, his Companion in Captivity and Escape. 12mo. Fisher.

We spoke of Scurry's Narrative in our Number for March last, p. 335, and we think that the editor has done well in publishing these additions to it, and corrections of some errors in it, which they have obtained from his associate in the miseries of captivity and the dangers of escape. It seems fair to argue, with the editor, that the agreement of Whiteway with Scurry substantiates the representations of the latter; and that even his corrections, while they shew Whiteway's disposition for accuracy, cast no imputation on Scurry, since they are seldom important, and may be ascribed to obvious causes, or the common imperfections of our nature. Indeed, the only idea, that strikes us in the way of objection, is the wonder that either Scurry or Whiteway should be able, under all the circumstances, to remember and to communicate so much as they do. — We are told that the latter is now a laborer in the employ of the East India Company, in London.

Art. 22. *The Atrocities of the Pirates:* being a faithful Narrative of the unparalleled Sufferings endured by the Author during his Captivity among the Pirates of the Island of Cuba; with an Account of the Excesses and Barbarities of those inhuman Freebooters. By Aaron Smith, who was himself tried at the Old Bailey as a Pirate, and acquitted. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Whittakers. 1824.

This narrative bears all the appearances of authenticity, and must communicate to every reader of it the most acute sensations of horror on contemplating the sufferings of the writer, and of others who fell into the hands of the pirates. An equally strong feeling, but of another kind, must also be excited by it; viz. sur-

prize that such a nest of rascals, inflicting unprovoked misfortunes and misery on their fellow-creatures, and disgracing the very name and nature of MAN, should be suffered to continue their scandalous career, without more effectual means being taken to extirpate them. The account of Mr. Smith, and the frequent details in the news-papers, remind us of old times, when such freebooters were the terror of the seas: but whose bloody deeds had, till lately, become the kitchen or nursery-stories of doubtful days, rather than the daily and authentic records of existing events. We may indeed say,

—— "*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis*
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli."

Art. 23. *Fatal Errors and Fundamental Truths,* illustrated in a Series of Narratives and Essays. 12mo. pp. 340. 9*s*. Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1824.

We cannot greatly object to this volume, because it appears to be written with very good intentions: but on matters of religion the author's views are somewhat over-strained. It is not for the first time that we now declare our disapprobation of the *holy alliance,* which has within these few years been established between the writers of sermons and novels; an alliance which must, we think, have the effect of rendering their writings unsuitable to any class of readers, since they will be too grave in substance for the gay, and too light in appearance for the serious. Fifty years ago, such a volume as the present, which contains a number of tales and narratives, would have been ushered to the public under the name of "Twelve serious Discourses," or some such appropriate title. — The best story in the collection is 'The Young Clergyman,' relating the history of a male coquet or masculine jilt, which is told with great simplicity and feeling. These qualities likewise distinguish the tales of 'The Divorcee' and 'Caroline.' — A few extracts from various authors are added; among the best of which are 'Sketches, selected and modernized from Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters;' a quaint but very agreeable volume.

Art. 24. *The Old Arm-Chair;* or, Recollections of a Bachelor. A Tale, by Sexagenarius. 12mo. 4*s*. Boards. Sold at No. 38. Newgate-Street.

An old arm-chair, well stuffed at the back, in the bottom, and on the elbows, is one of the most inviting and comfortable pieces of furniture imaginable. After the fatigues of the day, we can smoke a pipe of the best Virginia or take a nap in it, and perchance a pleasant dream. A kind-hearted 'Bachelor' has invited us to repose a while in *his* comfortable depositary; and we can affirm that, after the hard benches or stools on which we are sometimes obliged to sit, for many hours, we have found his chair very comfortable, and have read his tale in it quite at our ease.

CORRESPONDENCE.

In our account of Captain Smyth's Memoir of Sicily, Review for July, p. 282., we remarked that, in his notices of the analogy between the Pagan and the Roman Catholic polytheisms, he had "evidently availed himself of the elegant and valuable treatise of Mr. Blunt," which work was examined in vol. ci. p. 146. Such appeared to us to be the case, from the strong similarity between the remarks in the two publications, and we had no knowlege of any facts that militated against this supposition. We have, however, received a letter from Mr. Jacob, of Cadogan-Place, Sloane-Street; in which it is his object to shew that Captain S. could not have been indebted to Mr. Blunt.

"I beg," says he, "to state to you, that Captain Smyth left England in June, 1821, and on his voyage to the object of his present expedition reduced the materials he had formerly collected into the form in which they are now before the public. The manuscript was conveyed to me in November or December, 1821, and remained in my hands till it was committed to the press. It is thus impossible that Mr. Blunt's book, published in December, 1822, whatever may be its merits, could have been seen by my friend Smyth when he wrote his own."

We spoke on this subject according to the evidence then before us, and we now give to our readers the above additional testimony. In the absence of our coadjutor, who wrote the article on Captain Smyth's book, and who is now at a great distance, we cannot add any farther observation.

Inquisitor is referred to our last Appendix.

We mean to examine in our next Number the publication mentioned by *Civis*.

When the cockerel in literature, who signs *Detector*, attempts again to crow, let him not do it in the presence of veterans who can chase him from his ground, and chastize him for his impertinence, in the twinkling of an eye and the flapping of a wing. We say no more at present: but woe to him if he provokes more hereafter.

☞ The APPENDIX to this volume of the Review will be published with the Number for September, on the first of October.

☞ We again recommend to the notice of our readers the lately published GENERAL INDEX to the whole of the *New Series* of the Monthly Review, in two large vols. 8vo.; as not only a most convenient but a necessary guide to that (now) extensive portion of our work, and to the *History of Literature* for the period which it includes.

THE APPENDIX

TO THE

HUNDRED AND FOURTH VOLUME

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW, ENLARGED.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

ART. I. *Reflexions sur les Lois Penales*, &c.; *i. e.* Reflections on the Criminal Law of France and England. By A. H. TAILLANDIER, King's Advocate, &c. 8vo. Paris. 1824.

AT a period when the momentous question of revising and consolidating our criminal code has so lately engaged the attention of parliament *, it cannot be uninteresting to examine the opinions which an intelligent foreigner has formed on the same subject; and to inquire how far, according to probability, our own system of penal jurisprudence may be improved by a comparison with the criminal institutions of another country. It was not unusual among the states of antiquity, as our readers will recollect, to dispatch ambassadors to foreign nations for the purpose of collecting such of their laws and usages as might seem worthy of being naturalized with them; and even at the present day, although we do not allege the necessity of sending a body of commissioners to Paris, we yet think that our parliamentary committee, appointed to investigate the state of our criminal law, may derive some valuable hints from the institutions

* See the Report of the Select Committee appointed to consider the Expediency of consolidating and amending the Criminal Law of England.

of our opposite neighbours. Even in the very outset of their researches, they will find an example well worthy of imitation in the compression and terseness of the French penal code, which occupies only a very small volume; while the *statutory* portion merely of our own criminal jurisprudence extends to nearly *eight hundred* acts of parliament, relative to the penal laws in general, and *four hundred* more which regulate the proceedings before justices of the peace. If the assertion of Mr. Dugald Stewart be correct, that, "as society advances to its perfection, the number of laws may be expected to diminish instead of increasing, and the science of legislation to be gradually simplified," what shall we think of England in the present state of her laws? The experiment of effecting a complete reform in the jurisprudence of a great nation has been successfully performed in France; and we rejoice to find our own country making some attempts to free itself from the odium of obstinately adhering to a most complicated, and, in many respects, a very defective system.

We could have wished that M. TAILLANDIER had entered more fully into the important subject on which he has employed his pen, and had instituted a more strict inquiry into the respective merits of the two codes: yet a task like this ought not, perhaps, to be expected from a foreigner whose knowlege of the English law must necessarily be very confined. It would probably, indeed, be accomplished with greater success by an English lawyer, since an acquaintance with the French code might be easily acquired; though we have some doubts whether any member of that *genus doctissimum indoctissimorum hominum* (as our lawyers are called by Erasmus) could be induced to institute an inquiry, the result of which might not in some instances be very favourable to his own system. Still, if M. TAILLANDIER has not accomplished all that might have been expected from him, we yet receive with becoming thankfulness the portion of light and information which his book is calculated to bestow; and we shall proceed to give our readers the benefit of it, together with such additional observations as may suggest themselves to our minds in the course of the discussion.

Before the French Revolution, the state of the law in France and in England was not dissimilar; though, owing to the division of France into provinces, each governed by its own laws, and the distinction of *païs coutumier* and *païs de droit écrit*, greater confusion and uncertainty prevailed in the administration of justice in that country than among ourselves. The code of each kingdom had its origin in the feudal system; a strange foundation for a body of laws by which

which a modern community was to be governed! The French also had retained much more of that barbarous system which, in England, gradually disappeared with the increase of commercial pursuits. Yet the laws of both countries exhibited the intricacy and confusion which must always be observable in a code that has been formed to suit the exigencies of a people in various stages of civilization; and in which enactments are retained when the circumstances that called for them have ceased for centuries to exist. So far, therefore, as the necessity of a reform is in question, the French code furnishes a valuable example to our legislators.

In the Introduction, and first three chapters of this work, viz. *on the Object of Punishments; on the Punishments of the Antients;* and *on the Criminal Laws under the Feudal Governments;* we do not find any matter of peculiar interest. The fifth treats of *the Division of Crimes;* a subject which has engaged the pen of our celebrated countryman Mr. Bentham. The division adopted by the French code is into three classes, distinguished by the nature of the punishments attached to each; — *Crimes*, *Délits*, and *Contraventions;* a classification in some degree analogous to our *felony*, *misdemeanor*, and *offences cognizable by justices of the peace.* To these definitions of offences the author objects, as not sufficiently marking out the distinctions of moral guilt: for, he observes, according to these definitions, murder is only a crime because it is followed by an infamous punishment. Except for the purpose of simplifying the arrangement of a code, we regard all these divisions as matters of very little importance.

On the subject of *Infamous Punishments*, to which the sixth chapter is devoted, it is difficult to form a decisive opinion: but, on the whole, it seems extremely doubtful whether any benefit results from their operation. As far as the amendment of the prisoner himself is affected by it, (a most important consideration in every penal infliction,) it may be stated that such punishments are decidedly injurious, as tending to destroy all self-respect in the offender; and such exhibitions do not seem to produce any better effect on the spectators. What could be more disgraceful to the character of the nation, than the outrages which often ensued in the English metropolis when some unfortunate wretch was fastened to the pillory? That punishment has accordingly been abolished, except for the crimes of perjury and subornation of perjury; and the disgraceful spectacle has not been witnessed for years past. The degrading and abhorrent practice of whipping offenders is, we trust, likewise falling into dis-

credit; for all such inflictions are the relics of a barbarous state of society. The sentence to the pillory is recognized by the French code; and it possesses also an infamous punishment less liable to objection in the sentence of *civil degradation*, which is denounced by the Code of 1810 against various offences, especially those committed by public functionaries.

'Civil degradation consists in the exclusion of the offender from all public functions and employments, and in the privation of the rights belonging to him as a French citizen: thus he cannot be a juror, nor a viewer (*expert*), nor an attesting witness, (*témoin dans les actes*), nor evidence in a court of justice. He is incompetent to act as a guardian (*incapable de tutelle*) or committee (*de curatelle*), except of his own children, and with the assent of his family. Lastly, he is deprived of the right of bearing arms, and of serving in the armies.'

A punishment like this is surely more rational, and better calculated to deter an offender, than placing his head through the hole of a pillory *in ludibrium*. We have no means of judging, from M. TAILLANDIER's pages, what is either the number or the effect of these infamous punishments in the administration of the French laws: but we trust that the Committee of the House of Commons, before they are induced to report in favor of the pillory and the whipping system, will require the fullest evidence of their beneficial effects.

Whether the infliction of death ought to form a part of any Code, and if so for what crimes, is so wide and difficult an inquiry that we are compelled to pass over the chapter which is here devoted to that question. In this part of his work, however, the author has stated a most singular fact, that, at the time of the debate in the National Assembly on the propriety of abolishing the punishment of death, the celebrated *Robespierre* was a most zealous advocate for the measure: yet, in less than two years afterward, his hands were bathed in the blood of some of the most illustrious men of France. In the same chapter, M. TAILLANDIER has cited a curious instance of the benefit to be derived from a court of appeal, or cassation, in criminal cases.

'An old man, the father of a numerous family, was tried at the assizes of Versailles on an accusation of having assassinated one of his neighbours. The charges were of the most serious nature, and witnesses who were believed to be unbiassed were produced against him: the jury, convinced of his guilt, unanimously condemned him; and sentence of death was pronounced on him. Notwithstanding all this, the superior court, to which the prisoner appealed, on an examination whether the proceedings against him had been conducted according to law, discovered ground for setting them aside, quashed them, and commanded the

the prisoner to be again tried at the assizes of Paris. New witnesses were then heard, the clouds were dissipated, the public accuser abandoned the charge, and the man who, two months before, had been condemned to perish on a scaffold, was unanimously acquitted.'

M. TAILLANDIER is justly shocked at the barbarous and disgusting mode of execution, which the English law has assigned to those who are guilty of high treason. He instances the case of Thistlewood, and the detestation which was expressed by the populace at the butcher-like operation of cutting off the heads of the criminals.

'A people,' he observes, 'who cannot tolerate the spectacle of a punishment worthy of cannibals are sufficiently enlightened to possess better criminal institutions; and we do not doubt that, in the scene which took place at the execution of Thistlewood, their legislators will discover a convincing proof of the existing necessity for reforming such a system of penal laws.'

The spirit of this observation is not inapplicable to one enactment in the French code. (See the *Code* of 1810, b. i. ch. i.)

"The person condemned to death for parricide shall be conducted to the place of execution in a shirt, barefooted, with his head covered with a black veil. He shall be exposed on a scaffold, while an officer (*huissier*) shall read to the people the sentence of condemnation; he shall *then have his right hand cut off*, and be immediately put to death."

This approach to the horrors of torture, in directing the hand of the prisoner to be cut off, is more obnoxious than even our own sanguinary sentence in treason.

With regard to the number of offences punishable by death, the penal Code of France deserves the serious attention of our legislators. That punishment is inflicted only in the gravest cases, such as murder, treason, coining, and forgery of certain public instruments, arson, and burglary committed with violence, &c. We must proceed, however, to the chapter on *Hard Labor* and *Solitary Confinement.*

Hard labor (*travaux forcés*) has superseded in the French code the punishment of the galleys. It is inflicted either for a certain period or for life; and the prisoners who are condemned to it suffer the most severe labors, and are chained to one another, or work with a cannon-ball attached to the leg. It is appropriated to many crimes which in England are punished with death; as in cases of burglary, in which the aggravating circumstances are not sufficient to induce that

heavy penalty. (See b. iii. title ii. ch. ii. s. ii.) Civil disability also accompanies the sentence of hard labor, and renders it, when inflicted for life, a most severe punishment. In our law we have no sentence analogous to this; that of transportation for life being an incomparably lighter punishment: — nor, indeed, are we desirous of seeing introduced into our own system of jurisprudence a penalty which must banish all hope from the breast of the criminal, and at the same time render him while he lives an eye-sore and a nuisance to society. Perpetual imprisonment, except in some particular instances of special enactments, is unknown to our law; and, on one occasion, the infliction of it was declared unconstitutional by a majority of the Judges. Titus Oates, on his conviction for perjury, was condemned to imprisonment for life and to be put in the pillory four times in a year; a sentence against the legality of which the two Chief Justices, the Chief Baron, and six other Judges gave a decided opinion.* The practice of branding criminals condemned to hard labor, though only for a limited time, seems very objectionable. In England, the *burning in the hand*, in the cases of clergyable felonies, has become a mere ceremony, and is performed with a *cold* iron.†

Under the sentence of solitary confinement (*reclusion*), the prisoner is required to be kept in a house of correction (*maison de force*), and employed on some work, the produce of which may be applied in part for his benefit, at the discretion of the government. M. TAILLANDIER tells us that he cannot discover in the English law any punishment which can be assimilated to that of *reclusion:* but, in fact, it is in the discretion of the visiting magistrates of our prisons to order any criminal into solitary confinement. The benefit of such a punishment has been justly doubted, and the experiments which have been made in the prisons of the United States fortify the doubt.‡

While we are examining the subject of imprisonment, we may remark that there is a provision in the French code which we would gladly see transferred to our own statute-book.

"When fines and costs are awarded for the benefit of the state, if, after the expiration of an afflictive and infamous

* See Howell's State Trials, x. 1079. 1325.; and Burnet's Own Times, i. 637.

† See Burrow's Reports, ii. 794.

‡ See Mr. Roscoe's Additional Observations on Penal Jurisprudence, p. 59.

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punishment, the imprisonment of the convict for the acquittance of these pecuniary condemnations has lasted a complete year, he may upon legal proof of his absolute insolvency obtain his liberty." (Book i. ch. iii.)

Now, although it be an acknowleged principle of our law that no man shall be subjected to an excessive fine, yet, in some modern cases, especially that of Carlisle, the principle appears to have been overlooked: for the fine of 500*l.*, which Carlisle was adjudged to pay, was equivalent in fact to a sentence of imprisonment for life. The law on this point is quaintly and well stated in Selden's Table-Talk: "The old law was that when a man was fined he was to be fined *salvo contenemento*, so as his countenance might be safe; taking countenance in the same sense as your countryman does, when he says, If you will come to my house, I will shew you the best countenance I can, that is, not the best face, but the best entertainment. The meaning of the law was that so much should be taken from a man, such a *gobbet* sliced off, that yet notwithstanding he might live in the same rank and condition he lived in before: but now they fine men ten times more than they are worth." * Our modern Judges appear to understand the rule in a different sense, and certainly stand in need of some more distinct direction. Such an enactment as that in the French code would effectually prevent the abuse.

In his chapter *on Imprisonment*, M. TAILLANDIER has adverted to the great question of *the reformation* of criminals. After having noticed the assertion of a modern writer that the true use of a prison is to prevent the repetition of the offence by the *punishment* of the prisoner, in opposition to his reformation, he remarks:

'A proposition like this could not remain without a reply in so enlightened a country as Great Britain, and has given occasion to an able pamphlet from the pen of Mr. Roscoe; in which, he proves that the principal end of imprisonment is to prevent the repetition of the offence by such means as will most effectually accomplish that purpose, whether it be by the severity of the punishment or the reformation of the offender. As the system of terror has had a sufficient trial, and as the morals of the prisoner have obtained no improvement under it, is it not reasonable to try the experiment of an opposite system, and to make every effort to arrive at so desirable an object?'

* In the reign of Charles II. this abuse had become quite intolerable. Three men were fined 100,000*l.* each for speaking *disrespectfully* of the Duke of York!

The subject of *Amends*, which occupies the tenth chapter of the volume before us, is very important, especially if considered in connection with an improved system of prison-discipline. The French law in many cases orders the criminal to make a compensation to the individual injured: but among us, except in certain cases, where penalties are given to the party aggrieved, all pecuniary fines are the property of the crown. It would be exceedingly reasonable that whenever, to use a legal phrase, the offence *sounds in damages* or is accompanied by pecuniary loss, the prisoner should be compelled to indemnify the injured party.

In his chapter on *Public Exposure* and *Branding*, the author has made some remarks on the punishment of whipping, still retained in our Code, which are well worthy of attention.

'If the penal code of England has not adopted the punishment of branding, yet it has preserved another penalty which was formerly common to the jurisprudence of both countries, and which possesses a very repulsive character, — that of whipping. The punishment of the whip was borrowed from the Roman law; and, in conformity with that law, which reserved it for slaves, it was inflicted only on the villeins, never on the nobles: following the maxim laid down by Loysel; "In crimes, bondmen are more grievously punished in their body than nobles; where the bondman shall lose life or limb, the noble shall forfeit his honor and his answer in court."

'There were two kinds of whipping; one inflicted publicly by the hands of the hangman; the other in prison on children under the age of puberty, which was termed *fouet sous la custode*. This punishment has been abolished with many others, that were unworthy of retaining a place in a code of reasonable laws: but, as we have remarked, it is still preserved in the English law, which derived it from the same source. It is usually directed by the Judge to be inflicted in addition to the punishment of imprisonment for robbery, and he orders it to take place either in public or in prison. The offender suffers extreme torture, and the number of lashes given is ordinarily from forty to eighty.

'Many objections present themselves against this practice. It has already been abolished in the case of females, and without doubt the necessity of altogether abandoning it will soon become evident; which may be observed also with respect to others, that militate against all rational ideas of criminal legislation.'

Transportation is affixed by the French code only to political offences of a secondary degree, and is attended with a civil death. Returning from transportation subjects the offender to hard labor for life. The sentence of transportation for such offences is, as M. Taillandier remarks, both just and necessary; and, he adds, it would be desirable if political crimes of the first degree now punishable with death were sub-

subjected to the same penalty. Owing to the difficulty of finding a colony proper for the reception of criminals, the sentences of transportation have not for several years past been carried into effect in France: but the offenders have been detained in the prison of Mont-Saint-Michel, contrary to an express article of the Code that no crimes shall be visited with punishments not appointed for them by law. This matter was agitated with considerable warmth in the Chambers, and the consequence was the release of a great number of the prisoners: but the French government are still unable to discover a Botany Bay, and transportation is therefore merely a dead letter in their code. *Banishment*, a sentence which prescribes no fixed place to the convict, is rarely inflicted in France; and we have seen the punishment introduced into some late enactments in this country, but as yet it has never been put in force.

The *Responsibility of Judges* and other Persons in Authority, and the *Liberty of the Subject and of the Press*, occupy the fourteenth chapter. In these matters we have very little to learn from our neighbours on the other side of the Channel, whose proceedings in such cases are rather in the nature of warnings than examples. M. TAILLANDIER has incidentally made some remarks on the responsibility of ministers, and seems to envy us our practice of impeachment: but it is not the responsibility of our ministers to the House of Commons which exercises so beneficial an influence over their measures; it is their responsibility at the bar of public opinion; and, if that sanction had its full force in France, the necessity for the laws at which the author hints would no longer exist. Two bills respecting the responsibility of ministers were presented to the Chambers, one in 1814 and the other in 1819, but they were both withdrawn without discussion.

In speaking of the *peine forte et dure*, the author has fallen into an error: for he supposes that it still forms a part of our law, and thinks that we cannot fairly assert that the use of torture is unknown to our jurisprudence while such a practice exists. It is, however, enacted by 12 Geo. III. c. 20. that every person who, being arraigned for felony or piracy, shall stand mute, or not answer directly to the offence, shall be convicted of the same. This statute, therefore, has rendered the standing mute a constructive confession, and has entirely abolished the *peine forte et dure*. — Having thus exonerated our own Code from the imputation of such a barbarism, we shall say a few words on the practice recognized by the French law of placing a prisoner *au secret*; — a practice which we believe has given rise to much abuse, as a countryman of our own had

had lately an opportunity of experiencing. Nothing can be more unmerciful and unjust than to exclude a man from all communication with every human being, at a period when he stands most in need of the assistance and kind offices of his friends, and of that strength and activity of mind which are often found to yield to the horrors of solitary confinement. We cannot agree with M. TAILLANDIER that this practice can be ever necessary for the due administration of justice.

In his sixteenth chapter, the author examines the law relative to *the Repetition of Offences*, and the *Punishment of Accomplices*. That portion of the French penal Code, which regulates the punishment in cases of second offences, affords an excellent example of the benefit to be derived from a systematic code. It forms the fourth chapter of the Code, and is short, as our readers will perceive.

"Any person, having been condemned for a crime, and who has committed a second crime punishable with civil degradation, shall be condemned to the pillory.

"If the second crime be punishable with the pillory, or banishment, the criminal shall be condemned to solitary imprisonment.

"If the second crime be punishable with solitary imprisonment, he shall be condemned to hard labor for time, and to branding.

"If the second crime be punishable by hard labor for time, or with transportation, he shall be condemned to perpetual hard labor.

"If the second crime be punishable with perpetual hard labor, he shall be condemned to the penalty of death.

"Any person having been condemned for a crime, and who has committed a delict punishable with a correctional penalty, shall be sentenced to the *maximum* of the punishment directed by the law; and this penalty may be increased so as not to be more than double the *maximum*.

"Persons condemned, in correctional matters, to an imprisonment of more than one year, shall also, in case of a fresh delict, be condemned to the *maximum* of punishment allowed by the law; and this penalty may be increased so as not to be more than double that *maximum*. — They shall also be placed under *surveillance* for not less than five years, nor more than ten years."*

By a reference to this chapter, the degree of punishment for a second criminal act is immediately known, provided that we are acquainted with that which is appropriated by the law to the first offence. Under our own intricate system, on the contrary, the first punishment forms no criterion whatever by which we can measure the penalty appointed for a subsequent

* We have made use of a translation of the Penal Code published in this country in the year 1819.

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transgression, which depends in general on the provisions of some particular statute. It is not improbable that the clauses of our statutes, which relate to second offences, would fill a volume nearly the size of that which comprizes the whole penal law of France.

With regard to accomplices, we find a singular distinction between the English and the French law: the latter recognizing as accomplices those who assisted and were present at the commission of the act, who with us are accounted principals: but, by the French law, accomplices, unless in cases for which special provision is made, receive the same punishment as their principals.

In speaking (chap. xvii.) of *the revision of criminal process*, and the *restoration of civil rights* (*rehabilitation des condamnés*), the author remarks on the danger of an irreparable punishment, as that of death; and urges the same reason as an objection to the practice of branding, which forms so conspicuous a part of the sentence for many crimes in France. In order to render some of his observations intelligible, we should state that a *restoration of civil rights* has no effect on the other part of the sentence, such as imprisonment or hard labor.

'After having been condemned to a punishment of which *branding* forms a part, the person who has undergone it unexpectedly discovers the means of proving how unjustly he has been condemned: but what avails it, he exclaims, to declare my innocence? How cruel were they who have thus stigmatized me, who have stamped on my limbs the eternal mark of reprobation! I must abandon all hope of resuming my rank among those who have thus voluntarily established an eternal barrier between us.

'Let it not be supposed that this is merely an hypothetical case. If the man who has been branded is even restored to his civil rights, it is for his children and not for himself that he solicits the boon. Let us hear what is said by that noble peer, who possesses such a just title to the admiration of all who have made the criminal laws their study; let us listen to him while he speaks of the ineffaceable character of this mark, with all the indignation of a generous bosom. "But what shall we say of the brand, that punishment which above all others should be abolished *; that punishment perhaps the most atrocious and the most degrading to humanity; the most completely opposed to all remorse and re-

* Among us, the branding in cases where benefit of clergy is claimed was originally on the left hand, but by a statute of Elizabeth was directed to be inflicted on *the cheek*. The preamble of the act of William III., which re-establishes the former method of burning, recites that, by the mark being more apparent, *the criminals became more abandoned.* (Rev.)

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pentance; the most irrevocable when justice has found herself deceived! The innocent man, whom the sword of the law has smitten, at least finds repose in the tomb: but not so the innocent man who has been calumniated, and is restored to his rights, but has been *branded!*"'

The speaker then proceeds to give an account of an unfortunate man, the mayor of a department in the north; who, though innocent, had been condemned to be branded, but afterward obtained the restoration of his civil rights.

"What torment, what misery, preyed on this virtuous man! Agitated, and scarcely venturing to leave his home, he is terrified lest he should not be prepared with his "Letters of Restoration," if any accidental movement should betray on the shoulder of an honest man the indelible stamp of infamy."*

In his last chapter, M. TAILLANDIER has made some judicious observations on *the Reformation of Penal Laws;* a subject which, as it regards our own jurisprudence, is of the highest importance. It is said by Bacon that a learned civilian expounded the curse of the Prophet, *pluet super eos laqueos,* as referring to the multitude of penal laws: a curse which seems to have fallen very heavily on the people of England; — and it is certainly not highly creditable to the present age that the amendment of our penal code, which engaged the attention of our legislators so early as the reign of Elizabeth, still remains unattempted. What would have been Lord Bacon's surprize at the present collection of our penal statutes, if he thus expressed himself in his "Proposal for amending the Laws of England" addressed to James I.? "There is such an accumulation of statutes concerning one matter, and they so cross and intricate, that the certainty of law is lost in the heap, as your Majesty had experience last day upon the point, whether the incendiary of Newmarket should have the benefit of his clergy." Yet considerable progress seems to have been made at that time in the compilation of a Code, many of the most eminent lawyers of that day having, under the direction of Lord Bacon, devoted their attention to the subject; and it does not appear to what cause we are to attribute the failure of so noble a project. In the reign of Charles II., Sir Matthew Hale interested himself deeply in the same subject; and he has left us an invaluable treatise, in which he has fully examined the necessity and the difficulty of such a reformation. It has been published by Mr. Hargrave in his curious Collection of Law Tracts, and is deserv-

* Speech of M. *De Lally-Tolendal* in the Chamber of Peers, 27th April, 1819.

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ing of the most serious attention of our present legislators. A calm, temperate, and impartial judgment which it displays, and the extended and correct views which it presents of the objects and end of legislation, are almost sufficient to disprove the severe censure of Swift, that "lawyers of all others seem least to understand the nature of government in general." In these enlightened days, — in the nineteenth century, — to which of the twelve Judges can we look for sentiments more wise and liberal than the following?

"We must remember that laws were not made for their own sakes, but for the sake of those who were to be guided by them; and though it is true that they are and ought to be sacred, yet if they be or are become unuseful for their end, they must either be amended if it may be, or new laws be substituted and the old repealed, so it be done regularly, deliberately, and so far forth only, as the exigence or convenience justly demands it; and in this respect the saying is true, *Salus populi suprema lex esto.*"

After having adverted to the revolutions which have occurred in our legal system, Hale thus proceeds:

"So that the stream of things has, as it were, left that channel and taken a new one; and he that thinks a state can be exactly steered by the same laws in every kind as it was two or three hundred years ago, may as well imagine, that the clothes which fitted him when he was a child should serve him when he grows a man. — The matter changeth the custom; the contracts the commerce; the dispositions, education, and tempers of men and societies change in a long tract of time; and so must their laws in some measure be changed, or they will not be useful for their state and condition. And besides all this, as I before said, time is the wisest thing under heaven. These very laws which at first seemed the wisest constitution under heaven have some flaws and defects discovered in them by time. As manufactures, mercantile arts, architecture, and building, and philosophy itself, receive new advantages and discoveries by time and experience, so much more do laws, which concern the manners and customs of men." *

In later times, a few inefficient attempts have been made to accomplish something like a reform in our jurisprudence. About the middle of the last century, Sir William Young moved for the appointment of a Committee of the House of Commons for this purpose, and was himself chairman of the Committee: but we are told by Barrington that nothing material was either done or resolved. † Any thing that has been effected in modern times has been the result of individual exertion;

* Hargrave's Law Tracts, p. 269.

† Barrington's Ancient Statutes, p. 563.

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and the zealous benevolence of Sir Samuel Romilly alone accomplished the repeal of several most obnoxious penal statutes.

At length, however, as we have already stated, a Committee of the House of Commons has been appointed for the purpose of considering "the expediency of consolidating and amending the criminal law of England;" and the evidence given before them by Mr. Hammond, a gentleman who is understood to have devoted much time to the subject, has lately been made public. Should the Committee report in favor of the proposed measure, it will then be a matter of discussion in what manner the projected reform should be accomplished. Lord Bacon recommends the appointment of commissioners named by both Houses of Parliament, according to the precedent of the commission for the amendment of the canon law, 27 Hen. VIII. and 4 Ed. VI., and for the union of England and Scotland, 1 Jac. I. "Yet not with a precedent power to conclude, but only to prepare and propound to Parliament." * Sir Matthew Hale proposes † that "the Judges and other sages of the law" should prepare bills for the purpose, which should be presented to the House of Commons in the first instance; and that the Judges should be called before the Committees, when the bills are committed both by the Commons and the Lords. "Bills thus prepared and hammered," he observes, "would have fewer flaws, and necessity of supplemental or explanatory laws, than hath of late times happened." Barrington thinks "that two or more barristers should be appointed, who from year to year might make a report to the Privy Council, as likewise to the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, and the twelve Judges, of a certain number of statutes which should either be repealed or reduced into one consistent act. It may be proper, also, that they should at the same time transmit such statutes as they may propose to substitute, in the room of those which seem liable to objection. There will then be the whole vacation for the consideration of such intended alterations, and if they should be approved of they might pass into laws in the subsequent session of parliament." ‡

The great difficulty, in the selection of commissioners, will be to discover individuals endowed with professional knowlege, and yet free from professional prejudices. It has been remarked by Hale himself, who well understood the legal character, that

* Bacon's Law Tracts, p. 14. † Hargrave's Law Tracts, p. 273.
‡ Barrington's Ancient Statutes, p. 563.

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" By long use and custom, men, especially that are aged, and have been long educated in the profession and practice of the law, contract a kind of superstitious veneration of it, beyond what is just and reasonable. They tenaciously and rigorously maintain the very forms, and proceedings, and practices, which though possibly at first they were seasonable and useful, yet by the very change of matters they become not only useless and impertinent, but burthensome, and inconvenient, and prejudicial to the common justice and common good of mankind; not considering the forms and prescripts of law were introduced not for their own sakes but for the use of public justice; and, therefore, when they become insipid, useless, impertinent, and possibly derogatory to the end, they may and must be removed."

On the other hand, it would be highly inexpedient to proceed without the advice and assistance which these " sages of the law" are undoubtedly capable of affording. Perhaps the appointment of a competent number of temperate and clear-headed *laymen*, (as the lawyers term all persons out of the pale of their profession,) as part of the commission, might serve to counteract the prejudices of the antient professional gentlemen.

We shall conclude our extracts from the present work with some observations on the reformation of penal laws.

' All the regulations established by our ancestors have, in the estimation of many persons, a kind of religious authority, which induces them to look with an eye of jealousy on every projected alteration. It is obvious that this feeling has no improper origin, but it ought not to blind those who interest themselves for the good of the human race. If it were in the nature of man to remain stationary; if Heaven had not bestowed on us an intellectual activity which incessantly alters the state of our knowlege, our wants, and our faculties; if, in one word, like the animals which surround us, we remained invariably in the same moral situation; we might then conceive that the institutions, which were adapted for our fathers, ought without alteration to be sufficient for ourselves, and for each succeeding generation.

' But such is not our lot. In adverting to the origin of society, we find men associating together in a half-barbarous state. By degrees, the contact of various intellects effects a change in the opinions of society, gives rise to wants, and at the same time devises the means of satisfying them. Ages pass away, and we observe the creations of the human mind gradually approaching to perfection. How, during such revolutions, is it possible to preserve the same laws and the same usages? Would the institutions introduced by the Franks into Gaul have been adapted for the subjects of St. Louis? Would the *établissemens* of the latter prince have suited the French of the reign of Louis XIV.? Or the edicts of that *great monarch* be calculated for the French of the present day? We must not, therefore, be terrified at the changes which take

take place in all social institutions. To foresee the wants of his contemporaries, and to aid openly and lawfully that progression which in the nature of things must take place by its own impulse is the task of the legislator. It is only when these changes are forcibly arrested that evil consequences ensue: they have never occasioned any public inconvenience when spontaneously introduced, as the necessity for them has become evident.

'These reflections are applicable not only to the political regulations of a state, but to every other branch of its institutions.

'In the course of this work, the reader will have perceived how much time it required to bring our penal Code to its present state. If we turn our eyes to the history of English jurisprudence, we shall perceive, still more forcibly, that it is only by perseverance and courage that we can vanquish prejudice, and attain the end at which every one ought to aim; viz. the happiness of all, founded on the happiness of each.'

In examining the French penal Code, some curious instances of diversity between its provisions and those of our own law present themselves, which, although not remarked by M. Taillandier, we shall take the liberty of noticing. One of the most important of these is the law against adultery, which has never, except during the Commonwealth, been deemed a criminal offence in our jurisprudence. It appears, indeed, that even before that period an attempt was made to render the act criminal when *committed by clergymen*; a law which would certainly have established a strange distinction between the clergy and the laity. We learn, from a letter addressed by Mr. Mead to Sir Martin Stretville, (lately published in Mr. Ellis's Collection of Original Letters,) that in the year 1625 a proposal was made in parliament to grant relief to certain poor and meanly provided clergymen; "and there was much hope," continues the writer, "of some good success, *if the lawyers stomach it not too much, who desire that every minister convicted before a justice by twelve men to have been once drunk should lose his living: that for adultery and fornication they should suffer death; and for tempting of a woman be deprived.* But the clergie hath been defended by Sir Dudley Digges and others, who would have these laws universal." * Under the Protectorate, these laws were accordingly made universal; and an ordinance of parliament enacted that "every person, as well the man as the woman, offending therein, should suffer death as in case of felony, without benefit of clergy." † It may be easily imagined that, on the Restoration, this act was not revived; nor, since that time, has any attempt been made to prohibit the offence by a penal statute. The French law

* Ellis's Original Letters, ii. 223. † See Scobell's Acts, 97.

does

does not proceed to such an extremity against the guilty parties, but is content to visit them with fine and imprisonment.

"336. The adultery of the wife cannot be denounced except by the husband; nor by him if he be in the case for which article 339. has provided.

"337. The wife convicted of adultery shall undergo the punishment of imprisonment during not less than three months, nor more than two years.

"The husband shall have the power of stopping the effect of this condemnation, by consenting to take his wife again.

"338. The accomplice of the adulterous wife shall be punished with imprisonment during the same space of time, and, moreover, with a fine, graduating from 100 to 2000 francs."

Under the regulations respecting "calumny, slander, and the disclosure of secrets," we also find some curious enactments. We doubt whether the following law can be regarded as desirable; since it is better that, in all cases, the utmost publicity should be given to the proceedings of the courts of justice:

"377. With regard to the imputations and abuse which may be inserted in writings relative to the defence of the parties, or in pleadings, the Judges who are in possession of the cause may, in giving judgment, either direct the suppression of the abuse, or abusive writings, or give admonitions (*injonctions*) to the authors of the delict, or suspend them from their functions, and also decide on the damages."

The next is a very singular enactment, obliging medical practitioners to secrecy under a penalty:

"378. Physicians, surgeons, and other officers of health, as likewise apothecaries and midwives, and all other persons to whom in consequence of their state or profession secrets are confided, and who, except in cases where the law obliges them to give information, shall have disclosed such secrets, shall be punished with an imprisonment from one to six months, and a fine of 100 to 500 francs."

It cannot be expected that the portion of the present work which relates to the English law should be free from errors: for how can a system which is so unintelligible to ourselves be comprehended in all its parts by a foreigner? Accordingly, M. Taillandier has been betrayed into occasional misconceptions. Thus he asserts (p. 92.) that, by the English law, imprisonment is inflicted for certain offences which have been erased from the French code, as heresy, apostacy, witchcraft, &c.: but, by the statute of 9 Geo. II. c. 5., all the laws against witchcraft are repealed, and a penalty is declared only against those who pretend to exercise it. Again, at p. 87., he asserts

that certain forgeries are punishable with the pillory, when in fact that infliction is abolished in every case, except perjury or subornation of perjury, by statute 56 Geo. III. c. 138. This error is repeated at p. 186., in speaking of the punishment of seditious words.

ART. II. *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Peinture en Italie, &c.; i. e.* An Essay on the History of Painting in Italy, from the remotest to the present Times. By Count GREGORY ORLOFF, Senator of the Empire of Russia. 8vo. 2 Vols. Paris. 1823. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 16s. sewed.

THE readers of our pages are already aware that Count ORLOFF is an indefatigable compiler. Not long ago, we noticed his Memoirs relative to Naples (Appendix to vols. xcv. and xcvii.); more recently, his Historical Essay on Italian Music (Appendix to vol. ciii.); and we have now before us a history of Italian painting. *Cui bono?* must be the preliminary question on the present occasion. Was such a work in the least necessary? *Lanzi's Storia Pittorica, Vasari*, as far as he goes, Dictionaries of painters without number, French, Italian, and English, and not long ago the work of Count *de Stendahl**, have more than exhausted the subject, fruitful as it is.

Moreover, the Count "begins at the beginning;" and the origin of painting, in the present work, occupies as many pages as he bestowed on that equally obscure and unimportant topic, the origin of music. It is not possible to ascertain how or when it was produced: but its infancy does not appear to have been long; and it is not to be inferred from the little that we know of its early commencements, that its first attempts were deformities. In this respect, it bears small or no analogy to the other arts and inventions of man. The admiration of the human form, and of the beauties of external nature, naturally gave rise to the two corresponding kinds of imitation; and in all probability the very first artists who held the pencil in Greece and Italy, the two birthplaces of painting, would not have been content with a false and imperfect copy. In those countries, perhaps, it can scarcely be said to have had an infancy. Like poetry, the elder born of the sister-arts, it is the expression of that innate love and perception of beauty which is an internal sense of our nature. The almost miraculous bound made by

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* "*Histoire de la Peinture en Italie.*" Paris. 1822.

painting, in the countries in which it was first cradled, and afterward cultivated to such high excellence, cannot be satisfactorily explained.

Still, it is much to be lamented that we have no satisfactory records of the state of the art in antient Greece. It should seem, however, that in its earliest stage light and shadow, and that which goes by the name of *chiaro-'scuro*, were principles well known. Pliny's catalogue of Greek artists is the only document on which we can rely: but his dates, and his chronological computations, are unsafe guides; and, if his nomenclature be implicitly adopted, we shall incur several important errors concerning the Greek painters and their works. Even the epochs when they flourished are scarcely to be conjectured from his scanty intimations. He tells us, indeed, that certain artists *flourished* in such or such an Olympiad, but this is telling nothing, because the life of each artist must have extended over several Olympiads; and therefore, as to the order and succession of the Grecian schools, we are lamentably uncertain. Yet in other respects Pliny, who must have drawn his resources from Grecian materials, is in the main deserving of confidence.

Under these circumstances, we have only the admiration and conspiring praises of antiquity to attest the excellence of the Greek masters: for Apelles, Parrhasius, and Zeuxis, though honored to the same degree with the suffrages of antient times as Phidias, Agasander, and Agasias, have not like the latter left the impression of their genius on durable materials; and it is the fate of their art to incur the risk and uncertainty of a frail and perishable surface. The Theseus, the Laocoon, the Apollo, and the Gladiator, are before us, palpable to the senses: but the Calumny, the Fortune, the Helen, and the Demos, have long since faded into the elements, and are known to us only by description and conjecture. While, therefore, the sculptors of Italy have to sustain an unfavourable comparison with the immortal remains of antique grace and sublimity, her painters are the exclusive masters of their own unquestioned domain: for it would be difficult to find any truly original genius beyond the confines of that illustrious region, *Rembrandt* perhaps only excepted; and *Raphael*, *Da Vinci*, *Titian*, *Michel Angelo*, &c., to say nothing of a host of subordinate artists, have ever been, and probably will always be, models of unapproachable and unrivalled excellence.

Apparently, the vaunted excellence of Etruscan painting should rank among the dreams of the learned. The Etrurians must have derived their conceptions of art from Egypt,

whose forms were uncouth, and executed in total defiance of proportion; anatomy being severely interdicted by the superstition of the country. It is in Greece alone that we must look for the antient schools of painting; and there we must not ascend higher than the time of Phidias for the great master-pieces of art. Those who preceded that æra resembled the Italian artists of the middle age, *Guido* of Sienna, *Giotto*, and *Cimabue*. Panaceus, the brother of Phidias, depicted the battle of Marathon; and truth of coloring and correctness of design were equally displayed in this picture. Polygnotus of Thasos painted elaborately the female graces of youth, beauty, and form; and he finished his pieces by giving the utmost care to subordinate details. He opened the mouths of his figures, to display the ivory of their teeth contrasted with lips of coral; while he varied infinitely the supple movements of their limbs, and the graceful charm of their attitudes. He was at once the Correggio, the Albano, and the Guido of Greece. He enriched the back-ground of his pictures with a noble style of architecture, in which the rules of perspective were never violated. The temple at Delphi, and the Stoa at Athens, were his common decorations. — Parrhasius, Apollodorus, Zeuxis, and Timanthes follow; but in what order of succession, and after what intervals, it is scarcely possible to determine.

Zeuxis is placed with the greatest artists of Greece.

'The rivals of the glory of Zeuxis,' says Count Orloff, 'were Androcides, painter of natural history, and Timanthes; who, under the conviction that it is not possible to express the grief of a father commanded by superstition to immolate a most beloved child, thought that he ought to leave to the conception of the spectator the anguish of Agamemnon, when by his order Iphigenia was dragged to the sacrifice: he, therefore veiled the face of the Grecian monarch, and in this way represented him as plunged in the deepest affliction.*

'Eupompus was also one of the rivals of Zeuxis. Indeed, he surpassed him in the richness of his pencil, but reached neither the dignity of his touch nor his boldness both in composition and design. Parrhasius was the most formidable competitor of Zeuxis; and the glove was flung down between these artists. Zeuxis had painted a bunch of grapes with such truth that the birds pecked at them; and this triumph of art filled the beholders with admiration. How, said Parrhasius, am I to surpass or contend against my rival! I can only effect it by drawing *him* into a similar illusion; and by so deceiving his understanding as to lead him,

* This is better expressed by Valerius Maximus: "*Caput Agamemnonis involvendo, nonne summi mœroris acerbitatem arte expressit non posse confessus est?*" Valer. Max. l. iii.

when

when he looks at my picture, into the same error as that of the birds. Parrhasius therefore merely painted a curtain, apparently concealing one of his recent productions; and, giving Zeuxis to understand that he had a new picture in his work-room, he invited him to inspect it, that he might profit by his remarks. Zeuxis hastened to him, observed the curtain, and attempted to undraw it. Genius was thus vanquished by genius; the curtain mocked the hastening hand of the rival painter; art was again victorious, and Zeuxis acknowleged that he was the more surpassed by Parrhasius, inasmuch as he had deceived only birds, while he himself was deceived by his competitor.' —

'Four pictures were enough to bestow immortality on the master of Apelles (Pamphilus): but the honour acquired by having produced such a disciple has not less contributed to distinguish him. The first of his paintings was a battle fought at Phlius, a city in Achaia, at which the beholder imagined himself to be actually present, so magical and so terrific was its truth. He gave so many fine and noble fascinations to the victory, that the spectator rushed as it were among the vanquishers, and to partake the glory desired to partake their danger. The second picture also represented a battle, (for the genius of Pamphilus was martial, like that of his country,) in which the Athenians were again victorious. His third, however, delineated a softer scene; it represented Ulysses going out on his last expedition, the conclusion of his labors; and the fourth had for its subject, and displayed with the most interesting truth, a virtuous family.

'It seems that painting acquired beneath the hands of Aristides a new life and a new soul. Before he appeared, physical and not moral man had alone been painted: but he spred the burning fire of the passions through the features of all his personages; he animated every thing, their looks, their figures, their bodies; and he inspired even their least motions with interest.

'Let us endeavor, after Pliny, to convey some idea of the pictures of this great artist.

'A city is taken by assault; and the victors, drunk with blood, and mad with that brutal phrenzy which seizes the soldiery in these Saturnalia of Mars, sweep every thing before them that their unpitying swords encounter. Among those who are endeavoring to escape the carnage, and leap the falling battlements of the town, is a mother still young, and beautiful as she is unfortunate; who, wounded and dying, makes no struggle but to snatch away her infant, whom she holds though faltering in her arms. She falls down on one of the stones of the rampart; and her first impulse, on recovering her consciousness, and hearing her infant cry, is to give it her breast, in order to preserve the life which she had imparted to it: but the murderous stroke had reached this seat at once of her pain and of her tenderness! Blood flows with the maternal aliment, and threatens to choke the infant at the moment when she is affording it nurture. Let us imagine the pain, the agony, the overwhelming despair of the unhappy mother! Niobe herself is scarcely less wretched. The light-

ning, it is true, had blasted all the daughters of Niobe: but the horror of the mother's situation, in the painting of Aristides, is aggravated by the impatience manifested by the child to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Oh sorrow, never wert thou more exquisite, never more truly expressed! We feel that death has charms, compared to an existence so dreadfully insupportable! Aristides, in this picture, excelled the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the pathos of Sophocles and Euripides.'

The Greek painters generally selected simple subjects, and their groupes were few: but in some of their historical pieces their compositions were more complex. For instance; the battle of Salamis, by Aristides, contained at least a hundred figures. Strabo says that the art arrived at its highest perfection under Apelles, who followed Aristides. Italian art had something like the same destiny, and *Correggio* succeeded to *Raphael*, as Apelles to Aristides. Apelles shone in the delineation of female beauty. His Venus emerging from the ocean, (the origin of the celebrated statue of that goddess called Anadyomene,) — his Alexander the Great represented as Jupiter Ammon, — and his Diana surrounded by nymphs, a subject borrowed from Homer, — are mentioned by antient writers with the strongest commendation, as displaying inimitable grace, the soft but irresistible charms of the goddesses, and the sterner grandeur and more heroic bearing of the Macedonian conqueror. His great picture of Calumny, of which the description is to be found in Lucian, was an allegory as beautifully painted as it was felicitously imagined. Apelles paid equal attention to the mechanical and the inventive parts of his wit, and he finished with intense labor and the utmost precision. Protogenes, his contemporary, is said to have finished his works too highly. His master-piece was the Jalisus, founder of Rhodes, for which the public honors of that state were voted to him. So intensely was he absorbed in this picture, that he took no other nourishment than a few boiled peas while he was employed on it, in order that he might not be interrupted by regular meals. Endeavoring in this painting to introduce a dog panting with heat and foaming at his mouth, and not succeeding as he wished, he threw his pencil at the picture in despair. Accident effected what his skill could not achieve, and the foam of the animal was exactly delineated.

The Greeks had what might be called their Flemish school, since Pericus substituted for ideal beauty minute and literal painting. Serapion, the Claude of antiquity, embellished his pictures with a beautiful sky, and interspersed them with grand and sublime architecture: but, like Claude, he was obliged

obliged to avail himself of another artist to execute his figures. The school which flourished in the age of Alexander had the blended attributes of the Roman, Florentine, and Bologna schools, and was worthy of the Carraccí, Guido, and Correggio. — We must ask, however, by what powers of second-sight, or of retrospective divination, Count Orloff could get at all this? It may possibly be true, but who can ascertain it? — Phidias, a painter as well as sculptor, Euphranor, and Nicias, who excelled in *chiaro-scuro*, and followed by a long list of artists, of whom all but their names are lost and forgotten. We know nothing of the works of Polygnotus: but it is said that he had arrived at the utmost limits of public reputation; and that, in gratitude for some historical pictures commemorating the great achievements of Greece, the Amphictyonic council decreed him their thanks, and ordered every city through which he passed to board and lodge him at the public expence.

The state of the art among the Romans may be speedily summed up. Antient Rome cannot justly be said to have had a school: but the great works of the artists of Greece were imported thither, and were ranked among the foreign luxuries by which the state was undone. The painters and sculptors of Rome were slaves, for they were regarded as below the dignity of free citizens. Yet the art, which it was considered as disgraceful to cultivate, was still honored. They gave Fabius the contemptuous nick-name of *Pictor*, for painting pictures for the temple of Salus on the Quirinal hill. His works, which were frescoes, were destroyed by fire in the reign of Claudius. Pacuvius, the comic poet, was a painter, and embellished the temple of Hercules in the Boarium: but, from his age down to the time of Pliny, not an artist is mentioned except Turpillus, a Roman knight, who painted with his left hand. The patronage of Augustus warmed one or two native artists into life, but they are of little or no note. From Augustus to Nero, the only name which occurs is that of Amulius, who was employed by that emperor to paint some works for his golden palace: but his pictures were consumed in the fire which destroyed that edifice. — We do not gain much information from Count Orloff on the subject of Roman painting, beyond a barren nomenclature: but the discoveries at Herculaneum and Pompeii, more especially the baths of Titus, where the celebrated Aldobrandini nuptials were found, which served *Raphael* as a school of art, and were the constant study of *N. Poussin*, who transferred them into his own learned compositions, — these discoveries have

fortunately enabled us to form a more correct estimate of Roman painting than we had before the means of making.

We have dwelt rather at length on the subject of antient art, because it is that portion of a tedious and twice-told tale which is the least familiar to general readers: but we shall not now pursue the author with the same minuteness, since the ground has been much beaten, and he follows only in the track of others.

The first efforts of art, to disengage itself from the deadening oppression under which it had lain during the dark and ignorant ages, gave but slender promise. Of the frescoes found in the catacombs, most were executed in the early periods of the Christian church, and many of these are a motley compound of heathen fables with Christian history. From the fifth century, the art rapidly degenerated.

'An opinion,' says Count Orloff, 'is still prevalent, and has existed too long for the honor of truth, that painting, in common with the other arts, ceased, soon after its first decline under the later emperors of the West, to exist altogether in Italy, and received its finishing stroke from the barbarians who destroyed the great master-pieces of antiquity. This opinion, like many others, originating in ignorance, arose principally from the negligence of scholars and antiquaries, in examining the contemporary histories of the barbarian invasions, — the lives and chronicles of the kings and saints of those disastrous ages. It is certain that these Gothic princes, who prevented the devastations of the countries which they over-ran, and Theodoric among others, paid a sort of homage to the elegant arts, not only by preserving the monuments of Grecian art that were then extant, but by causing new works to be effected at Ravenna, where Theodoric resided. Among these are the paintings executed by order of Queen Theolinda on her palace-walls at Monza, in the Milanese, which are historical delineations of some of the exploits of her nation. *Muratori* and *Tiraboschi* have noticed these specimens of art in the middle ages; and the engravings of them by *Ciampini* are well known.

'The Iconoclasts did not effect such great mischief to the arts as is generally imputed to them. Many ecclesiastics, who considered the cultivation of the arts with their sacred calling, fled to Rome about this period from Constantinople; where an intolerant and ferocious fanaticism, not content with destroying images, butchered the individuals in whose possession they were found. They were hospitably received by the Popes, and had monasteries assigned to them, where they cultivated their religious duties and the art of painting with equal assiduity. Modern Rome thus rose from the ruins of the antient city. Thanks to the signal concessions made by the temporal to the spiritual power, so soon to be united, she was enriched with a great number of new paintings, which adorned her palaces, her churches, her catacombs; and if many of these subterraneous repositories had not fallen in, we should

should have had a long series of frescoes, which, added to those now extant, would have enabled us to trace the history of painting with greater certainty.'

The dark ages may be said to have produced artizans, not artists. The Greek statues first imparted to the Italian school that truth and severity of design which are so essential to the art. In this part of his work, Count Orloff draws copiously from *Lanzi*, than whom he could not have resorted to a more respectable authority; and he cites *Giunta* of Pisa, of the twelfth century, as the first restorer. We must, however, dissent from *Lanzi*; for *Cimabue*, who appeared forty years later, is justly to be considered as the man who gave the first impulse to the national genius. He sketched his figures on a scale of colossal proportions, and crowded his canvass with objects. His lines, unlike those of his predecessors, are bold and undulating; his draperies are better disposed; he had more accurate notions of grouping, and frequently greater power of expression. He was held in the most exalted admiration by his coëvals. While engaged on his Madonna surrounded by angels, (a picture still to be seen at Florence,) he was visited at his residence in a small village near that city by the King of Naples; and the Florentines, availing themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them to inspect the picture, accompanied the monarch in such numbers as to make a sort of festival, whence the groupe of houses and gardens derived the name of *Borgo Allegri*. When the painting was complete, it was carried to the church of Santa Maria by the people in procession, with banners displayed and trumpets sounding, amid the joyful shouts of an immense multitude who assembled to witness the great triumph of his art. *Lanzi* calls *Cimabue* the Michel Angelo of his time; and *Giotto*, his pupil, the Raphael.

Giotto quite eclipsed the merit of his master. He had the right feeling to discover and relish the superiority of the antique, of which Florence had a few specimens; and this, while it imparted somewhat of coldness to his manner, suggested to him the necessity and the means of improving the attitudes and draperies of his figures. He adorned his frescoes with rich and florid architecture; and his color, though occasionally raw and glaring, was correct in principle. His "Annunciation," however, retains that stiffness of design which marks a bad period of the art; but this was his first picture, and painted when he adhered closely to *Cimabue*'s manner. Afterward he attained a more flowing outline, and introduced warmer carnations.—It is a current anecdote of *Giotto*, that

that Pope *Benedict*, desirous of inviting able artists to Rome, sent to *Giotto* for a specimen of his painting: when the only answer was a simple circle traced on paper with a pencil. It was rightly interpreted, and *Giotto* was established in Rome. *Masaccio* constitutes another epoch, and was the harbinger of a more splendid school. Oil-painting was introduced about this period: — a memorable revolution in the history of the art.

In the fifteenth century, the glory of Florence rose to its height: it was the age of *Leonardo da Vinci*, *Michel Angelo*, and *Andrea del Sarto*.

At the mention of these names, so much revered by the lovers of the arts as at the theatre when the increasing interest of the drama becomes still stronger as it approaches the catastrophe, we feel ourselves subdued with admiration; and the desire of making our readers acquainted with these great masters, and their productions, is now the most anxious part of our task.

'*Leonardo da Vinci* is the first of the groupe by priority, and perhaps with regard to genius. Son of a notary, this painter received from nature as many eminent qualities as she ordinarily defies to a number of others. To the beauties of person, he joined those of the soul; to rectitude of judgment, the finest imagination; so that he was as much qualified to shine in science as in art. The mathematics, music, poetry, his moral firmness, and strength of understanding, painting, and even sculpture, attest the universality of his genius. Added to these, he possessed such a fascinating grace in his features, his gestures, and his voice, that, like one of the enchanters of the fairy-tales, he was equally admired by foreigners and by his countrymen, by people and by sovereigns.

'*Verrochio* was his master, and the lively precocity of the pupil threw the teacher into despair: insomuch that *Da Vinci* unconsciously compelled him to quit his profession, and *Verrochio* became a sculptor, ashamed to see his disciple surpass him at the very commencement of his career.

'The young artist at first had two styles. The coloring of the one is loaded with shades, in order that its lights may be more strongly relieved; but, in the other, his purer and more elaborate style, he learned to soften the contrast by the mellowness and grace of half-tints. His drawing is equally elegant and correct; and the expression of the soul seems to leap from his pencil. All is grand and rich in his accessories, his figures, his personages. Fields, palaces, and cottages serve for his ornaments; but, still finer, are his heads, from whose mouths a smile seems ever ready to escape, like the face of Spring when nature is renovated. His defects, however, are those of too much timidity in his finishing strokes, and other slighter imperfections of manner.

'The picture of the Medusa, and the Magdalen of the Pitti palace of Florence, — another on the same subject, at the Aldobrandini

bandini palace at Rome, — and his celebrated "Last Supper" at Milan, — are the master-pieces of this artist; as the latter is without dispute that of painting in general.'

Michel Angelo and *Del Sarto* are well known to our readers, and we leap over them to *Raphael*, justly termed the prince of painters. He began to paint at seventeen years of age, and his first effort was a daring personification of the Supreme Being surrounded by his angels. At Florence, he studied the works of *Da Vinci*, *Michel Angelo*, &c. &c., and learned perspective under *Porta*. His second style was not taken up till his second visit to Florence, four years afterward. His Dead Christ is extolled by *Vasari* as most divine, the few figures all contributing to the majestic sorrow which overclouds it. At length he came to Rome, in the meridian splendor of a genius enlightened by study and ripened by experience. He painted that sublime allegory of the school of Athens in the saloon of the Vatican: but the vision of Heliodorus in the temple is the finest of all his compositions. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the warrior's attitude who appears to Heliodorus. He looks, says Count Orloff, like the Jupiter of Phidias; and the weapon which he grasps seems to be thunder, to such a point did this powerful artist carry the poetical strength of his conceptions. In the Deliverance of St. Peter, which *Raphael* painted for Pope *Leo X.*, he displayed for the first time the complete knowlege of his art, and the profoundest skill in light and shadow. The sentinels of the prison are lighted by the moon, and a torch; but their light fades before the divine beams of the angel, who is about to release the captive.

The "Victory of the Christians at the Port of Ostia" intitles its author, says *Lanzi*, to the epic laurel. Coursers, warriors, the fury and confusion of the battle, eagerness for victory, shame and dread of defeat, are all expressed in this painting by the creative omnipotence of genius. The picture which represents a fire in one of the suburbs of Rome is still more terrific. Night has covered the city with her shadows, and the inhabitants are buried in sleep; when all at once cries seem to be heard, and the whole mass of people is aroused in consternation. The conflagration spreads from house to house, and Rome is enveloped in flames. Pity and terror are powerfully awakened. Women half naked are seen with their infants in their arms, some of them lifting up their eyes to heaven, and imploring its compassion. The story of Æneas and Anchises is introduced; and a young man, inspired by filial affection, is seen snatching his aged father from an edifice which is nodding to its fall, and bears him on his shoulders through the fire. In the distance, we behold *Leo* the Great, full of divine inspiration, pronouncing his benediction from the top of the

the Vatican; and at his appearance the fire is gradually extinguished.' —

'But how shall we communicate the impression, at once profound and sublime, produced by that immortal painting of the Transfiguration, in which, after having represented the death of Christ, the artist, a faithful historian of all that is most edifying in religion or sacred in the Gospel, displays him to us rising from the tomb; manifesting himself to his disciples on the summit of Mount Tabor, dazzling them, affrighting them with his sacred brightness, and re-ascending to his celestial mansions, from which he descended only for the redemption of mankind! This picture, says *Mengs*, is the *chef-d'œuvre* of *chefs-d'œuvre*; and that divine look of the Son of God, beaming with mercy and benevolence, in which are seen at once the sainted image of virtue, softens, interests, astonishes us! Never before did art excite emotions so powerful.'

The history of *Raphael* and his works comprizes two separate epochs of the Roman school; and the third dates from, 1527, when the army of the Constable *de Bourbon* committed their barbarous ravages in the Vatican. In this tumult, some of the finest works of that great master suffered serious damage; and *F. Sebastiano*, the bungling artist who attempted their restoration, deserves the reproach of having destroyed them. The decline of the school of *Raphael*, some years after his death, was principally owing to the public calamities of Italy, in which Rome so unfortunately participated. The caprices of fashion and taste, but above all the total want of talent in the professed mannerists who came after him, still farther accelerated its decay, about the close of the seventeenth century; although it displays a few feeble symptoms of revival under the *Barocchi*, the *Sacchi*, and the *Baglioni*.

Volume ii. of Count Orloff's entertaining work comprehends the Bolognese school, — those of Ferrara, Genoa, and Venice, — and the several schools of Lombardy and Naples. We pass over his catalogue of the former of these, and confine ourselves to a few extracts from his remarks on one or two masters, viz. *Giorgione* and *Titian*, the great luminaries of Venetian art.

'*Giorgio Barberelli*, surnamed *Giorgione*, combined, like *Leonardo da Vinci*, the beauties of person with those of the mind, and has stamped an astonishing character of greatness and beauty on all his works. A disciple of one of the *Bellinis*, all that he saw in his studies, and in his models, which was not impressed with these characters, he rejected with disdain as unworthy of his pencil. By these means, he appeared, even when he was a mere scholar, a master of his art; and he did not cease to elevate his style, to enlarge his manner, to embellish his figures with the utmost precision of feature and truth of expression. His countenances

are animated, his attitudes are indued with motion and life, his draperies are disposed with surprizing skill, his coloring is harmonious, full of force and substance, and his *chiaro-'scuro* is diversified with charming tints and half-tints. He is the Michel Angelo of his school with respect to boldness and grandeur of design, and its Da Vinci for purity and grace; — no one ever surpassed him in coloring.

'The labors of this painter at first embellished the façades of the Venetian palace, while his pictures in oil adorned its interior. It is there that, sporting with his pencil, he transforms it into the wand of Armida; and at a single stroke, a bold dash, spring up saints, gods, goddesses, or heroes. To the freshness, truth, and beauty of his flesh, he adds drapery equally new and ingenious. The finest heads are shaded with the finest hair, floating in undulating curls over shoulders on which the lily vies with the rose; feathers, hats, and casques, contribute the utmost skill in costume to the most touching expression; superb armour covers the most valiant warriors; — in one word, *Giorgione* is in painting what *Ariosto* is in poetry. — Moses saved by Pharaoh's daughter is one of his finest pictures. The colors are few, but well disposed: its general tone is highly harmonious; and all this, united with the most perfect purity of tint, gives the picture, says *Lanzi*, a sort of austere harmony, which is as seductive to the eyes as a simple and pathetic melody is to the ear and the heart.

'*Giorgione* terminated at the age of thirty-four a life full of glory, and dedicated to honorable toils. His brief career was a series of prodigies. It should seem that there are in the history of genius the same compensations as there are in that of human nature; the more we are astonished, and the more we are enchanted with its productions, the less ought we to calculate on a long continuance of our delight. Like *Raphael* and *Correggio*, this artist, cut off in the flower of his age, bequeathed the greater regret to Italy, inasmuch as his pencil promised works still more numerous and sublime. He died in 1511.'

We have room for a part only of the Count's notice of *Titian*.

'It is to this artist that nature gave the merited title of the painter of Truth. Without meanness, as without bombast, he was scrupulously addicted to truth rather than novelty, — to that which is real in preference to that which is specious. Almost a boy when he quitted *Bellini*, from whom he had learned that without labor and regularity nothing could be done in painting, and that without patience no perfection could be attained, we see him emulating *Albert Durer*, the most laborious and finished of artists. At an early age, he painted a Pharisee shewing money to Jesus; a most elaborate picture: not only the hair, but the pores of the skin, are given with a fidelity quite astonishing in a work which, notwithstanding its precision of details, overflows with elegance and beauty. But, soon adopting a more liberal style, *Titian* formed another manner, which delights us with effects considered

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till then beyond the utmost reach of art. His *Leda* extorted from *Michel Angelo* an expression of regret that he did not draw as he painted.'—

'Sir J. Reynolds observes that *Titian* displays so much dignity in his works, that his researches after truth advanced him even to sublimity. To great skill in fore-shortening, he adds a happy talent in depicting the extremities. The Venus, painted for the Florence gallery, displays the pencil as a rival of the chisel, and shews to what a degree *Titian* was conversant with the antique. He applied the *chiaro-'scuro* most happily, and in that branch attained to the summit of ideal beauty; he graduated his middle tints with great care: in a word, he excelled every painter in coloring. It is not enough that the artist spreads or contrasts his shadows with skill, or employs simple or complex tints, and ably contrasts them with each other;—nothing must be violent or exaggerated. A white dress near dark chairs will give them the hue of deep purple. White, red, black, these are the colors that make the pallet of *Titian* the laboratory of nature.

'In invention and composition, *Titian* is sparing of figures, after the manner of the greatest painters, antient and modern. Nothing is forced or stiff in either: the spectator would think that he contemplated antient bas-relievos, in which all is elegance, grace, and perfection. Less ingenious than *P. Veronese*, he charms us by more simplicity; if he has less action than *Tintoretto*, he has more judgment; and when he paints battles, or bacchanals, he is as fertile and bold as those two great masters of his school. As to the expression of his portraits, he is not surpassed even by *Raphael*.'

We arrive in the last chapter of the work at the present state of painting in Italy, and we are sorry that we can no longer pursue Count Orloff's steps. He speaks in high terms of encomium of *Agricola*, a rising artist at Rome, not yet twenty years old: who is said to be devoted to *Raphael*'s manner, and a diligent student of the antique; to color in the style of *Sanzio*; to have an admirable *chiaro-'scuro*; and to delineate flesh as finely as the best artists. May this youthful painter tread the laborious and patient path of the great masters of former days! Nothing is more to be desired in modern painting than a revival of the school of *Raphael*.

A long list of names follows; proving at least the assiduity with which the art is still cultivated at Rome: but, alas, the existing school languishes in hopeless mediocrity! If the regeneration of this delightful art be a rational expectation, it is to the academy at Florence that we must look for it. There, for the last twenty years, says the author, it has been philosophically taught and laboriously pursued.

ART. III. *Nouveau Recueil de Fabliaux et Contes inédits*, &c.; *i. e.* A new Collection of inedited Fabliaux and Tales of French Poets in the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th Centuries. Published by M. Méon, Keeper of the Manuscripts in the King's Library, Paris. 8vo. 2 Vols. Paris. 1823. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 1*l.* 10*s.*

WE are willing to hope that the early literature of France is attracting more attention in that country than has hitherto been bestowed on it, and we hail the circumstance as the precursor of a more simple and natural taste. The poetry of the *Troubadours*, indeed, has very long enjoyed a considerable celebrity among the French literati: but we believe that their compositions were much more frequently mentioned than read; and it was not until the publication of M. *Raynouard*'s valuable work that the French possessed any adequate means of becoming acquainted with the Provençal and its poets, of whose labors they are so proud, and which are in fact so very honorable to the early genius of their nation.

It is, moreover, singular that, while the *Troubadours*, or poets of the south of France, have always obtained much notice in the literary world, the *Trouveurs*, or northern poets, have been, until the middle of the last century, almost entirely neglected. The early Italian poets were deeply indebted to the *Troubadours*, and the obligation has been acknowleged both by *Dante* and *Petrarch*: but, if the *Troubadours* were the guides to the poets of Italy, the *Trouveurs* rendered the same service to her romance-writers. *Boccaccio*, however, less grateful than *Dante*, though he has borrowed freely from the authors of the Fabliaux*, has failed to express his acknowlegements for the assistance; a fact which may account in some degree for the comparative obscurity of the *Trouveurs*.

We believe that *Fauchet*, in his history of French poetry, was the first to revive the almost forgotten Fabliaux: but this part of his task was executed in a very imperfect manner; and it is in fact to M. *de St. Palaye*, whose life was devoted to the study of the early literature of his country, that the *Trouveurs* owe their actual restoration to light. In the collection of the old French poets made by that industrious scholar, amounting it is said to twenty-five large MS. volumes in folio, the *Fabliaux* and *Lais* of the *Trouveurs* appear to be

* How greatly *Boccaccio*, and the earlier novelists of Italy, were indebted to the *Trouveurs*, may be seen by a reference to the second volume of Mr. Dunlop's History of Fiction.

mingled

mingled with the *Tensons* and the *Sirventes* of the *Troubadours*. The manuscripts of *St. Palaye*, though they have furnished much assistance to subsequent writers, have never been printed; and the world is acquainted with them only through the very imperfect compilation of *Millot*, to which he has assigned the title of *Histoire de Troubadours*, and the imitations of M. *Le Grand*. In 1756 M. *Barbazan* published a collection of Fabliaux, which was subsequently enlarged by M. Méon, and given to the world in 1808, in four volumes *, of which the two now before us form the continuation. To M. *Le Grand D'Aussy*, however, the authors of the Fabliaux are principally indebted for the reputation which they at present enjoy. Aware how improbable it was that the writings of the *Trouveurs* should ever become very popular, while confined to the obscure and antiquated dialect in which they were written, and which renders them even more unintelligible to Frenchmen than our own early poets are to ourselves, he published what has been called "neither a free nor a literal translation," but a *copie réduite*, in French prose, of many of the most interesting Fabliaux. To this collection we are ourselves indebted for the pleasing metrical versions furnished by Mr. Way, who has paraphrased the translations of M. *Le Grand*. If to these works we add the two volumes of the "*Poesies*" of *Marie de France*, lately printed at Paris, we shall find that we now possess a very respectable body of *Trouveur* literature.

We have no intention, at this time, to enter into a critical dissertation on the Fabliaux, though the nature of the subject might well justify us in so doing: but Mr. Dunlop, in his excellent History of Fiction, has given a very pleasing and able sketch of their origin and history, to which we refer our readers. The preface to *Le Grand*'s collection, also, though desultory in its method, contains a great mass of information on the same topic. We may, however, remark that to an Englishman the study of the Fabliaux possesses considerable interest, from the circumstance of those poems having been the models from which many of our own early writers copied. Indeed, the poets of both countries appear (to use a phrase current in our courts of justice) to have *intercommoned* together; and sometimes it has been found difficult to decide to which nation a particular poet belongs. So general was the taste for French poetry in England during the thirteenth century, that Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the year 1207 introduced a stanza in that language

* See M. R. vol. lxxiii. p. 495.

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in a sermon on the Holy Virgin.* Marie de France, who is conjectured to have been born in Normandy, is said by a very learned antiquary to have composed her fables in England; and, indeed, from many of her poems it appears that she must have been acquainted both with the language and the people of this country.† Her Lay of Lanval, one of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table, was translated into English by Thomas Chestre, an old English poet, and has been versified by Mr. Way from *Le Grand's copie réduite.*‡ It has been supposed that Chaucer was acquainted with the writings of Marie de France; a conjecture founded on a passage in his "Drem" which appears to have been copied from the Lay of Elidus; and also on the manner in which he makes the Frankelein speak of the Bretons and their compositions.§ The Frankelein's tale is expressly stated by Chaucer to have been taken from a *Romans,* or French original; and at the conclusion of it he says,

"Thys ys on of Brytayne layes
That was used by olde dayes."

It is probable, however, that Chaucer derived some of his stories, which may be traced up to the Fabliaux, through the medium of the *Novelle Antiche,* or of the Decamerone of *Boccaccio:* in both of which, as we have already stated, many of the tales of the *Trouveurs* may be traced.

In adverting to the connection between the early poetry of France and that of England, we cannot but regret that M. Méon deemed it unnecessary to add any notes or illustrations either to the former or the present volumes of this valuable collection. Every person, who is acquainted with *Le Grand's* publication, will acknowlege the additional interest which that work derives from the historical and critical notes so judiciously appended to it; many of which are known to the English reader by the translations of them in Mr. Way's collection of Fabliaux. Few poems in any language at once require and give opportunities for so much and such varied

* See "Dissertation on the Lives and Works of several Anglo-Norman Poets of the Thirteenth Century," by M. de la Rue, in *Archæologia,* vol. xiii. p. 231.

† See the "Dissertation on the Life and Writings of Mary, an Anglo-Norman Poetess," in the xiiith vol. of the *Archæologia.* It has been transferred by the editor of the Poems of Marie to his preface.

‡ Way's Fabliaux, vol. ii. p. 52. *Le Grand,* vol. i. p. 92.

§ See the Introductory Discourse to the Canterbury Tales.

illustration as the French Fabliaux *, and the materials for such a work are not by any means of difficult access. The *Histoire de la Vie privée des Français* contains a copious store of curious information, which would have thrown much light on the obscure habits and customs frequently introduced in the Fabliaux. So chary, however, has M. Méon been of every thing in the shape of a note, that he has not even pointed out such of the poems in his collection as have already been translated into prose by M. *Le Grand*. On an examination of the first of his new volumes, we find that ten of the Fabliaux are contained in *Le Grand*, and, for the convenience of such of our readers as may wish to see the tales in a more intelligible shape, we shall give the references.

La Mule sans Frain, Méon, p. 1., *Le Grand*, vol. i. p. 18.; *Li dis de la Vescie a Prester*, Méon, p. 80., *Le Grand*, vol. iii. p. 283.; *Le Povre Clerc*, Méon, p. 104., *Le Grand*, vol. iii. p. 139.; *De Brefaut*, Méon, p. 124., *Le Grand*, vol. ii. p. 421.; *Du Chevalier à l'Espée*, Méon, p. 127., *Le Grand*, vol. i. p. 34.; *Du Clerc qui fu repris deriere l'Escrin*, Méon, 165., *Le Grand*, vol. ii. p. 423.; *Le Revenant*, Méon, 174., *Le Grand*, vol. i. p. 117.; *De la Vielle qui oint la Palme au Chevalier*, Méon, p. 183., *Le Grand*, vol. iii. p. 58.; *Do Pré tondu*, Méon, p. 289., *Le Grand*, vol. ii. p. 334.; *De Hueline et d'Aiglantine*, Méon, p. 358., *Le Grand*, vol. i. p. 230. *Le Mule sans Frain* and *Hueline et d'Aiglantine* have also been versified by Mr. Way, Fabliaux, vol. i. p. 127., and vol. iii. p. 1.

M. Méon has not bestowed more attention on his glossary, which is far from being complete: yet nothing is so essential to a work of this kind as a full and accurate explanation of that sort, without which it must be unintelligible, even to a Frenchman. The imperfect glossary given by *Barbazan* is said by *Le Grand* to have been a principal cause of his collection of Fabliaux being so little known, even by men of letters. In the

* It is well remarked by M. *Le Grand*, that it is rather on account of the pictures which they contain of the habits and manners of the time, than of the beauty of the poetry, that the Fabliaux are valuable. "It is not merely the general tone of manners or the habits of high life which they represent. Designed like comedy to exhibit the ordinary actions of private life, they shew the nation in an undress, if the expression be allowable. Opinions, prejudices, superstitions, customs, the tone of conversation, the mode of courtship, are to be found there, and frequently no where else. Perhaps from these poems we may make ourselves better acquainted with the French of the thirteenth century, than by reading all the modern histories." Preface, p. 68.

preface to the four former volumes of this work, M. Méon stated that it could not be expected from him that he should give explanations of any words but such as are absolutely necessary to render the text intelligible; and he referred his readers for farther information to the Dictionary of the Romance Language by M. *Rocquefort.** In the volumes before us, the editor has omitted the marginal explanations and remarks, which in the former volumes materially facilitated the reader's progress. It is, according to M. *Le Grand*, a great mistake to suppose that the French reader will take the trouble of continually referring to a vocabulary; and we are quite sure that the English reader will be fully as averse to the task.

We scarcely know in what manner to make extracts from these volumes; because, if our readers do not possess M. *Rocquefort's* vocabulary, we fear that they will have little chance of profiting by them. Perhaps, however, if we select our specimens from the tales which have been translated by M. *Le Grand*, and at the same time add his *copie réduite*, the difficulty may be overcome. We shall likewise append to the extracts the metrical version into English by Mr. Way; and thus the reader will have an opportunity of forming a judgment on the merits of both the imitations. With regard to the fidelity of M. *Le Grand's* translation, it must be remembered that he does not profess to give, word for word, the meaning of his original, but that he has frequently compressed the narrative part of the tales, and omitted portions of them of which our modern notions of decency would not permit the insertion. It must also be borne in mind that the MSS. which M. Méon has followed are probably not the same to which M. *Le Grand* had access.

The ensuing specimens are selected from the Fablian of *Hueline et Eglantine.* (Méon, vol. i. p. 353.; *Le Grand*, vol. ii. p. 230.; Way, vol. iii. p. 1.) The two latter versions have a short exordium, which, as it is wanting in Méon, we omit.

'De Hueline et d'Eglantine.

'*Ce fut en mai, et tant d'esté*
Que la vert herbe croist o pré,
Deus puceles en un vergier
Entrerent por esbenoier:
L'une des deus fu Eglantine,
Et l'autre avoit non Hueline.
Amont vindrent par lo jardin
A la fontaine sor le pin:

* See Rev. vol. lxxiii. p. 486.

Lor mains laverent au ruisel,
Et puis lor cors, ce lor fu bel,
Don conmancerent à plorer,
Et lor amor à desmostrer.
Eglantine s'an fu hastée
Qui a Clerc ot s'amor donée :
Hueline li respondi
D'un Chevalier a fait ami.
Eglantine, dès qu'ele autant,
Si li respont isnelemant :
Damoisele, fait avez mal,
Dès or estes tornée à val :
Car là avez amor batie
Où il n'a point de cortoisie ;
Jà en amor de Chevalier
Ne troveroiz que cortoisier.
Mais qui à Clerc livre s'amor,
De cortoisie sant l'odor :
Car plus set Clers de cortoisie
Que Chevaliers qui a amie.
Hueline ne fu pas mue,
Ainsi dist, tel chose avez méue
Don vos seroiz encor o moi,
Mi esciant, si con je croi :
Car il n'a homé en ceste vie
Qui tant sache de cortoisie
Con Chevalier, se sachoiz bien ;
Jamais en doteroiz de rien,
Et ce vos ce volez noier :
Je suis preste del renoier
Que mains set Clers de cortoisie,
Que Chevaliers qui a amie.
Eglantine respont riant :
Dame, a bon conmancemant,
Puisque avez mené tançon ;
Soiez tenue par raison.
Vez mon gaje, et lo main gant,
De bien tenir mon convenant :
Dites premiere, le lorrai,
Et en après je respondrai.
Fait Hueline, je l'otroi,
Dame Eglantine, à moie foi,
Jà vos dirai mien esciant,
De vostre ami ce que j'antant.
Vostre ami set bien corecier,
Si set chanter en cel mostier,
Mais il n'ira jà en besoin
Que son sautier n'aut en son poin.
Qant mes amis va tornoier,
Et cil vait lire son sautier :
Et qant cil fiert son compaignon
Et cil fait ensolucion.

M. *Le Grand*'s translation:

" *Au mois de Mai, quand les prés se tapissent de verdure, deux demoiselles d'une grande naissance sortirent ensemble pour se promèner. L'une s'appellait Eglantine; Hueline etait le non de l'autre. Deux sœurs ne se fussent pas aimée davantage. Après avoir marché quelque tems, elles arrivèrent dans un vallon qu'arrosait un ruisseau, planté sur ses bords d'oliviers fleuris. La beauté du lieu les invitait à se reposer. Elles s'assirent, et régardant souvent dans l'eau leur visage, qu'amour altérait,* " *Heureux,*" *s'écria l'une d'elles,* " *l'amant qui seul et sans crainte serait ici auprès de sa mie! Baisers et caresses nous ne pourrions rien lui refuser; mais pour ces joux qui tournent à deshonneur, nous n'aurions garde de les permettre: car est-il pour nous un malheur plus grand que la honte et le mépris?*" — " *Vous avez raison,*" *dit l'autre;* " *l'honneur est bien autrement précieux que des trésorz. Comme un arbre, dont la verdure bienfaisante a plu long-temps, est délaissé tout-à-coup, dès qu'il offre plus d'ombrage: telle une jeune fille, que parait la pudeur et que recherchaient les amans, est abandonée d'eux pour jamais, et n'éprouve plus que leurs dédains, quand sa vertu est flétrie.*" *Elles passèrent ainsi une partie de la journée à parler raison, folie, et amour; mais une question imprudente, que fit naïvement Eglantine, vint tout-à-coup troubler cette amitié si tendre.* " *Ma bonne amie,*" *dit-elle a sa compagne,* " *soyez vraie; à que avez-vous donnée ce cœur si loyal et si bon?*" *Hueline rougit, et elle avoua avec franchise qu'elle avait choisie pour ami un chevalier beau et bien fait. Eglantine, que aimait un clerc, blâma beaucoup le choix de son amie.* " *Comment pouvez-vous aimer sans espoir de courtoisie,*" *dit-elle?* " *Et où trouver courtoisie ailleurs que dans un clerc?*" *L'amie prétendit que l'homme courtois par excellence, l'homme de tous le plus estimable, etait le chevalier, et elle s'offrit à le prouver invinciblement.* " *En effet,*" *reprit-elle,* " *à quoi est bon votre amant, qu'à chanter dans une eglise ou à marcher en procession, un seautier en main? Tandis qu'il donne une absolution, le mien force un château?*"

Mr. Way's metrical version:

" In May's sweet month, when teeming nature spreads
Her verdant tap'stry o'er the varied meads,
Yfere two damsels far'd to take the air,
Both nobly born, and both celestial fair;
Huéline this, that Eglantine was named,
Two sisters ne'er more mutial fondness claimed.
" Awhile at random roam'd each lovely maid,
Then in a cool sequester'd vâle they stayed;
A wandering brook did lave it's dark green ground
With many a fair and flowering olive crown'd;
All seem'd with nature's charms so choicely bless'd,
It won them by that crystal stream to rest,
And down they sat, and in its waters view'd
Their cheeks grown wan with love's inquietude.

'How bless'd,' quoth one, 'must be that lover's state
Who sole and fearless here should meet his mate!
Kind kisses, well I ween, embracements dear,
We ill might gainsay, if he were but here:
But looser sport — I trust we should refrain
From deeds that bring dishonourable stain;
For what more dire to maid in honour born
Than a good name defil'd, and left to shameful scorn?'
" 'Right,' quoth the partner-maid, 'with thee I hold
A spotless honour far more worth than gold.
As a fair tree, by all with joy beheld,
While with its friendly green it shades the field;
Soon as its rivell'd leaf is seen to wane
Stands undesired, and outcast on the plain:
E'en so, in simple modesty array'd,
And wooed by many a swain, the tender maid,
Should some sad chance her virgin pureness blot,
Stands scorn'd of all, deserted and forgot.'
" So fled the hours in various parley kind;
Love, sense, and frolick foolishness combined:
When a breif question, drop'd without design
From the sweet lips of artless Eglantine,
Had power their friendly pratling to destroy,
To wake contentious ire, and banish joy.
" 'Sweet friend of mine!' thus, seated on the grass,
Spake to her beauteous friend the thoughtless lass;
'Come, tell me true, for whom hast thou design'd
That heart of thine, so loyal, good, and kind?'
Huéline blush'd, then own'd her heart's delight
Was a well-form'd, and fair, and goodly knight.
Young Eglantine, who by contrarious fate
Had chose a comely clerk to be her mate,
Straight 'gan with heedless zeal aloud exclaim —
'Oh! witless choice! O much deserving blame:
Can maid like thee indulge a choice so base?
A love where courtesy can ne'er have place?
For where I crave can courtesy be found,
Save with a reverend clerk, for discipline renown'd?'
'Tush!' quoth the friend, 'for courteous thews I deem
The wight past all, the peerless in esteem,
Is he who boasts him of the name of knight:—
Now list awhile, and mark me set you right.
For proof — what boots it day by day to haunt
Some church's gloom with melancholy chaunt,
Or in some long procession's dismal band
March slowly on, a psalter in one's hand?
What boot, I say, these feats to me or you? —
Yet this is all your learned love can do.
While absolutions waste his lifeless hours,
Mine conquers castles and dismantles towers.'"

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The reader will not fail to remark the want of resemblance, in various places, between the original and the imitation of it in modern French. This arises from the circumstance of the *copie réduite* having been compiled by M. *Le Grand* from three different MSS.; which, though varying in form, were the same in the substance of the tale. Taking one of the MSS. as the basis of his imitation, according to his custom he inserted from the others all the most agreeable passages which he could transfer without injury to the sense.

The tale of "The Mule without a Bridle" is a remarkable instance of the licence which M. *Le Grand* has allowed himself to exercise in abridging the Fabliaux. In his version, the story occupies only ten short pages; in that of Mr. Way, twenty pages, or about 360 lines: but, in the original, thirty-seven pages, or upwards of 1100 lines.

Our next specimen is selected from this tale. The passage describes the approach of the lady to the court of Arthur. — Méon, vol. i. p. 1.; *Le Grand*, vol. i. p. 13.: Way, vol. i. p. 127.

'*Mains sont prisiées orendroit*
Les viez voies que les noveles,
Por ce qu'en les tient à plus beles,
Et si sont miaudres par sanblant;
Mès ils avient assez sovent
Que les viez en sont les plus chieres,
Por ce dist Paiens de Maisieres
Qu'en se doit tenir totes voies
Plus as viés qu'as noveles voies.
'*Ici commence une aventure*
De la Damoisele à la Mure
Qu'à la Cort au roi Artu vint.
Un jor de Pentecoste avint
Que li rois Artus Cort tenoit
A Cardoil, si con il soloit,
Et s'i ot chevaliers assez
De totes terres amassez
Qui à la Cort venu estoient.
Avec la Roïne estoient
Les dames et les damoiseles
Don il i ot assez de beles
Qui à la Cort erent venues.
Tant ont les paroles tenues,
Que li baron, après mengier,
Furent alé esbanoier.
Parmi la sale amont, as estres,
Si regardent par les fenestres
Tot aval très parmi un pré.
Mès moult i orent pou esté.
Que il virent sor une mure
Vers le chastel grant aléure

Venir une seule pucele
Qui moult ert avenanz et bele.
La Damoisele issi venoit
Que en sa mule point n'avoit
De frain, ne mès seul lo chevestre.
Li chevalier ce que pot estre
Entr'ax durement s'en merveillent,
Moult en parolent et consellent,
Et dient que lou sauroit
La Roïne, s'ele i estoit,
Par quel besoing vient en la terre.
Kex, fait Gauvain, alez la querre,
Et au Roi dites qu'il i viegne,
Que nul essoigne no detiegne
Que à nos ne viegne orendroit.
Li Senechax s'en va tot droit
Où la Roïne et li Rois sont.
Sire, fet Kex, venez amont
Où vostre chevalier vos mandent,
Et il maintenant li demandent:
Senechal, que nos voillent-il?
Venez en avec moi, fet-il,
Et je le vos ensaignerai,
L'aventure vos montrerai,
Que nos avons trestuit véue.
Atant la pucele est venue
Et devant la sale descent.
Gauvain vet encontre courant,
Et des autres moult en i corent,
Et moult la servent et anorent;
Mès bien paroit à son sanblant
Qu'el n'avoit de joer talant,
Car moult avoit éu grant poinne.
Li Rois la mande, et l'en li moinne.
Tantost con ele fu venue
Devant lou Roi, si lo salue.'

M. *Le Grand*'s translation:

" *Artus au fêtes de la Pentecôte tenait cour pleniere dans sa cité de Carduel, et tout ce que ses états renferaient des femmes distinguées, de hauts barons, et de chevaliers, s'y était rendu. Le second jour, au moment qu'on se levait de table, on apperçut au loin dans la prairie une femme que parassait venir vers le château, et que etait montée sur une mule sans licol et sans frein. Cet objet piqua la curiosité; le Roi, la Reine, tout le monde, accourut aux fénêtres, et chacun, cherchant à deviner, faisait sa conjecture. Quand la pucelle fut plus à portée, on vit qu'elle était jeune et tres-jolie. Tous les chevaliers aussitot volèrent au-devant d'elle, et on l'aida à descendre: mais son visage était mouillé de pleurs, et annonçait un grand chagrin. Introduite devant le Prince, elle le salua respecteusement; et s'étant essuyé les yeux, lui demanda pardon,*" &c.

Para-

Paraphrased by Mr. Way:

" It was the holy feast of Whitsuntide
When Arthur will'd in royal state reside,
And where proud Carduels battlements arise,
Hold his high court with due solemnities.
" Straight through each province the wide bruit was known,
And every chief resorted to the throne;
High dames and doughty knights, a numerous host,
Whate'er of worthiness the land could boast,
All came, obedient to their sovereign's word,
And dignified the prince they all ador'd.
" Now one day's joy was past, and every guest
Was rising from the second noontide-feast,
When from afar a damsel was descried,
Slow toward the castle-gate she seem'd to ride,
A goodly mule her graceful form sustained,
Unbitted was his mouth, his neck unreined.
The King, the Queen with all their court admir'd,
And tedious grew their time with vain conjecture tir'd;
Till, as the damsel now approach'd more nigh,
Her youth, her opening charms, struck every eye;
Swift flies to meet her many a youthful knight,
Bends at her knee and helps her to alight:
Their courtesies with mournful cheer she bore,
For sorrow as it seem'd had struck her sore:
And many a tear fast trickling from her cheek,
Shew'd heaviness of soul that ill could bear to speak.
Onward she mov'd, the obsequious knights precede,
And to the presence of their sovereign lead:
Then, while through all expectant wonder ran,
Her weeping eyes she dried, and thus began:
" Pardon," &c.

An imitation of this tale, from the MSS. of M. *De St. Palaye*, may be found in the *Bibliothèque des Romans.*

The second volume now before us consists of a collection of the *Contes Devots*, or Devotional Tales, selected from the manuscripts in the King's library at Paris. Of these very singular productions, some account may be found in the preliminary discourse to the fourth volume of M. *Le Grand's* Collection of Fabliaux. They are in general less interesting than the Fabliaux, though they furnish considerable amusement by the incongruous absurdities of the narrative, in which the manners and customs of the age are blended with the incidents of Holy Writ: a practice also observable in the writings of our own early poets. Thus Adam Davie (a poet of the fourteenth century, cited by Warton *,) represents Pilate

* See his History of English Poetry. Of this work another edition has lately appeared, enriched with much new and highly valuable matter.

as

as challenging our Lord to single combat; and in "Pierce-Plowman's Vision," the person who wounded our Saviour's side is described as *a knight who came forth with a spear, and jousted with Jesus.* In such instances as these, we are sure, (as Mr. Ellis has observed *,) that the author has given to his actors the opinions and habits which were generally prevalent among his contemporaries; and in this point of view the *Contes Devots* are deserving of attention. Among them also are some of a higher and a better character, which display imagination, and even a degree of narrative art. M. *Le Grand* selected from this more tolerable class such as appeared to him the most valuable; and in the volume before us some of those will be found in their original language. Thus the celebrated tale of the Hermit and the Angel, which *Le Grand* inserted at the commencement of his second volume, is given by M. Méon at p. 216. of his last volume. It is difficult to trace the origin of this story, which occurs in the *Koran*, (where it is told of Moses and a prophet,) in the *Gesta Romanorum*, in Howell's *Familiar Letters*, in Dr. More's *Dialogues*, in *Voltaire's Zadig*, and, lastly, in Parnell's well-known poem of the *Angel and the Hermit*. The version given by M. Méon is translated from the Latin, and is found in a manuscript of another tale, intitled *The Hermit who was enraged at the Thief who went to Paradise before him*, of which it forms a part. Like the other versions of the same story, it does not strictly pursue its original, but presents the usual discrepancies in which the poets of that day indulged. The following is the mode in which, according to M. Méon, the tale is narrated in the Latin version.

'A hermit, whose cell was not far distant from the retreat of a robber, having beheld in a vision angels bearing his soul to heaven, murmured internally against the judgments of God. An angel soon appeared, who said to him, "Come with me, and I will prove to you that the judgments of God are just." Having conducted him to the cell of a hermit who lived near the sea, they were received with much kindness: but, happening to walk near the waves after their repast, the angel pushed his host into the water, where he was drowned. The other hermit beholding this transaction was much afflicted: but the angel said to him, "Grieve not!" They then visited another hermit, who received them equally well. He had a beautiful cup, of which he was very fond, and which he guarded with great care: but, in the morning, before their host had risen, the angel carried it off, which his companion beholding was much scandalized. They next arrived at the house of a man who received them with great hospitality, and on the morrow dis-

* Preface to Way's Fabliaux.

patched

patched a young page with them to shew them the way: but the angel threw him from a bridge into the river, in the presence of the hermit, and he was drowned. The hermit, as before, was much afflicted. They then solicited the hospitable attentions of a rich citizen, who welcomed them very gladly, and supplied all their wants. He had an only son, an infant whom he loved tenderly, but who, by crying and lamentations during the night, prevented the rest of the household from sleeping. The angel, hearing him, unknown to his companion, got up and strangled him. He then said to him, "Now you may sleep in peace; you will not hear the child cry again, for I have strangled him." The hermit, understanding this, was much disturbed, and thought that his companion was a messenger of Satan more probably than an angel. At last, proceeding onwards, they came to the entrance of a forest, where they found a man sleeping under a tree, with a great deal of money concealed in his bosom. The angel said to the hermit, "I will gently take that money from him." The hermit, who did not wish to proceed, reproached him with all that he had done since he had been in his company. To this the angel replied, "You are perhaps astonished at what you have seen, and not without reason; because, as the wise Solomon has said, nothing is done on the earth without a motive. The man from whom I have just taken the silver is a wicked robber, who this very day has assassinated a traveller and stolen his money." While he was speaking, the neighbours came to search for the robber, exclaiming against his proceedings. Then the angel, calling them to him, gave them all the money; telling them how the robber had assassinated the traveller, and bidding them take back the money to the wife and children of the latter. "Is it not better," added he to the hermit, "that this money should be restored to the wife and children of the deceased, than that it should remain in the possession of the robber? But you have been shocked at my strangling the infant which cried in the night. I did so because, before its birth, its father and mother employed themselves in the service of God, and in shewing kindness towards the poor to the extent of their means: but, since that period, they have merely endeavored to amass a fortune to leave to their child. As to the young man whom I threw over the bridge into the river, know that he intended to assassinate his master on the following night, and to carry away all that he possessed. With regard to the hermit from whom I took the cup, know that he was too fond of it, and consequently lost many occasions of doing good, and neglected the service of God. He whom I precipitated over the bank into the sea would have committed fornication on the morrow; and, as God was not willing that he should lose the merit of the good works which he had done, I drowned him."'

The above tale must not be regarded as a fair specimen of the *Contes Devots*, which often abound with the most extravagant, and, according to modern apprehension, the most blasphemous follies. Thus, in the story of "The Monk who

was

was saved by the Intercession of our Lady," a perverse monk of the monastery of St. Peter near Cologne, who has no regard to honesty or decency, but is very much devoted to the holy Apostle, happens to die: on which the Devil hastens very joyously to drag his soul into hell. St. Peter, however, grateful for the attentions of his faithful servant, runs to God, and supplicates him to allow the brother to enter into Paradise. The Deity naturally demurs; and, though pressed by the solicitations of "the blessed apostles, the angels, the martyrs, and others," "not a saint succeeds." Peter now seeks the mother of God, whom he addresses by the title of "*belle et douce dame;*" beseeching her to interfere in favor of the monk. She consents, and seeks her Son, followed by all the virgins, with Peter in their train. The Deity rises at her approach, "and taking her hand with a sweet smile enquires the motive of her visit." He grants her request, on condition that the monk is sent back to this world to be purified, which is accordingly done; and the whole story is related by him to his brother-monks.* — The morality of these stories is of a most scandalous kind; for a prayer to the Virgin is represented as sufficient to expiate every sin, and to wash away every stain. — In the tale of "The Robber whom our Lady saved," we are told that before every fresh crime he never failed to address himself to the Virgin, but at last he was condemned to be hung. At the moment when the cord was put round his neck, he uttered his usual prayer; and immediately the Virgin appeared, and "with her own white hands" held him by the feet for two whole days. The hangman, who was not aware of the criminal's great spiritual interest, was of course considerably surprized on his return to find the robber alive, and attacked him with his sword: but again the Virgin interfered, and the blows took no effect. The eyes of the hangman now began to be opened to the true state of affairs: he plainly saw that it was a miracle; and immediately he cut the man down, who retired into a monastery, and did penance for his sins.†

As it may be easily conjectured that these *Contes Devots* are principally, if not altogether, the composition of the monks, we ought not to measure the poetical genius of the age by a reference to those productions; which are in fact nothing more than a tissue of monkish absurdities, clothed in verse to render them popular. The Fabliaux and Romances, which were written by *lay* poets, present a much more favorable idea both of the manners of the age and of its poetical character.

* *Le Grand*, vol. iv. p. 7. † Ibid. p. 1.

In

In conclusion, we may add that we hope M. MÉON, or some of his countrymen, will be induced to render the same service to the *Trouveurs*, or the poets of the south, which M. *Raynouard* has performed for the *Troubadours*, or northern minstrels, in the facilities which he has afforded for the study of their language.

ART. IV. *Archives des Découvertes*, &c.; *i. e.* Archives of Discoveries and New Inventions in the Sciences, Arts, and Manufactures, both in France and in Foreign Countries, during the Year 1823; with a concise Indication of the Principal Products of French Industry; a List of Inventions, Improvements, and Importations granted by Government in the Course of the same Year; and Notices of the Prizes proposed or awarded by various learned Societies, French and Foreign, for the Encouragement of the Sciences and Arts. 8vo. pp. 584. Paris. 1824. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE editors of this respectable annual record continue to manifest more taste and judgment in the selection and condensation than in the arrangement of their multifarious materials. Their extracts from British publications, though neither the least important nor the least numerous in the collection, we forbear to notice; because the subjects to which they refer have either already been submitted to our cognizance, or will come to be considered in the prosecution of our labors: but a very diversified mass of intimations will remain, on a few scattered portions of which only, as samples of the whole, we can venture to touch.

The department of *Geology*, though far from voluminous, includes some interesting particulars. *Becquerel*'s Observations on the Plastic Clay of Auteuil, deposited immediately on the chalk, would lead us to infer the existence of two marine formations, separated by one of fresh water. The clay is frequently accompanied by considerable beds of lignite, or bituminous wood, containing nodules of a substance which presents all the characters of amber, with occasional crystals of sulphate of strontian. In the clay itself were discovered cylindrical nodules of an earthy phosphate of lime, (not formerly remarked in any analogous geological position,) extremely minute crystals of blend, and osseous relics of a vertebrate animal, appertaining to the family of crocodiles.—As the schists of the *Montagnes Maudites*, in the Pyrénées, contain vegetable impressions, M. *Reboul* concludes that at least the rocks adjected to the granitic base are posterior to the existence of organized bodies; and, if we can rely on the accuracy

accuracy of his reckoning, *Malahita* surpasses *Mont Perdu* by 70 metres, and is consequently the highest peak of the Pyrénées. — Of the two grottoes of Adelsberg in Carniola, one is called the *Magdalene*:

'This is celebrated among naturalists, because in a small lake, at its bottom, was discovered the singular reptile named *Proteus anguinus*; which is, at least apparently, destitute of eyes, and which breathes by gills, like fishes and the larvæ of the batracian families. According to M. *Brocchi*, the Proteus is nothing more than the larva of some animal of the salamander tribe; which, condemned to pass its life in profound obscurity, is incapable of undergoing its metamorphosis, like the other batracians, for want of receiving the influence of light. M. *Rusconi*, who has published a work on the aquatic salamanders, has found in the Proteus two small bladders, which he regards as shrivelled lungs, and too imperfectly unfolded to serve for respiration; the rudiments of eyes, which remain concealed beneath the skin of the same animal, are in like manner incompetent to vision.'

M. *Gay-Lussac*'s theory of volcanos, which is here shortly stated, proceeds on the principle that mineral substances, in the form of metallic oxyds, coming in contact with water, may decompose it, be converted into lavas, and generate a sufficient quantity of heat to produce volcanic phænomena. He conceives that the waters of the ocean are the aliment of these subterranean fires; since the latter seem to have become extinct in proportion as the sea subsided to a lower level, and removed farther from the basis of the mountains. On this hypothesis, the remission of eruptions, and the repose of volcanos for a long series of years, would intimate the gradual accumulation of the infiltrated waters in the reservoirs, whence combustion originates; infiltrations which cannot take place under extinct volcanos, on account of the removal of the sea. These suppositions are, at least, as rational as many others which have been hazarded.

Under *Zoology*, the first article relates to two varieties of the human species in the Papou islands; the first being intermediate between the Malay and the Negro race, and the second more allied to the latter. M. *Gaimard*, who describes them, likewise notices a new species of Kanguroo, observed in the country beyond the Blue Mountains in New South Wales, and denominated the *woolly*, from the nature of its covering. Its length, from the extremity of the muzzle to the origin of the tail, is four feet; length of the tail, three feet five inches; of the hind legs, three feet; and of the fore legs, one foot ten inches. 'When these animals are keenly pursued by the dogs, instead of leaping and springing, as when

when moving about at their ease, they always run on their fore feet; and they take long bounds only when compelled to clear obstacles. This chace is not unaccompanied by danger to the dogs; for the Kanguroos oppose to them two powerful weapons, namely, the tail, and the claws of the hind feet.' — The genus *Capromys* has been instituted by *Desmarest* for an animal which he received alive from the Havannah, belonging to the order of *Glires*, of the size of an ordinary rabbit, and with the general form of the rat; between which and the marmot it may be conveniently stationed. — M. *Lamouroux* announces the successful breeding and rearing of the Blue Aras, a species of Parrot, in the department of Calvados. — According to *Wiegman*, *Cyprides detectæ* may be procured by the following process:

'Put into distilled water a quarter of an ounce of manufactured red or white coral; place the mixture in the heat of the sun, and in a sufficiently large glass, stirring it often, every day; then, at the end of a fortnight, decant the water from the deposit, and replace the latter in sunshine. In the course of fourteen days, a green matter will appear, in which confervæ are formed; and from these, at the termination of three or four months, especially in summer, will proceed the Cyprides. — When water, put into a long and narrow cylinder, is exposed to the intensity of the sun's rays, a sort of chrysalids will be formed; from which, at the expiration of a long interval, are unfolded *Daphniæ longispinæ*.'

Botany furnishes us with little room for comment. We find, however, a very abbreviated notice of *Zoocarps*, or animated germs of certain non-descript Algæ, by M. *Agardh*: but, on such a curious and mysterious subject, we could have welcomed a little more specialty. — M. *Lavini*, who has analyzed the chemical composition of Samphire, recommends its expressed juice as a vermifuge. — M. *Salvatori* describes three new varieties of wheat, from Chinese Tartary, denominated the *Fertile*, the *Calmuc*, and the *Red*; the first yielding seventy, — the second, twenty-two, — and the third, twenty fold. From the first is obtained beautiful white flour, which makes excellent pastry; and, when used in equal portions with either of the other varieties, it furnishes bread of very superior quality. These varieties are cultivated in a light, sandy, and blackish soil, in Mongolia, between the 42d and 50th degrees of latitude. By alternating them, they may be raised for a long time in the same ground without degenerating. — The roots of *Polygonum minus*, (small creeping Persicaria,) a plant which abounds in the deserts of the Ukraine, are found towards the end of June to be infested by an oval-shaped

shaped worm, or caterpillar, called *Coccus Polonorum*, which quickly hardens when exposed to the air. In this state they are sold in spoonsful to the dealers, who pound them, and dilute their powder in water, mixed with a little alum; when it assumes a fine crimson tint. With this pigment the Russian dames paint their countenance, and the Cossac women dye their thread; while the Turks, who purchase it from the Polish Jews and Armenians, employ it in coloring their silks, Morocco leather, &c. A pound of these insects, which sells in Russia for a ruble, yields as much dye as half a pound of cochineal. — The species of Polygonum in question is not uncommon in some gravelly and moist districts of our own country; and it is not improbable that its roots, or those of some of its congeners, may furnish the animal production to which we have alluded.

In the class of *Mineralogy* are inserted a few articles, which might with more propriety have been comprized under *Geology*. — M. *Bonnard* intimates the discovery of a metalliferous formation, extending over the departments of Vienne, Charente, and Deux-Sèvres, and consisting of argentiferous galena, blend, pyrites, &c. — *Achmite*, a new mineral species, found in transition-granite in the south of Norway, consists, according to *Berzelius*, of silica, 56, 64, oxyd of iron, 31, and soda, 12, 36. It is named from the Greek αχμη, its crystals being shaped like the head of a lance.

Our report of matters connected with the *Physical Sciences* will necessarily be very disproportioned to their extent; for they are often at once insusceptible of farther abridgment, and yet too long for transcription; and, occasionally, to be distinctly apprehended they would require the aid of figures. — From experiments on the magnetic needle, under very different degrees of temperature, it would appear that its action is not materially affected by a more intense cold than that which freezes mercury, or by a heat equivalent to +27 of the centigrade thermometer. — M. *Fresnel* thus ingeniously attempts to account for the ascent of clouds in the atmosphere. As air and all colorless gases are heated only by contact with other solid or liquid bodies, whose temperature has been elevated by the solar rays and radiant caloric, if we suppose a cloud to be formed of very minute globules of water, or extremely attenuated crystals of snow, the air included in the substance of the cloud, or very near its surface, may become warmer and more diluted than the surrounding air, and will in course be lighter. When, therefore, the total weight of the water and of the air of the clouds becomes lighter than an equal bulk of the circumambient air, the cloud will rise until it

reaches a region in the atmosphere in which the two weights are equipoised. — As proof of the remarkable effects produced by lightning, mention is here made of its having struck the Austrian frigate *Lipsia*, shivered the mainmast through its whole length, then divided into two streams, and settled for an instant on a parcel of rusty cannon balls, which immediately assumed a high polish, like that of the most brilliant steel. We have, on the other hand, witnessed an instance of a bunch of polished keys being blackened and tarnished by contact with the electric fluid. — M. *Gimbernat* has discovered in the thermal waters of Aix, in Savoy, the presence of azotic gas, which had not been even suspected; and, still more extraordinary, a considerable quantity of animal matter, being gelatinous, as if produced by the boiling of meat. The same chemist has ascertained that the sulphur in these waters exists in the state of volatilization, and not in that of sulphuretted hydrogen. These unexpected results of his analysis, and the defective condition of the former accommodations, have induced the director of the baths to adopt more suitable arrangements.

The history of a man who passed milky urine is given with such ambiguous conciseness, that we are left uncertain whether the anomaly statedly recurred from January to June, or only took place during that period of the year once in the patient's lifetime. We are also kept in the dark as to the nature of his constitution, diet, &c.: but the extraordinary secretion is thus characterized:

'This urine, left to itself, gives cream, which gathers on the surface, and a turbid liquor, which is no longer milky: the cream yielded butter, which might also be obtained by agitating the urine. Exposed to heat, this urine gave many white flakes, considerably resembling those that are yielded by cows' milk: but acids produced in it no coagulation, which proves that the coagulation depends on the mucus of the bladder, and not on the caseous principle. The urine contained 2,75 of butter, 1,37 of mucus of the bladder, and 0.95 of lactic acid, independently of all the other substances usually contained in urine.'

From an analysis of the milk of the Cachemere goats imported into France, M. *Barruel* concludes that it contains much more saccharine matter than that of the indigenous goats; that its caseous portion is much more delicate, and of more easy digestion; and that its butyraceous portion is more abundant, less acrid, and of a much more agreeable flavor. Hence it is reasonable to suppose that it may be prescribed for weakly constitutions with more advantage than that of the common goat. — M. *Payen* has detected in

the bulbs of the Dahlia a new substance, which he terms *Dahline*.

'It is white, inodorous, insipid, pulverulent, of extreme tenuity, of a specific weight equal to 1356, and soluble in water, especially if warm. Diluted in water, and placed in contact with yeast, it enters into fermentation, and yields alcohol and carbonic acid. Dahline, when repeatedly treated in warm water, is altered, and rendered more soluble in cold water and in alcohol; and these solutions are abundantly precipitated by baryte. Treated with 0,02 of sulphuric acid, at the temperature of 75°, it is converted into a stronger sugar than that of starch, white, uncrystallizable, and fermentable like common sugar. The sulphuric acid colors dahline first yellow, then brown, and soon completely carbonizes it. The extreme facility with which dahline may be altered by different agents, — the attenuated state of division in which it occurs, even when not dissolved, — its solubility in warm water, which is retained when cooled, without forming a jelly, — and its mild and almost insensible taste, — all concur to make the author believe that this substance might be used as suitable food in many disorders, when the digestive powers may have become enfeebled.'

The following particulars are related of a water-spout, observed by the inhabitants of Regneville, a small haven two leagues from Coutances, at five o'clock in the evening of June 16th, 1822:

'The people heard at first only a hollow lowing noise: but, soon afterward, they distinguished the whirling volume. Before it arrived at the sea-shore, it traversed a field; the crop of which, consisting of lucerne, then spred out to dry, was entirely carried off, to the height of about three hundred feet, and afterward cast on the beach. It likewise bore off, to a nearly equal height, the sand which had been deposited in another field, near the foundation of a house. When the water-spout crossed a small rivulet that happened to lie in its path, the noise which it had occasioned ceased almost entirely, and its waters were elevated only to twenty feet; the noise then recommenced; and, finally, it was no longer heard from the moment when the spiral column reached the sea.

'According to the most probable calculations, the base of the meteor on the ground embraced a circular space of fifty feet in diameter. The sky, which had been perfectly clear during the afternoon of the 16th, became covered with clouds on the approach of the water-spout; shortly after its disappearance, rain fell abundantly; and the heat was very intense all day.'

A phænomenon of a similar description, but more destructive in its progress, and accompanied by lightning, enormous hail-stones, and an impetuous wind, occurred in the department of Eure and Loire, 26th August, 1823. It tore up by the roots seven hundred or eight hundred trees, laid waste the

crop of the whole neighbourhood, and in an instant demolished one half of the houses in the village of Marchefroy. — Still more fatal was an unexpected eruption of lava from Gabery-Goeng, a mountain in Java, which was not even supposed to be volcanic; eighty-eight houses and two thousand inhabitants were destroyed. — The number of earthquakes distinctly known to have occurred in 1822 amounts to sixteen, ten of which took place in Europe: but most of them were slight.

The first article under the head of the *Medical Sciences* is a summary of M. *Magendie*'s interesting observations on the nervous functions. According to that ingenious physiologist, all the nerves have their origin in the spinal marrow, and are furnished with two sets or orders of roots: the first being attached to the anterior portion of the spinal marrow, and destined to the functions of motion; and the second being attached to the hinder portion, and allotted to the functions of sensation. In the progress of his experiments, he was led to conclude that the spinal marrow itself consists of two corresponding chords, the one connected with the animal motions, and the other with sensation. — Dr. *Lasserre*, physician at Domme, in the department of the Dordogne, asserts that he has cured a case of *spina ventosa* by vaccinating the part affected; and that by the same expedient, aided by leeches and purgatives, he has permanently removed scrophulous tumors. In the latter case, was the existence of scrophula unequivocally ascertained? — Plates of mica are now advantageously substituted for those of glass, in preserving the vaccine matter. — The President of the Medical Society of Connecticut recommends, in consequence of his successful trials, the exhibition of Prussic acid in cases of asthma, and from three even to six times in twenty-four hours, in doses suited to the state of the patient and the violence of the symptoms. — A girl, fourteen years of age, having been thrown into a series of violent convulsions and spasms, in consequence of having been frightened by a large dog, Dr. *Coindet* tried various medicines without effect, and at length had recourse to the injection of opium into the veins; by which he perfectly succeeded in removing a derangement of the system that would otherwise, in all probability, have proved fatal. Such treatment, however, should not be practised without extreme caution: but the Doctor's mode of proceeding is so distinctly explained, that an ordinary practitioner may follow it in similarly alarming circumstances; and there is even reason to believe that it may be tried with benefit in cases of tetanus. — Among examples of longevity, quoted by *Neumark*, is that of *Joannes*

de Temporibus, who is said to have lived 860 years, having belonged to the household of *Charlemagne*, and to have died in Germany in 1128: but we confess that we are somewhat sceptical with respect to the chronology of this *man of times*; to say nothing of that of another, who is reported to have completed 297 years. In the same section are inserted various pharmaceutical receipts, chiefly extracted from the *Journal de Pharmacie*.

Some ingenious suggestions occur in the *mathematical* articles: few of which, however, are susceptible of abridged analysis. — M. *Cauchy*, in a memoir read before the Royal Academy of Sciences, exhibits formulæ which represent the integrals of linear equations, independently of any auxiliary research. — Under this category, we should scarcely have looked for the particulars of the loss of a Russian vessel, in consequence of two violent blows from an irritated whale: but navigation is included as a part of the mathematical sciences, and the accident in question is connected with navigation. As a proof of the strength of the whale, it might have been mentioned under *Zoology*.

Hints, improvements, and specimens in the *Arts* next pass in review. — We are told that *Daguerre*'s transparent painting of the ruined chapel of Holyrood, at Edinburgh, attracts crowds of spectators in the French capital. With this sombre scene, which is supposed to be contemplated by precarious glimpses of the moon, we naturally associate the foundation of the royal edifice by David I., the legend connected with that event, the ill-starred espousals of Mary Stuart, and the murder of Rizzio in her presence. The artist has, by way of episode, introduced a female figure in white robes, bound with a black zone, praying by a tomb on which she deposits her light; while, to complete the illusion, the sound of a flute, which seems to proceed from the same spot, salutes the ear with an old Scotish air. As a moral lesson, we would recommend to the ultra-Bourbonites a visit to this popular exhibition, which should speak volumes to the head and to the heart. — M. *Malapeau* has contrived to apply lithography to the production of colored paintings on canvass. — The substance best fitted to communicate a fine and durable polish to granite is found to be the powder of corundum, mixed not with wax but with lac.

Various new machines, or improvements on those already known, are reported from the fifth volume of *Description des Brevets d'Invention*. Of these, one of the most unexpected is the contrivance of Messrs. *Girard* to render the motion of the waves of the sea subservient to different mechanical purposes;

poses; such as driving wheels, pumping ships, &c. With this view, a body, of weight and capacity proportioned to the effect intended to be produced, is adapted to or suspended from the end of a lever, of which the fulcrum is on the shore. This body, floating on the sea, rising and falling alternately with more or less rapidity, and to a greater or less height, according to the action of the waves, impresses on the lever a motion and power which may be employed for engines, mills, large hammers, &c. Such is the general principle, which is practically modified according to circumstances.

The *Rouanette*, so called from its inventor, *Rouan*, bids fair to supplant the *scaphandre*. It is a simple apparatus of tin, in the form of lengthened double cones very closely united. 'It fits under the arm-pits, and a person provided with it may cross a river, even with a burden, without the least apprehension,' since its efficacy has been repeatedly put to the test in one of the swimming schools in Paris, when it was found fully to answer expectation. — According to Professor *Ormstead*, of the University of North Carolina, a blue dye, superior to any known, may be obtained from the petals of the common garden iris; which yield a greater quantity of coloring matter than the violet, and of a finer hue. — In the *Annales des Mines*, M. *Chevremont* proposes several improvements on Davy's safety-lamp; such as to fence the upper portion of the wire-gauze-cylinder with a perforated plate of copper, in order to prevent rapid wearing; — to introduce the oil into the reservoir by an inverted syphon, and thus obviate the risk of filling it in a detonating atmosphere; — to put a combination-padlock on every lamp, so as to prevent the miners from opening it; — to increase the light by a parabolic tin-reflector, &c. — More than two centuries ago, *Olivier de Serres* announced the manufacture of thread from the bark of the mulberry-tree: but the subject appears to have been much neglected till recently, when M. *Madiot*, of Lyons, examined it with much attention. Having, in the month of March, 1820, stripped off the branches of his young mulberry-plantation, he selected the longest, straightest, and least knotty, and immersed them in stagnant water till the beginning of June. The steeping process was then complete; the bark, reduced to its ligneous element, was easily detached; and, after repeated washings, exposure to the dew, and drying in the shade, it became soft as silk, of which it had also acquired the tenacity. This filamentous substance easily receives all sorts of dyes, and may be readily spun, or even worked in the loom.

From the account of the public exposition of specimens of national industry in the halls of the Louvre, and of prizes

proposed and adjudged by numerous and learned societies in France, we augur favorably of the impulse which has, of late years, been communicated to the sources of activity and labor in that country.

Germany, so fertile in talent, and in learned and scientific research, continues to be too much overlooked in these Archives; while the Peninsula, still shrouded in political and religious obscurity, can scarcely expect to find a place in the rolls of intellect or of enlightened and independent exertion.

ART. V. *Mémoires de Condorcet sur la Revolution Française*, &c.; *i. e.* Memoirs of *Condorcet* on the French Revolution, selected from his Correspondence and that of his Friends. 8vo. 2 Vols. Paris. 1824. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 18*s*.

WHEN the correspondence of an eminent man is published after his death in this country, we look for responsibility somewhere; we ask the editor how he came possessed of it, and we require some voucher for its genuineness. They manage these things differently, though not *better*, in France. The volumes before us profess to be composed of extracts, not merely from the private letters and portfolio of *Condorcet*, but from the letters and portfolios of a great number of literary and political characters who figured in the latter half of the last century. They may be genuine, any or all of them, and probably are so: but there is no ostensible editor; and the preface merely informs us that an old gentleman, who had enjoyed the intimacy of all the great wits of France in the 18th century, having retired from the world a few years ago, has passed his time since in rummaging among the letters, notes, and memorandums, which lay in his drawers. He assures us that he enjoys "a green old age;" that his intellects are as fresh and vigorous as ever they were, although he is tottering on the verge of a hundred years; and that he has yet in his possession a number of unpublished manuscripts, the production of some of the most celebrated writers of the *two* last ages, which he hopes to present to the public before he makes his transit into another world. This old gentleman must have been a great collector in his day, for it is not pretended that the contents of these volumes were addressed to himself; no, they are squibs and crackers which certain celebrated characters flung at one another, and which he had the dexterity to catch. We see nothing like order in their arrangement, or uniformity in their subject; they are playful and satirical, humorous and grave, critical and quizzical; treating on politics, literature, philosophy, music, intrigue,

intrigue, and every imaginable variety of topics; furnishing odes, anecdotes, and epigrams, from the gravest of the grave, till we are reminded of Sir Christopher Hatton, immortalized by Gray in his "Long Story," as he was promoted by Elizabeth for the gracefulness of his person and the excellence of his dancing:

> "Full oft within the spacious walls,
> When he had fifty winters o'er him,
> My grave lord-keeper led the brawls,
> The seals and maces danced before him."

The Marquis *de Condorcet* carried his zeal for the Revolution a great way: but he is represented as being more animated by a hatred of the past than a hope of the future. Under the most mild and gracious exterior, he concealed an ardent character, full of bitterness; yet to his credit it must be said that he was never more animated than in defence of his friends. There was such a contrast between the mildness of his address and the force of his sallies, that he was sometimes called *le mouton enragé*, and sometimes *le volcan couvert de neige*. His injustice towards *Necker*, whom he treated with the utmost contempt, was occasioned by his devotedness to *Turgot*. He was, however, very disinterested, and loved mankind, not with that general and vague philanthropy which, like clouds in the dog-days, hover in the air but find no object on earth to attract them; on the contrary, although he never would solicit from those in power any personal advantage, he was a most importunate petitioner in favor of others.

He said of Frederick the Great, at that time an old man, that, "having no longer despotism in his arms, he retained it in his head:" alluding to a project of that monarch for establishing a *holy alliance* of the most powerful sovereigns of Europe, to keep the people in subjection. The seed lay some time in the earth: but it has sprung up, like the hydra-tree of death, the Upas, shedding its malignant exhalations over Europe, and blasting it with its poison. In a discourse which Frederick delivered at a public sitting of the Academy of Berlin, he said, "Gentlemen, the project of a perpetual peace is like the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Considered in a philosophical point of view, it is a delicious illusion, which we may love to nourish; and we may say with Cicero, 'If I deceive myself it is voluntary, and I do not wish to be undeceived.' The perspective of such a peace, however, may be seen through a new vista, where it appears less beyond the sphere of moral possibility than in the Abbé *de Saint Pierre's* plan. Let a certain number of the great

powers consolidate their dominion, by possessing themselves of empires and kingdoms of such an extent and consistency as shall form masses of impregnable strength. It will then be no longer in the power of secondary states to undertake any war: a coalition of the masters of the world will impose silence on any who would infringe arrangements once settled; and Europe, especially if the Crescent were driven into Asia, far from being subject to violent convulsions, will scarcely be exposed to the slightest disturbance." It was in the year 1777 that Frederick put forth this scheme, to enforce a "death-like silence and a dread repose;" and soon after the dismemberment of Poland, which was a *coup d'essai* for himself and his royal brother-conspirators of Russia and Austria. Frederick rarely shed any crocodile tears, and had very little hypocrisy about him: if he had not the virtue of philanthropy in his heart, at least he had not the cant of it always on his lips; and if he had not been born a king, and with the ambition to be a conqueror, he might have been a good man, and under any circumstances must have been a great one. The Empress Catherine could speak her mind plainly, too, sometimes, but she could also play the Jesuit to admiration. The following is extracted from a letter addressed to *Condorcet*, wherein the gentle Czarina doth seem to "bear her faculties so meekly" that her virtues "plead like angels." It is dated Czarkosello, May 23. 1789. Alluding to the politics of France, she says;

'"You have adopted the principles of M. *de Choiseul*, which Frederick II. ridiculed so much. Every one knows what resulted from the policy of the Duke *de Choiseul*. His chimerical apprehension as to the greatness of Russia concealed his passions, his hatred, his envy, and his duplicity. He wished to injure me, but only exposed his own weakness, and that of the Turks whom he placed in the fore-ground. He had ever the balance of Europe in his mouth, which has invariably thrown out of their equilibrium all those powers that have placed any reliance on the phrase. It serves, indeed, to throw dust in the eyes of the multitude, and to mask vicious and inconsistent views and projects, when they have usurped the seat of justice, which is the strength of all states, and the bond of human society. I believe,—indeed I am fully persuaded,—that the credit of cabinets is the same as that of individuals; that he who flings the torch of discord into his neighbour's house, right and left, can inspire no confidence, and deserves no other name than that of a fire-brand. Duplicity is not the path which leads to glory, and those who pursue its windings will inevitably be the victims of their own mistake. Yet there are many people who know only two things in politics: to throw oil on fire, and to fish in troubled waters. It is

is this which, in all ages, has produced on the theatre of the world those bloody dramas called *Wars*, which princes of a hot and fiery temperament, or led by ministers of that description, feel no repentance for having performed, until their own subjects become the victims."' (Vol. ii. p. 43.)

Voltaire, *D'Alembert*, and the academicians of France, were the pipes which Frederick used to circulate his praise: but the main gazometer was at Potzdam; and Catherine, it would seem, did not disdain the same machinery. Would not any body suppose that she was the most virtuous, moral, unambitious female that ever sat on a throne; and was *Condorcet* to trumpet forth her angel-virtues?

We have intimated that these volumes contain a multitude of trifles; and perhaps some persons may be of opinion, that many of the metaphysical speculations and philosophical speeches of *Condorcet*, which are also introduced, are only trifles of a graver cast. Numbers of the anecdotes are very silly, but this must be expected from court-gossip; and, after all, the silliest among them is not altogether destitute of interest when it illustrates any part of the structure of society. *Talleyrand*, while a very young man, came to be presented to the minister, the Duke *de Choiseul*. 'Madame *de Grammont* enters; and every body draws back with the profoundest respect not merely to the sister of the minister, but to the most active and influential personage of the ministry. As she was passing before the Abbé *de Talleyrand*, she thought that she heard somebody exclaim, "Ah!" Presently, the party went to supper, and the young Abbé modestly remained standing behind the chairs of the ladies who were sitting. Madame *de Grammont*, with that lofty tone which would often embarrass not only young and diffident men, but also those who were more conversant with the usages of society, exclaimed, "Monsieur l'Abbé, tell me, I beseech you, why you exclaimed Ah! when I passed by you?" The young man replied, "Madame, you are mistaken; I did not say Ah! — I said Oh!" The assurance, with which the Abbé thus retorted, made Madame for the first time in her life feel confused and embarrassed; and the affair was quite sufficient to gain for the young Abbé the reputation of being a great wit at court, and in society.' Is it possible to conceive any thing sillier than all this; and yet what a picture does it present of that "court" and that "society" in which such wretched *badinage* could not merely be tolerated, but be admired as an indication of genius, and an effusion of wit! We could give many other specimens of equally

equally frivolous anecdote, but, in double tenderness to ourselves and our readers, we forbear.

Condorcet was hostile to any penal enactments against the emigrants. "What right have you," said he, "to prevent a man from breathing any air that he likes best; and what do you get by it? The dissatisfied wretch remains a thorn in your side, irritating and provoking you with his reveries and inanities, while he would have delighted the illustrious strangers who might have received him. If you tell me that the emigrants bring war into the bosom of their country, I reply, all the better, inasmuch as hidden enemies are more dangerous than open foes. It is internal enemies who create civil war, while from foreign war nothing will result but triumphs to the nation; and those the more easy, because, when all the discontented are gone away, there will remain in the interior a general enthusiasm and perfect unanimity." *Condorcet*, however, refused to save his own life by emigration; and, when he was proscribed, he wandered about the woods during the day to conceal himself from men who would betray him through fear or enmity. In the night, he betook himself to the fields, or sought among lonely farm-houses for some compassionate individuals to give him shelter. He lurked for many days among caves and quarries, and in his wanderings approached Fontenai-aux-Roses, where he recollected that he had an old friend, *Suard*. This *Suard* was a man of letters, intimately connected with *Necker*, *Montmorin*, and others of celebrity; he was a *modéré*, of the mildest disposition, and, in the fervor of the Revolution, suffered no political feelings to interfere with his personal friendships. *Condorcet* knew that, being proscribed, it would be impossible for him to remain four-and-twenty hours in a village so near Paris without being arrested; and all that he asked of his friend was a meal, and a little snuff; which, in the life that he now led, was almost equally essential to his existence. They passed a few hours together, in the last interchange of friendship which it was the lot of *Condorcet* to enjoy. He was plunged in the deepest distress and despair, and frankly told *Suard* that he could not make up his mind to leave France, nor to deliver himself up to the men then in power, who he knew would not spare him. The extreme depression of his spirits, however, was on account of his country, not himself. He saw no period to the reign of anarchy, for his opinions led him to believe in the permanence of democracy. — Having relieved his hunger, and enjoyed the melancholy solace of a last interview with his friend, who supplied him with provisions and snuff, he set out on his wanderings anew, like a criminal pursued

sued by fate. He passed the next four-and-twenty hours among some quarries: but on the day following he went into a little public-house at Clamart, where he devoured some eggs with so keen an appetite as to excite the suspicions of his host. At this period, the list was so long of proscribed victims, that it excited no surprize to fall in with one; and compassion was a virtue which would cost a man his life. *Condorcet* was denounced, arrested, and taken to Bourg-la-Reine, where he was led to prison till orders should be received from a Committee of the Convention. When proscription was hanging over his head, he still occupied his thoughts with the "perfectibility of the human species, and the progress of the human mind in civilization;" and he continued to write on these subjects, while the proscription itself was giving the lie to his doctrines. As soon as he learned that orders were received for his being conveyed to Paris, he took some poisonous pills which he had previously prepared and divided with the Archbishop of Sens, who likewise availed himself of the same provision. Both these men felt it disgraceful to mount the scaffold; and neither of them had the prudence to pass their lives in obscurity and retreat, — the only means of escaping from the tempest of the Revolution.

ART. VI. *Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique des Anciens Egyptiens, &c.*; *i. e.* A View of the Hieroglyphic System of the Ancient Egyptians; or, Inquiries respecting the First Elements of this Sacred Writing, their various Combinations, and the Relations of this System with other Graphic Egyptian Methods. By M. CHAMPOLLION, jun. With a separate Volume of Plates. 8vo. Paris. 1824. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 1*l.* 16*s.*

TWO years ago, this indefatigable explorer of hieroglyphic writing addressed a letter to M. *Dacier*, Secretary of the French Academy of Inscriptions, on the phonetic hieroglyphics of Egypt. (See Appendix to M. R., vol. v.) In that dissertation, he proved that neither the *hieratic* or *sacerdotal*, nor the *demotic* or vulgar writing, is alphabetic, which was in general supposed, but *ideographic*, like the pure hieroglyphics; in other words, that they are the signs or pictures of ideas, and not the representations of sounds. The honor of this discovery, however, is not quietly conceded to M. CHAMPOLLION; for M. *de Sacy* claims the merit of having first found the coincidence of the two kinds of writing, by means of a close comparison of the enchorial or demotic character with the corresponding Greek on the Rosetta-

stone,

stone, which the chances of war placed in our hands. He not only observed that the words *Alexandria* and *Alexander* occurred in two passages of the Greek inscription, but distinctly traced at the same time two marked groupes of characters in the *enchorial* or intermediate text of the Rosetta-stone; and, from the strong resemblance which they bear to each other, as also from their juxta-position, he inferred that they respectively represented those two words. Acting on this hint, M. *Akerblad* constructed a species of alphabet, by the help of which several foreign names in the hieroglyphics and in the papyri were detected. Dr. Young extended the discovery still farther, and found that the key was equally applicable to the pure hieroglyphics; of which in fact the enchorial characters turned out to be only a sort of short-hand or abridgement.

It is in justice due to M. CHAMPOLLION to admit that, in the letter to M. *Dacier*, he extended the principle, particularly as to the *hierotic* or sacred characters; and that he rendered it quite easy to read those names or surnames of the Greek and Roman sovereigns, who successively reigned in Egypt, as they are found in all the public inscriptions of that country among the hieroglyphics, but generally, and as we believe without exception, inclosed within oval lines. To proceed in the discovery, then, nothing more seemed wanting than the means of comparing the Greek names which had already been detected in the enchorial parts of the Rosetta-inscription, with the corresponding names in the hieroglyphics: but only the name of Ptolemy could be traced in the hieroglyphics, the others having been broken off. Fortunately, however, the discovery of the obelisk at Philæ by Mr. Bankes supplied the deficiency, and displayed not only the name of Ptolemy in the very same characters, but that of Cleopatra.

Neither our limits nor our types will permit us to follow M. CHAMPOLLION through the principles on which his alphabet is constructed: but Dr. Young's discoveries having been frequently cited as anticipations of those of the present author, the latter anxiously vindicates his claim to priority of discovery; stating, moreover, that his principal aim in the present work is to demonstrate, 1. that his hieroglyphical alphabet is applicable to the hieroglyphic legends of every epoch; 2. that the discovery of the phonetic alphabet is the genuine key of the whole hieroglyphic system; 3. that the antient Egyptians employed it in all ages to represent alphabetically the sounds of their spoken language; 4. that, to a great degree, all the hieroglyphic inscriptions are composed

of

of purely alphabetical signs, as M. CHAMPOLLION has ascertained them to be; 5. the nature of the different sorts of characters employed simultaneously in hieroglyphical inscriptions; 6. to deduce from these premises a general theory of the hieroglyphical system,—a theory quite novel, but certain, and resulting from facts.

These are great promises, and they are advanced with a confidence quite unexpected on so dark and perplexed a subject: but, as the vain pursuits of alchemy struck out occasionally useful and salutary discoveries, so it is certain that M. CHAMPOLLION has clearly shewn, by means of his alphabet, the fallacy of those pompous speculations as to the vast antiquity of the zodiacs of Dendera and Esna, from which Count *Forbin* looked for a refutation of the scriptural chronology: for it is quite evident that these monuments, on which are inscribed the titles, names, and surnames of the Roman emperors Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, Domitian, Claudius, Antoninus Pius, &c. &c., incontestably belong to the period of the Roman domination in Egypt. M. CHAMPOLLION has therefore done much towards the elucidation of the antient monuments of that country, by an alphabet which unquestionably may enable any person in an hour's time to read the Greek and Roman names inscribed on them. With this praise, however, he is not satisfied, but rushes forwards with determined steps into the ulterior recesses of the labyrinth;

"*Nil actum reputans, dum quid superesset agendum.*"

A primary question to be asked is, whether it be possible to advance in the interpretation of the sacred characters of Egypt an iota beyond that of the proper names; and whether M. CHAMPOLLION's alphabet be susceptible of that extended application? Another question is, whether the Egyptians, before the Greek and Roman dominations, made use of an alphabet to represent the sounds and articulations of words? The author boldly answers each query in the affirmative, and offers the general reasonings of the volume before us as a satisfactory refutation of the doubts of Dr. Young and others as to these points. To follow him through the analytical and synthetical divisions of his discourse would lead us much too far; and it will be sufficient if we present the summary of his reasonings, with the general scope of his labored hypothesis, not dwelling on the facts from which they are deduced. This is all that can be requisite for the general reader, on a subject which is necessarily dry and repulsive to all but the thorough-bred antiquary.

The

The author begins by defining the state of hieroglyphical science previously to his own discovery, and deduces it from the times of the Greeks and Romans. It is evident that they considered the hieroglyphics to be a series of figurative and symbolical characters only; and thus, when they mentioned Egyptian writing, they were wholly silent on its phonetic elements. Clemens Alexandrinus himself, the only writer who has transmitted to us the most circumstantial documents on the graphic system of Egypt, passes over the phonetic characters very slightly, and without the least explanation; — and none of the commentators, who have remarked on the passage, have discerned, in the indication of signs or letters representing sounds, the primitive principle of hieroglyphical writing properly so called. Modern writers on the same subject not finding, in the Greek or Latin classics, any thing further said of hieroglyphical writing than as a series of symbolical signs or literal pictures of objects, the learned have, for the last three centuries, concluded that it was nothing more than a multitude of characters, each the fixed sign of an idea. They followed blindly Diodorus Siculus, Clemens Alexandrinus, Plutarch, and Eusebius.

It is to be observed, however, that the symbolical and figurative signs are very few, compared with the immense and varied number of characters found in the inscriptions. Invention supplied the silence of antiquity. Taking each hieroglyphical sign for a symbol, inquirers set about conjecturing at their ease the meaning which it veiled, and of course found whatsoever they had been taught by common prejudice to attribute to the Egyptians. From this moment, fancy revelled without restraint, and made whatsoever she pleased of the hieroglyphics. *Kircher* discovered, in the hieroglyphical inscriptions on the obelisks, the sculptures, the mummies, and the amulets of the Egyptian superstition, the whole cabalistical science, and the monstrous reveries of the most refined demonomania; — thus, for instance, the *cartouche* which, on one of the obelisks, comprizes simply the title *αυτοκρατωρ, Imperator*, in phonetic characters, expresses emblematically, according to *Kircher*, these ideas. Osiris is the source of all fecundity and all vegetation, the generative faculty of which was brought into his kingdom from heaven. *Kircher* was the founder of a school; as it generally happens, some of his disciples went further than their master; and a new hieroglyphical Œdipus has more recently appeared, who translates the inscription on one of the obelisks as a record *of triumph over the impious, obtained by the worshippers of the holy Trinity and the Eternal Word*,

Word, in the reigns of the sixth and seventh kings of Egypt, the hundred years after the Deluge.

Warburton, more philosophical than his predecessors, trod the hieroglyphical ground with greater caution, and examined the subject with greater penetration. In theory, he admitted the different kinds of characters: but he committed the strange blunder of asserting that each kind of characters formed a separate writing. Others, seeing only symbols in the monuments of art as well as in the inscriptions, looked for nothing more in both than numerical emblems relative to astronomy, the computation of time, and the seasons of agricultural processes. The author of the *Etude des Hieroglyphes*, 1812, is somewhat more adventurous. Convinced that by the help of antient traditions, and by examining the emblems and figurative expressions of the different people of the earth, we might arrive at the interpretation of Egyptian inscriptions, which, according to him, consist wholly of symbolical signs, that indefatigable inquirer collected what he calls *the popular symbols* of Africa, Asia, Europe, America; and, applying them to the great monuments of Egypt, he found, for example, on the portico of the great temple at Dendera, *a translation of the hundredth psalm of David.*

All these extravagant abuses of reason and learning have mainly arisen from the attempt to arrive at the interpretation of the hieroglyphics, without taking the pains of inquiring whether the Egyptians had not a peculiar language; and whether some remains of that language were not extant, the words and idioms of which must be necessarily expressed hieroglyphically, if the hieroglyphics themselves were part of a *phonetic* system. Even on the supposition that they were only symbolical signs, such a language was not the less indispensable; for the Egyptians, when they expressed their ideas by symbols, must have necessarily followed the same phraseology, the same idiom, and the same logical order, which they used when expressing the same ideas in the spoken language of the country. Every succeeding attempt darkened still more this involved and mysterious subject; and the æra of accurate and enlightened investigation into the Egyptian inscriptions, according to the present author, was the publication of the splendid book intitled "*Description de l'Egypte.*" In this work, several Egyptian manuscripts are copied with the utmost fidelity, and it abounds with prints, drawings, and engravings of the celebrated stone of Rosetta; — while a dissertation by M. *Etienne Quatremère*, "*Sur la Langue et la Littérature Egyptienne*," (Paris, 1808,) in the same collection, clearly proves that the Egyptian language was the Coptic, and

was

was written in Greek characters from the establishment of Christianity in Egypt down to modern times. With such valuable aids, it might well be expected that the knowlege of hieroglyphical writing would make rapid advances: but still the graphic system of that country is formed out of elements so contradictory in their nature, that we have as yet arrived at a very small degree of certainty respecting it. M. Champollion admits that the learned world owes the first correct notions of it to the labors of *De Sacy*, *Akerblad*, and *Young*. The former discovered, in the *demotic* part of the Rosetta-inscription, the groupes representing several Greek proper names, and their alphabetical nature: — but even *Akerblad* did not think of the suppression of the intermediate vowels, so common in all the western countries of Asia, conceiving the demotic characters to be wholly alphabetical. Later still, Dr. Young proposed corrections and additions to the learned Dane's alphabet; and the present author allows that, though the Doctor gives it as his opinion that the *demotic* text of Rosetta consisted only of signs of ideas, and not of alphabetical signs or sounds, (unless in the few groupes which express Greek proper names,) he was the first who gave the meaning of a certain number of signs and groupes by means of a close comparison of the three characters inscribed on the Rosetta stone. Nevertheless, M. Champollion contends that the learned Doctor, convinced as he was of the intimate connection of the common MS. of the papyri with the language of the inscriptions, still confounded together two characters essentially different, — the *hierotic* or sacred writing, and the *demotic* or vernacular; and that he never suspected the *phonetic* principle, which is of the very essence of the three species of Egyptian writing, although he had analyzed phonetically two Greek names, Ptolemy and Berenice.

Thus the whole amount of the knowlege, hitherto attained on the graphic system of Egypt, was confined to the discovery of some proper names in the demotic character; to the meaning of 77 hieroglyphic signs or groupes; and to an imperfect experiment on two proper names in hieroglyphics. M. Champollion first considered it necessary to acquire the precise distinction between the three kinds of writing which existed simultaneously in Egypt. In 1821, he ascertained the character called *hierotic* in a paper presented to the Academy of Belles-Lettres, and his labors on the *demotic* were communicated to the same learned body in 1822: in which year, his letter to M. *Dacier* contained his discovery of the phonetic alphabet, but limited in its application to the proper names of the Greek and Roman sovereigns inscribed on the temples

of

of Egypt. The work now before us has these objects in view, or rather developes the following principles: 1. The *phonetic* characters are the true alphabetical signs, expressive of the sounds of the spoken language of Egypt. 2. The intermediate vowels of the *phonetic* hieroglyphics are often omitted, as in other oriental languages. 3. The *phonetic* characters are variously combined, like the letters of all alphabets, but are arranged according to the form of the inscription, either in perpendicular columns or in horizontal lines. 4. The *phonetic* characters, the necessary constituent elements of hieroglyphical writing, are to be found in the Egyptian writings of the most antient as well as the most modern periods. 5. All the hieroglyphical inscriptions belong to one and the same graphic system, and are composed of three sorts of signs used simultaneously. 6. The *hierotic* or sacred writing was at the same time *figurative*, *symbolical*, and *phonetic*, and was in constant use from the nineteenth century before the vulgar æra to the total conversion of Egypt to Christianity: at which period all the modes of Egyptian writing were replaced by the Coptic, *i. e.* the Greek alphabet, augmented by certain articulate signs taken from the antient *demotic* writing of the Egyptians. 7. The images of physical beings, variously grouped or combined, do not belong to hieroglyphical writing, but are purely allegorical or symbolical: they were called *anaglyphs* by the antients, and were a portion of that secret writing which was peculiar to the priesthood or the initiated. 8. With regard to hieroglyphics, they were never secret, but every Egyptian commonly educated was acquainted with them. 9. In the progress of time, two new modes arose from the hieroglyphics, and were inventions designed to accelerate and familiarize the art of writing. Thus the *hierotic* is only a short-hand of the sacred writing, and derived immediately from it; still consisting, strictly speaking, of *figurative*, *symbolical*, and *phonetic* signs: but for the first two are often substituted groupes of *phonetic* characters, and sometimes characters purely arbitrary. 10. All *hierotic* inscriptions, whether of the age of Pharaoh or of the Greek or Roman epochs, belong to one system, whatever difference may at first sight be observed in their characters.

These we consider to be the chief propositions which, with more or less developement, M. Champollion endeavours to demonstrate in his most elaborate but *unreadable* book. We retain, however, our scepticism with regard to many points in his theory. His alphabet will certainly enable us to read the Greek and Roman names on the antient monuments of

Egypt, and it lends so far a very valuable light to archæology; but we cannot, with our utmost diligence, trace the slightest connection in the sense of the hieroglyphic, when it is used as a *phonetic* and when it is used as an *ideographic* character. Nor can we assent to his main hypothesis, that the ancient Egyptians employed an alphabet to represent the sounds and articulations of certain words, before the Greek and Roman sovereignties. We conceive that to be the true age of alphabetical writing in Egypt; and the formation of an alphabet out of their hieroglyphics we deem next to impossible. They might probably have arrived, as Dr. Young conjectures, at *syllabic* writing: but that which has mocked the ingenuity of the Chinese, we think, is not likely to have been successfully attempted by the Egyptians. One reason adduced by M. Champollion for his opinion, *that* they had framed an alphabet *previously* to the epochs which we have mentioned, is that, if they had invented their *phonetic* writing only in imitation of the Greek or Latin alphabet, they would naturally have introduced a number of *phonetic* signs equal to the known elements of those alphabets; whereas, having no different signs in different places express the same letter. This happens also in the Chinese: for no two persons in their hieroglyphics write the same word in the same characters; and every one of their characters has its sound, although the same sound may also belong to a hundred different characters. How, then, does a Chinese ascertain the sound as well as the sense of his characters? By means of two additional characters to each character; the initials of the first added to the final letters of the latter, giving the sound of the character whose sound is unknown. It is more strange that the Chinese should not have framed an alphabet, than that the Egyptians should have remained so long ignorant of it: for the Thibetian alphabet is printed in all their books. The truth, then, seems to be that the transition from hieroglyphical to alphabetical writing, which expresses sounds and ideas by the combination of a few simple letters, and which is one of the greatest and most important inventions of the human mind, — or, in other words, to pass from an *ideographic* to a *phonetic* language, — is, in the nature of things, impracticable.

ART. VII. *Musée des Protestans célèbres*, &c. i. e. The Museum of celebrated Protestants; or Portraits, and Biographical and Literary Notices, of the most eminent Personages in the History of the Reformation and of Protestantism. Compiled by a Society of Literary Men, and published by M. G. T. Dorn. 8vo. Vol. III. In Two Parts. Paris. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 13*s.* sewed.

We have already noticed in a favorable manner (vol. xxvii. p. 516.) the publication of the first two volumes of this work; of which the conductor, M. Dorn, has for his principal coadjutors MM. *Coquerel*, *Willm*, *Matter*, &c. The lives of the early Reformers are subjects of the greatest interest; the accounts which have been given of them have seldom been impartial; and we need only look into *Bayle* to see what absolute contradictions were published by their contemporaries as to points of character and conduct, which we should have thought were the most open to general observation, and therefore most free from the chance of being misrepresented. Of all the circumstances, however, that pervert the judgment, delude the imagination, and poison the affections, religious bigotry is the most pernicious: it seems to color every object which comes within its sphere; and it has the power of impairing the very faculty of simple apprehension in those whom it attacks. Scarcely any vice of human nature is known to prevail which was not imputed to *Luther*, or *Calvin*, or John Knox, by some of their adversaries: in some instances, calumny imputed to the Reformers crimes the most absolutely contrary to their dispositions; and in others it gave such an aggravating turn to the infirmities of their nature as entirely to misrepresent them. Thus the same writers, who professed to admire the temporizing discretion of *Erasmus*, abuse without mercy what they term the treachery and pusillanimity of Cranmer; and even the volume before us, written at this distance of time, is not free from the influence of partial zeal. The lives of *Calvin* and Knox are narrated with peculiar spirit; while those of the unostentatious advocates of reform in Italy are slightly touched, and not in a way by any means commensurate to the merit of their exertions. We should have been pleased, also, to have seen among the friends to the Reformation in Italy some account of a truly learned and amiable man, who, though he did not quit the communion of the antient church, fell a martyr as a suspected Protestant: we mean *Aonius Palearius*. His writings deserve to be more generally known than they are: his orations give not the manner merely but the spirit of Cicero; and his poem on the Immortality of the Soul is

the most truly Lucretian composition of modern times. Having ventured, in one of his public harangues, to speak with some degree of commendation of the Reformers, and particularly of *Œcolampadius*, *Melancthon*, *Luther*, *Pomeranus*, and *Bucer*, he was summoned before the Inquisition; and, after having been duly tortured, he was committed to the flames as a heretic. The spirit of virtue and humanity, which breathes through every page of the writings of this excellent man, places his character in strong contrast with that of his persecutors; and great in proportion to the mildness and gentleness of his own nature must have been the rancor of those enemies who accused him, and the bigotry of the zealots who condemned him.

The lives contained in the volume before us are, in the first part, Cranmer, Knox, *Vermigli*, the Italian Reformers *Laurentius Valla*, *Savanarola*, *Ochin*, *Lupentino*, *Flaccius* of Illyria, *Vergier*, and *Lelius Socinus*; in the second part, *Christiern* the Third, the Spanish Reformers *John Dyas*, *Francis* and *John Dryander*, and *John Valdez*, *William* of Nassau, and *Barneveld*. The life of Cranmer is written in a fair and pleasing manner: but that of Knox is almost wholly a panegyric, as our readers may judge from the following outline of his character:

'John Knox has been very differently estimated, according to the various opinions of the men, the parties, and the ages, which have judged him. An ardent and victorious enemy to Catholicism, it was at that he aimed the whole force of his hatred and his vengeance. Not less a decided adversary to the episcopal church, his memory was abused by the Anglicans; above all, at the time when the high church seemed to have made a common cause with despotism, which Knox had opposed as much as popery. The poetical partizans of Mary Stuart, and pretended philosophers who could not comprehend his devotion to a cause in which they felt no interest, added to the advocates of despotism, have united with his original enemies, and have continued down to recent times to mislead history.

'But *Calvin* honored him with his friendship; *Beza* wrote his panegyric; and the sceptic *Bayle* rendered him that justice which generous and discriminating minds, and all those who are able to appreciate true greatness, could not fail to bestow.

'No doubt, he had his faults, and was sometimes mistaken. His judgment could not always rise above the prejudices of his age, and his free and ardent spirit sometimes led him astray; his piety was not wholly free from fanaticism, and he could never elevate himself even to the idea of toleration: but his zeal was tempered by charity, and his indefatigable activity was habitually directed by a rigid conscientiousness. He possessed every characteristic of a great man; soaring talent, winning eloquence, determined reso-

lution,

lution, pure intentions, and a leading object, which he steadfastly pursued in the midst of a thousand dangers and a thousand obstacles. He never shewed himself unequal to his task. By turns proscribed, a captive, and an exile, thrice accused of high treason, and often surrounded by assassins, his courage never deserted him, and he never despaired of attaining the noble end which he had in view. In contemplating what he was and what he did, in comparing the result of his labors with the difficulties which he had to surmount, and, finally, in considering that his faults proceeded merely from the excess of his virtues, we must acknowlege that he proved himself worthy of being the chosen instrument for the triumph of truth and of liberty in his country.

In addition to our remarks on the memoirs here presented of the Italian Reformers, we must say that the author attended too much to the birth-place of *Socinus*, and too little to the sphere of his principal exertions, when he classed him with *Valla* and *Savanarola*; and we think also that he is inclined, in the representation which he gives of *Socinus*'s intercourse with *Calvin*, to attribute to wilful duplicity that degree of reserve which, considering the fate of *Servetus*, common prudence might have dictated. Indeed, *Lelius Socinus* seems to have taken a long time before he absolutely made up his mind on many points in which he differed from the whole Christian community, as then constituted; and in fact he never avowed his notions in that firm and explicit manner in which his nephew *Faustus* afterward propagated them. On the whole, in the little that M. *Matter* has said of *Lelius Socinus*, we think that he has not done him adequate justice. — The memoir of the Spanish Reformers, which is written by the same author, is full of interest; and we extract the concluding paragraph as a specimen of his earnestness and serious manner.

'The martyrs whom we have mentioned were not the whole that Spain has produced, but it would be useless to record a number of others whose names would now be scarcely known.

'In Spain it was not to men alone that the courage to die in the cause of the Reformation was confined, for women also entered into it with ardor, disseminated it with zeal, and defended it with spirit before their judges: indeed, they would soon have communicated it to all Spain, with the influence which they possessed over their families. Then it was that the Inquisitors exceeded even themselves, and condemned to the pile whole families; *and it was high time*, said the inquisitor *Paramo; two months longer, it would have been too late. If the Inquisitors*, continued he, *had not with the greatest diligence exerted all their rigor against the learned who were infected with this doctrine, it would undoubtedly have been spread over the whole face of Spain*.

for persons of both sexes, all ranks, and all conditions, every where favored it with marvellous warmth.

'This warmth had in reality nothing surprizing in it: for they had long been fettered in opinions, the free development of which is the first wish and the most perfect enjoyment of man; and had long been forced to exercise, with a pomp that disgusted them, the ceremonies of a worship which satisfied neither the mind nor the heart! Hence it was that the most enlightened and pious of all countries, and of all ranks, embraced with such ardor both the grand doctrines of classic antiquity and the pure principles of Christianity, which were again brought forwards at the same time. This zeal, then, could astonish only an inquisitor; the historian, on the contrary, is surprized that he does not find all Christendom, in the sixteenth century, adopting the Christianity of the primitive times, and rejecting that of the ages of barbarism.

'In fact, when we consider the means opposed to the Reformation, it is equally wonderful that men should have dared to employ them and that they should have met with success. Did they examine the new doctrine with the view of discovering whether they could be mistaken; the only way of conducting the inquirer to truth? Did they examine the old doctrine with a desire to purify it? Did they listen to the voice of those who wished only to separate the work of God from the work of man? No; they approved all the past, they condemned all the present! — But at least they spoke the language of conciliation to those whom they wished to check in the road to reform, and reasoned with those whom they found in error: — undoubtedly they felt only pity for those who persevered, and left to God the care of restoring his lost children? No! They offered gold and honors to the first, in order to purchase their silence; for the others they prepared prisons and faggots.

'At a time when principles, when the Gospel, and when Providence, are better understood, there is but one method of repairing the evils of an age in which passion usurped the place of principle, scholastics that of the Gospel, and man that of God; — and this method is *charity*.'

It is indeed a melancholy reflection that those countries, in which the first struggles for a reformation in religion were thus unfortunately crushed by the prevalence of priestcraft and bigotry, still remain under the dominion of the same malignant influences; — that in Italy, and in Spain, the understanding of men is still cramped and withered by the same pestilential oppression which prevailed three centuries ago. The noblest minds are either hood-winked in infancy, and compelled to grovel in blindness, or else are taught to accommodate themselves to existing circumstances, and to consider religion as a mere political expedient and engine of government. This dismal and hopeless servitude of mind, which still

still afflicts these seats of intolerance, causes us to look back with a painful degree of interest on the course of those heroic spirits, who endeavored to insure to their countrymen the blessings of religious freedom.

We wish every success to the labors of M. Dorx and his coadjutors, and wait with some degree of impatient expectation for the continuance of a work which embraces such an interesting field, and will demand encouragement in proportion as the principles on which it is conducted are liberal and comprehensive. In a country so strongly *catholicized* as France now is, we should perhaps have scarcely looked for this homage to the principles and the martyrs of Protestantism: but, if the undertaking be finally well received, we shall hail the circumstance as of good omen.

Art. VIII. *L'Hermite en Italie, &c.*; *i. e.* The Hermit in Italy, or Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Italians at the beginning of the nineteenth Century; being a Continuation of *French Manners*, and *English Manners*. By M. de Jouy, of the French Academy. 12mo. 3 Vols. Paris. 1824. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 16*s.* 6*d.* sewed.

The author of these lively ethic and sentimental travels has so frequently been noticed in our pages, that some sketch of his personal fortunes may now be welcome. We may state, therefore, that Victor Joseph Stephen Jouy was born in 1769 at Jouy, a small town within the department of the Seine and Oise. At fourteen years of age, in the capacity of sub-lieutenant, he went to the West Indies with Baron *Besner*, who had been appointed governor of French Guiana: whence he returned in the year following to resume his place in the College at Versailles. Two years afterward he was sent to the East Indies, with the regiment of Luxembourg, in which he served; and he was subsequently attached in some civil capacity to the government at Chandenagore. In 1790 he quitted the torrid zone, and found his own country in a state of revolution. He served as a captain under Lieutenant-General O'Moran, and was promoted on the field of battle after the taking of Furnes: but, having become obnoxious to the violent party in the Convention, he was arrested by order of the deputy *Duquesnois*, and condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal. He succeeded, however, in escaping into Switzerland, where he lived eight months in concealment; and he rejoined his colours under the Directory, until he obtained their leave to retire from the service, with a pension, in consideration of his honorable wounds. He

was not more than about thirty years of age when he exchanged the sword for the pen, and accompanied to Brussels in a civil capacity M. *de Pontécoulant*. After the nomination of that gentleman to the Conservative Senate, M. Jouy returned to Paris, and composed for the opera-house a musical drama intitled the *Vestal*; and subsequently *Fernand Cortès*, the *Amazons*, the *Abencerrages*, and the *Bayaderes*. He also wrote for the French theatre the tragedies of *Tippoo-Saib*, *Bélisaire*, *Sylla*, and *Julien*. His subsequent works have been literary sketches of living manners, much in the style of Addison. We have noticed most of them in our recent volumes, and have now to announce his *Hermit in Italy*; which depicts the manners and condition of that country during its occupation by *Bonaparte* in 1812, under whom the author seems to have had some official administrative situation, although he mingles perhaps with his own recollections the information of others. He enters Italy through Savoy, wonders at a smoke-jack in Chambery, passes Mont-Cenis, and makes a long pause at Turin; which is ably described, and in great detail, but which is well known from other authorities. It suited the French to make Bobbio into the chief town of a department; and, as this place is seldom the thoroughfare of travellers, and therefore retains the peculiar manners of the Italians in an unmodernized form, we may translate a part of the chapter in which it occurs. It will be perceived that some traits of English manners still subsist, which were borrowed from those of Italy at the period of its greatest refinement.

'We were soon at table. It was covered with a carpet of dyed woollen cloth, then with a linen cloth, and next with a moveable napkin. Each drinking-glass rested on a little mat of painted linen. The bottles and the water-glasses stood each on a small tray, in which a fresh vine-leaf or mulberry-leaf had been placed; so that the table was speckled with a picturesque verdure. Our napkins were no bigger than a pocket-handkerchief, and were unravelled all round, so as to appear fringed: but I was at a loss where to place them.

'Two moveable rods of wood, to which colored paper was appended, hung, like fans, about three feet above the table, and were pushed to and fro by a servant over the heads of the company, by means of a string, in order to refresh the air and to drive away the flies. The meal began by a glass of *vermouth*, a yellowish bitter beverage. First came soup, vermicelli, and lassagna, a sort of pancake. Then fried meats, boiled chickens, and a hash of beef and liver. Next, rice-cakes covered with anchovies and livers of birds, and yellow with saffron: but I am forgetting several plates of figs, which were eaten with other dishes. We were not served in any form, but dishes were set on singly without their

com-

companions, and were changed repeatedly. The plates and dishes were of pewter. The dessert consisted of a melon, parmesan cheese, and several sorts of fruit. The wine was not bad, though of the country; and more white than red was consumed. Neither coffee nor liqueurs succeeded to the dinner. — It is customary at Bobbio to offer a glass of white wine, or of liqueur, to those who call to make an afternoon-visit; and the servant does not wait his master's order, but brings them on a tray to the guest. It is a civility at least to taste something. — At night I sat down at the supper-table for mere form-sake; there were soups, meats with sweet and spicy sauce, salads, and fruits, which were all set on at once. I did not like the bread, which seems to be made without leaven. I remarked that the doors of my sleeping-room had two folds, each too small to admit any one, so that both were to be thrown open to every comer, which is contrary to French etiquette; and a curtain of tapestry was hung within them.

'Young ladies who are brought up with their parents do not usually eat with strangers; and if some are permitted to show themselves at table, they do not always await even the dessert to withdraw.

'The apartments in general are naked, cold, large, and paved with hexagonal bricks. Many large looking-glasses, to the number of ten or twelve, are placed diagonally between the ceiling and the wall: but it would require a ladder to make use of this singular cornice. Where glasses are wanting, breadths of painted paper are employed; the object seeming to be to conceal the rafters.

'The Italians abound with pantomime; they have monosyllabic exclamations which speak whole phrases; and their expressive gestures, and their very grimaces, which they perfectly understand, are a real language.' (Vol. i. p. 151.)

Genoa next passes in review; and then comes a very original chapter on the manners of the inhabitants of the Appennines, which is a kind of continuation of the description of Bobbio. The revolt of the people of Piacenza is narrated in a way which may instruct the historian, and leads to a description of that place and of Parma. Of La Spizzia, which has seldom been described, the author says that *Bonaparte* projected the building of a considerable town at the head of that beautiful gulf.

Volume ii. opens at Pisa; where the writer was fortunate enough to behold the *Giuoco del Ponte* which the drawings of *Michel Angelo* have embellished and immortalized. The description runs thus:

'The most celebrated profane festival of the Pisans is called the Bridge-game, or *Giuoco del Ponte.* In the month of June, the two quarters or wards of Saint Mary and Saint Anthony, — that is, the right and left banks of the river, — go to war once in three years, and the battle is fought on the marble bridge. Each person's

ent's endeavor is to throw his antagonist over the balustrade into the Arno. Preparations are begun two months beforehand, for the flotilla which attends, for the illumination which succeeds nightly to the victory, and for training the combatants to wrestle and to swim. Amphitheatres and scaffolds are erected on the quays, which raise spectators to the level of the crowded balconies; and the intervals of the street are filled up with triumphal arches of wood, decorated with garlands, ribbands, and flags. The Pisan combatants adopt an uniform, manufacture their weapons, choose their leaders, and drill themselves for the conflict; and drums and martial music regulate into a sort of dance the forms of competition. The inhabitants of Saint Mary first elect their chieftain, and then the inhabitants of Saint Anthony. The zeal of the respective wards so far converts them into real enemies, that sons-in-law, and even brothers, cease to visit their fathers or their brethren who reside on the opposite bank: relations quarrel in vaunting the prowess and skill of the respective champions; and the mob hurl at each other threats and invectives.

At length the great day dawns, the sky is clear, the sun ardent. The rival-companies form into battalions, those of Saint Mary wearing a blue and those of Saint Anthony a red cockade. The two commanders, splendidly attired, with lances in their hands, and shields on their arms, harangue their respective forces, who fill the air with their shouts and begin their march. Adjutants on horseback gallop to and fro with pressing orders: the streets, the quays, and the stages are thronged with innumerable spectators, some of whom have travelled a hundred miles for the sight; while the windows, the roofs, the scaffoldings, gay with flowers, evergreens, tapestries, and silks, are filled with the curious of each sex and all ages. The columns now defile along the quays: the vanguards approach the opposite extremities of the bridge: they see each other in front, and begin the war-hoop of defiance: but they approach slowly, to allow time for condensing the pressure in the rear. Each General animates his phalanx; and the signal being given, the combat begins along the whole extent of the bridge. Both parties are concealed behind a barrier of shields, whose impenetrable surface resounds afar with the blows of the assailants; and the armed bands are seen to press on each other, to struggle, to advance, to recede, now yielding to the efforts of Saint Mary, now to those of Saint Anthony. To the cries of the combatants respond those of the crowds squeezed in the avenues, and on the quays, or piled on the roofs, the parapets, the steeples, the windows, the balconies, the projections, the scaffoldings, and the very chimney-tops. All encourage their respective friends. The Generals bawl themselves hoarse, and fatigue themselves by their exertions; yet, in order to prolong the contest, they defer to grapple. By degrees, however, the waves of the agitated mass break asunder against each other, and begin to mingle. Disorder then separates the ranks, the combat becomes personal, and each attacks a single enemy. Now is let loose all individual spite, or private vengeance; and now the combatants begin to hurl each other

other into the river, where boats are actively employed to pick them up, and land them amid bursts of laughter on the shore.

'The victory is not by any arrangement assigned to either army, but must fairly be won, and more by strength than skill. The Generals, however, know where to place their best men, whose great object is to seize an antagonist by the leg, and to hoist him over the rail of the bridge. Sometimes an entire groupe, in close battle-array, will stoop with their shields joined, and lift on them an extensive line of adversaries to cast them by the dozen into the flood. Clubs, cestuses, blunt poles or lances, truncheons, and mallets, are allowed weapons, and clatter incessantly: the great art of the Commander is to bring fresh troops against the fatigued, to surround those who are to be precipitated, and to push back the advancing partisans.

'At last, the party whom fate has destined to conquer has cleared the bridge of all its rivals, and begins the shout of victory, "*Evviva Santa Maria,*" if that side triumphs, or "*Evviva Sant' Antonio,*" if the other bank prevails. Millions of voices instantly repeat the cry from all the streets, houses, and windows of the winning quarter: while those of the vanquished side murmur their lamentations, strip off their colours, and begin to conceal the badges of defeat. Some desperate partisans propose to begin anew the conflict; but the municipal authorities interfere, proclaim in form the conquerors, and order in the name of public tranquillity the dispersion of the undisheartened. The bridge is now ceded to the victors, who begin to arrange a triumphal procession: while humanity is busy in removing the maimed, binding the wounds of the bruised, and consoling the shame of the unfortunate: the Brotherhood of Mercy, in their monastic costume, being peculiarly active in carrying to the hospital, on hurdles or biers, those who require medical assistance. The bridge is then evacuated, and offers undisputed access to all: tables are placed on the quays for the multitude; and joyous repasts succeed to animosity. Every house of consequence has hospitalities to offer to the stranger: the bells ring; the drums beat; music plays its loudest merriment; guns are fired; and shouts welcome the distinguished combatants. Fowls, soups, fried dishes, watermelons, cutlets, herrings, are spred on the tables, and moistened with the wines of Florence and of Lari.

'After some time, two great processions are arranged. The clergy of both banks are assembled, and have brought the shrines of Saint Mary and Saint Anthony, adorned with precious vestments, to the bridge which was so recently the scene of rage and discord; the reconciliation takes place between the saint and the virgin: his shrine is made to approach her with obeisance, and she welcomes him with an inclination of the head. This emblem of good will is the sign for a general peace: both parties fall into one procession, which parades through the principal streets and squares of the city: carriages follow, and crowds no longer hostile; though still some bickerings remain, some taunts, or some threats of a reversed ascendancy next time.

'Nothing

'Nothing can be more brilliant than the evening illumination. Lamps of a thousand colors, lighted with olive-oil, which scatters a welcome fragrance, are suspended in front of every house, some individuals expending a hundred pounds on this glittering decoration; while the public buildings are lighted up at the expence of the city, viz. the churches, the theatres, and the triumphal arches at the corners of the streets, and the gateways. The city seems all on fire, from the foundations to the roofs of the houses, many of which are five and six stories high; even the river is covered with lights; the bridges, the edges of the quays, and the boats, multiplying in the water their flickering radiance.

'Pisa, which cannot boast of more than 15,000 inhabitants, is supposed to contain nearly 200,000 during the week of this festival; composed of strangers who come from afar, of Englishmen, or of Africans, whose vessels lie at Leghorn. The grandeur of the spectacle is indeed worthy to convene them; and it is especially at the centre of the crescent-shaped quay that the point of view is most impressive.' (Vol. ii. p. 135.)

The third volume is allotted to Rome and Naples: but these places have so often been described, that we feel little temptation to translate extracts. Some pasquinades occur at p. 105. which may amuse. — When Chiaramonti became Pope, Pasquin proposed the anagram, *Roma china ti*, or *Rome, stoop down.* — Paul V. built the palace Borghese, which a princess named Paulina advertized for sale: when Pasquin exhibited this epigram: *Paulus fecit; Paulina defecit.* — *Canova*, on the tomb of *Alfieri*, sculptured Italy in tears with an antique drapery; on which Pasquin said:

"*Questa volta, Canova, l'hai sbagliata;*
Tu l'hai fatta vestita, ed è spogliata."

"This time, *Canova*, you have blundered; you represent her clad, when she is stripped."

A sort of novel is introduced, intitled *Terror and Folly*, the scene of which lies in Calabria: but it has no great value.

In this pleasing work, M. Jouy has not perhaps displayed so intimate a knowlege of Italian manners as he possesses of the provincial manners of the French: but he writes with vivacity, variety, penetration, and feeling; and he deserves the praise of an entertaining companion as well as a liberal thinker.

ART. IX. *Mémoires relatifs à la Révolution Française*, &c.; *i.e.* Memoirs relating to the French Revolution, or Materials for the Life of General *La Fayette*. By M. REGNAULT-WARIN. 8vo. 2 Vols. Paris. 1824. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 18s.

THE readers of our *Appendix* can hardly fail to have been struck with the great number of books which have lately issued from the Parisian press relating to the French Revolution;

tion; every new importation bringing us an accession of new materials for a history of that event, certainly by far the most interesting and important in its consequences of any which modern times have witnessed. Documents, penned at the time and on the spot, have lain silent and concealed in the drawers of those who prepared them, till the hand of time or of death has secured the safety of their authors, or the actors whom they describe; and who would have been sacrificed to the fury of the one party or the other, had they ventured to give publicity to them before the paroxysm of madness had abated among the people.

Of the present work, the author, or the compiler of the materials as he modestly calls himself, is M. Regnault-Warin: who has selected General *La Fayette* as the subject of an individual memoir, and as one of the most conspicuous and leading characters in the Constituent Assembly, of whose labors he here gives an historical account. The Constituent Assembly doubtless contained many men of great talents, and many of integrity; and at the close of their session they made a deliberate effort, by the moderation of their measures, to redeem the character which they had injured among reflecting men by the intemperance of their earlier acts. Towards the end of their labors in 1791, they shewed that they had been in their hearts friends to a constitutional and regulated monarchy; while it must be confessed, however, that the jealousy, perfectly well grounded indeed, which they entertained against the old aristocracy of the country, prevented them from guarding the throne with sufficient security against popular violence. '*Mirabeau* ruled by eloquence, *Robespierre* by fear, *Napoleon* by genius: placed equally by principle and character as the centre of *political moderation*, *La Fayette*,' says his biographer, 'could never obtain their ascendancy, and would have disdained their power. He nevertheless loved glory, but he loved it like Cato, while it presented itself as the prize of justice.' — From the history of *La Fayette*, posterity will discover 'that, without moderation, there is neither strength to correct abuses nor foresight to prevent the recurrence of them; that, without private and domestic morals, patriotism is but an empty sound; that, without the restraint of law, liberty is a fury; and that to preserve their dignity by their independence, a people, escaped from the scourge of Revolution and the turmoil of faction, can recover their happiness only by means of *order*.'

La Fayette was born at Chavaniac, in Auvergne, September 6th, 1757, and was descended from a family rendered illustrious

illustrious by the double glory of eminence in literature and in arms. His education qualified him to tread in either of the paths in which his ancestors had preceded him, and he chose the profession of a soldier. At the early age of sixteen, he married the accomplished daughter of M. *de Noailles*, (the opulent Duc *d'Ayen*;) and, by means of this splendid alliance, his access at court would have been certain had he chosen to avail himself of those abuses which, at a future period, he laboured with energy and effect to overthrow. He was not, indeed, made for courts; his spirit having none of those suppleneses and compliances which are required for advancement there. The North American colonies had hoisted the flag of insurrection against their mother-country when he was a very young man; and such was his love of independance, that he resolved to fight in defence of it in any part of the world. The first and formidable reverses of the Americans, instead of deadening, whetted his ardor, and confirmed his resolution to volunteer in their service. "Up to this period," says he, in a letter to Dr. Franklin, on the arrival of intelligence that the colonists had suffered a most portentous defeat, "I have only wished well to your cause; but, now that it is in peril, I hasten to serve it. The lower it is fallen in public opinion, the greater will be the effect of my departure, and the more useful will it be to you. Since it is out of your power to furnish me with a vessel, I will purchase one and fit it out myself, and undertake to be the bearer of your despatches to Congress." In spite of the remonstrances of his friends, and the prohibition of the court of Versailles, he accordingly crossed the Atlantic, and reached Charlestown in the beginning of 1777: so that he went to America at an early period of the war, and he continued a volunteer in the service to the end of it. His conduct through the whole of that enterprise is as extraordinary as any that can be found in the history of a young man scarcely then twenty years of age. Born in a country which was like the lap of sensual pleasure, as it has been observed, and with the means of enjoying it, how few may be found who would exchange such a scene for the woods and wilderness of America, and pass the flowery years of youth in unprofitable danger and hardship! Yet such is the fact. When the war had ended, and he was on the point of taking his final departure, in 1783, he presented himself to Congress, and, contemplating in his affectionate farewell the Revolution which he had witnessed, he exclaimed: "May this great temple, which we have raised to liberty, serve for ever as a lesson to

the oppression and an example to the oppressed!" When this address came to the hands of Dr. Franklin, who was then in France, he applied to Count *Vergennes* to have it inserted in the French Gazette, but never could obtain his consent.

Our readers are aware that M. *Lacretelle* has published an elaborate "History of France during the 18th Century;" and that, as his volumes have appeared, we have not been unmindful of their contents, or sparing of that praise which the author deserves. It may also be remembered, that the seventh and eighth volumes were exclusively devoted to a history of the Constituent Assembly; to the labors of that body, and to that period of time, which are treated in the work now before us. In noticing those volumes *, we could not but express some regret at what we considered to be the altered tone of the writer; who, as he has grown old, has grown timid; and who, like Mr. Burke, is "not so much affected by the reality of distress touching the heart, as by the showy resemblance of it striking his imagination." We remarked that, through the whole of those volumes, a perverse and evident desire was manifest to divert the attention of the reader from the wrongs and degradation endured by the people; that no sympathy was extended towards them; that the author expatiated on the sufferings of the clergy and the privileged orders at the time of the Revolution, but never suffered a sigh to escape him at the state of penury and wretchedness of the peasantry and people of France, under the grinding despotism of the old *régime*. Such were our observations on those volumes, and we are gratified by finding that they have excited similar animadversions on the other side of the Channel. Indeed, to counteract the unjust impression of that work in particular, with others of a similar tendency, is the object which M. Regnault-Warin had especially in view.

In the Assembly of Notables, *La Fayette* had the courage to propose the suppression of *lettres de cachet* and of state-prisons; and the still greater boldness to propose the re-assemblage of the States-General, which, it is well known, met at Versailles on the 4th of May, 1789. On the 8th of September, in this year, he suggested to the commune of Paris that they should send a deputation to the National Assembly, to solicit an immediate reform in the criminal jurisprudence; and nothing can more strongly shew the enlightened and benevolent views which he entertained on this subject, than the

* See Review, N.S. vol. xcviii. p. 485. — Vols. ix. and x. are just published.

† The news-papers have recently announced his decease.

objects

objects which the defective state of the criminal law at that time made him anxious to obtain. These objects were, *first*, that the accused should be allowed the assistance of counsel: *secondly*, that the proceedings against them should be public: *thirdly*, that witnesses should be openly confronted against them; and, *fourthly*, that they should be furnished with a copy of the indictment, and the nature of the evidence intended to be brought against them. Nothing, indeed, could be more barbarous and unjust than the criminal proceedings under the old *régime*. Persons accused were confined in solitary dungeons, often for years together; cut off from all communication with their friends, their relatives, and their advisers; interrogated in secret by a magistrate, whose great object was to draw from them a confession of their crime as full as possible; and who, by embarrassing and captious questions, by a feigned compassion, and by the appearance of a favorable impression, endeavored to draw the prisoner into a snare and entangle him in his own answers. The accusers underwent a similar interrogatory, but they were not confronted with the accused till after the information; and then, if in consequence of embarrassment or compunction they retracted any part of their first declarations, they were themselves exposed to the pains and penalties of perjury! Two witnesses were required to convict an accused person: but, by a miserable sort of logic, many probabilities formed a sum-total equivalent to positive proof; and the judges, in this case, were obliged by their oath to pronounce his condemnation. The mild Louis XVI. abolished the *question préparatoire*, that is, torture before trial: but torture in various shapes was applied after condemnation for the purpose of discovering accomplices. M. Regnault-Warin assures us, that it required all the vigor of the Constituent Assembly to compel the provincial parliaments to abandon their atrocious jurisprudence, in favor of which some of them had actually the effrontery to enter their protests. The multiplicity of such horrible spectacles as were exhibited under the old government, of breaking the legs and arms of the culprits on the wheel, and scorching the soles of their feet, &c. &c., must inevitably have hardened the minds of the populace, and extinguished in them every sentiment of humanity. Yet many writers, and M. *Lacretelle* among the number, take great delight in expatiating on the unalloyed and perfect felicity which reigned throughout France before the Revolution. They boast of the liberty of person, the security of property, and the absence of all despotic authority, where Louis XVI. reigned; and where courtiers, we are told, made themselves beloved

beloved by the benignity of their disposition and politeness of their manners, while magistrates extorted reverence by the inflexible justice which they every where administered. When these writers, however, describe the crimes of that Revolution, it seems as if their very pens were dipped in blood; and language sinks under them in the attempt to describe atrocities which, though they see not the fact, were actually engendered by the ferocious exhibitions of punishment under that excellent policy and mild administration which they eulogize to the very skies! It is observed by the present writer that, 'thousands of lives, sacrificed amid the fury of political dissensions, form not so indelible a blot on a nation, and do not so much degrade the character of men in the opinion of the moralist, as a single judicial murder pronounced in cold blood.'

We have an act of justice and atonement to perform towards M. *De la Fayette*. In one of our notices of *Lacretelle*'s History of the Constituent Assembly, (vol. xcviii. p. 496.) the following passage occurs: "It was on the night of this day, (October 5th, 1789,) that the mob broke into the palace, murdered some of the *gardes-du-corps*, and with their reeking poniards pierced the bed from which the unhappy Queen had only the very instant before escaped. The conduct of *La Fayette* on this occasion, *in leaving the palace, betaking himself to rest*, and urging the National Assembly to close their sittings in so perilous a moment, is very severely and very deservedly censured." It now appears, on the authority of Madame *Campan*, (vol. ii. p. 79.) who was an eye-witness of the scene, that the story of the Queen's bed being pierced with the pikes of these ruffians is not true; though it *is* true that she made her escape, half naked, from the assassins who were seeking to murder her. The facts of the case are these. After a day of the greatest anxiety and fatigue, during the whole of which *La Fayette* had been on horseback, endeavouring to mollify or disperse the seditious groupes that were assembling in every corner of the streets, he marched from Paris at the head of twenty thousand militia, and reached Versailles at ten o'clock at night; where he found the halls and galleries of the Assembly crowded with fish-women, and a tumultuous and frightful mob surrounding the palace and threatening the royal family. For the protection of the latter, he was anxious to place his own national guard in the interior posts of the palace: but this was refused on the part of the commandants of the *gardes-du-corps*, to whom the *interior* posts of the castle were always confided. This was a matter of etiquette; and so sacred was it deemed that, in this hour of

the most imminent peril to the royal family, it could not possibly be infringed: nor could *La Fayette*, without positive violence, take on himself that command in the palace which, in all human probability, would have prevented the attempt made on the Queen, and the massacre of some of the *gardes-du-corps*. Not being suffered to do this, however, and having planted guards in the exterior, tired nature demanded some repose, and he threw himself on a bed at the Hôtel de Noailles *with his clothes on*; not being allowed the antichamber of the King, where his presence, and his presence only, might have averted the catastrophe. In the course of the night, some assassins in disguise got into the garden and into the palace; by their means, others were introduced; and a vast number of bloodthirsty desperadoes of both sexes endeavoured to force their way: when *La Fayette*, roused from his short repose, was instantly found at the head of his troops, and saved the *gardes-du-corps* as well as the royal family from massacre. The Queen and Madame Elizabeth knew his services on this critical occasion, and repeatedly acknowleged that they owed their lives to him.* Whether he was prudent in prevailing with the Assemby to close their sitting for the night, at such a juncture, may be questioned: for an immense assemblage of ferocious and drunken demagogues was not very likely to pass the night without mischief.

A strange story was not long since put into circulation by Mr. Peter Moore, in his "Voice from London to the Voice from St. Helena," about the intrigues of the British government in fomenting the Revolution in France, and laying a train for the sacrifice of the King himself, at a time when profound peace was subsisting between the two countries. Relying on the honour of our national character, we stated without hesitation, in our account of that work, our belief that no British minister, no British gentleman, could be found to engage in such a nefarious conspiracy against the tranquillity of another country and the life of its monarch; distinguished as he was, too, for the mildness and benevolence of his character.† It would gratify us to see such an atrocious charge disproved by competent authority, and we yet hope that it will be rebutted by any surviving individuals who may be personally implicated; more particularly as we find that a strong suspicion of this foul play on our part exists in France;

* For a full account of this affair, see p. 114. *et seq.* vol. i. and p. 75. *et seq.* of the *Pièces Justificatives*, vol. ii. of the present work.

† See Monthly Review, vol. cii. p. 315, &c.

and

and that the ill-fated Queen herself frequently and emphatically declared her belief that English emissaries, and English gold, were performing the work of English vengeance.

'The English minister, *having to revenge on Louis XVI. the loss of the American colonies*, whose emancipation had been favoured by that Prince, vowed the destruction of the French monarchy and the French monarch: to attain this object, he left no means unemployed: and he succeeded in exciting periodical crises and a general commotion. The moment which preceded the Revolution seemed to favour this design. An irresolute government, tottering on an unsteady foundation, frequently changing its ministers and its systems, and presenting the contrast of its antiquated notions, with those of the mass of men far advanced before them in civilization; subjects, sensible of abuses of which they were at once the censors and the victims; germs of liberty which are to be found in all bosoms, and which neither the extreme of wretchedness nor the extreme of opulence had destroyed; germs which called for a slight degree of heat only to develope them; — these circumstances offering to foreign ministers the possibility and chance of success, they resolved to revolutionise every thing for the purpose of destroying every thing; and from their infernal machinations resulted an universal explosion, which they had themselves no power to regulate or direct. Liberty has triumphed over those who brought it into existence for the purpose of strangling it.' (Vol. ii. p. 116.)

Now, although this charge is brought forwards only as the rumor of the time, it is evidently alleged with a belief in the truth of it, and various circumstances are adduced to confirm it. The King wrote to M. *de Calonne* in the year 1790, complaining of the disastrous influence of English gold on the people and the government of France. Madame *Campan* states, (vol. ii. p. 420.) that twice, between the 14th of July, 1789, and the 6th of October of the same year, the Queen prevented her from going to Paris, saying, "Go not on such a day; the English have been scattering their gold; there will be a disturbance." In another place of her Memoirs, (ii. 188.) she says,

"Others besides myself know, that at that time the Queen was extremely anxious to ascertain the opinion of Mr. Pitt: she used to say to me, 'I never can pronounce the name of Pitt, *que la petite mort ne me coure sur le dos* (those were her very words) *: that man is the mortal enemy to France. He is taking a cruel

* The English translator has expressed it, "I never pronounce the name of Pitt but *I feel death at my shoulder.*" The original phrase corresponds better, perhaps, with our common expression, "*I feel my flesh crawl upon my bones.*"

revenge for the impolitic assistance which the cabinet of Versailles gave to the American insurgents. By the destruction of us, he is endeavouring to guarantee for ever the maritime power of his own country. Pitt has promoted the cause of the Revolution from its first troubles, and will continue to do so to the last.'"

Madame *Campan* also tells us that the Queen sent a confidential messenger to London, in order, if possible, to sound the English minister as to his secret disposition towards France. This messenger reported, on his return, "that all which he could extract from Mr. Pitt, in whom he found an alarming reserve, was, that he would *not suffer the French monarchy to perish*, for the tranquillity of Europe; that it would be a great error to let the revolutionary spirit erect an organized republic in France." On this occasion, the Queen's observation to Madame *Campan* was, "Whenever Pitt has pronounced an opinion on the necessity of preserving the *monarchy* in France, he has maintained the most impenetrable silence as to all that concerns the *monarch* himself. The result of his conferences is only a sinistrous omen." (See vol. ii. p. 189. of Madame *Campan*, English translation, and vol. ii. p. 120. of the present work.)

We must now return to *La Fayette*. The King announced to the President of the Assembly, 13th of September, 1791, his acceptance of the constitution which they had drawn up, and on the 30th of that month it was dissolved. Long before this time, however, an emigrant-army had assembled on the borders of Alsace; and the Marquis *De Bouillé*, to whom the frontiers had been intrusted, became an object of just suspicion. The King's flight was a signal for emigration; and the treaty of Pilnitz, between the Emperor Leopold and the King of Prussia, for the partition of France, being now rumoured abroad, excited the greatest anxiety among all classes of people; which was scarcely in any degree allayed by the pacific answers, equivocally worded, that were received from foreign courts. The French emigrants were known to be indefatigable in their endeavors to restore the old despotism by the aid of Prussia, Germany, Russia, Sweden, &c. The young King of Hungary, who succeeded Leopold, openly avowed hostilities; and on the 20th of April, 1792, France declared war against him. We are not about to give an account of the military operations of *Fayette*; or of his sudden and bold appearance at the bar of the National Assembly, to express in the name of the army the indignation which they felt at the conduct of a mob, headed by *Santerre*, who had marched through the hall of the Assembly, surrounded the Tuilleries, and insulted the royal family. The Jacobins never forgave

forgave him, but calumniated him in every possible manner, and sought his destruction. He was accused of various offences before the Assembly, and acquitted by an immense majority, to the confusion of the republican party; who considered this as a trial of strength, in which they were defeated. The events of the 10th of August, however, when the Swiss guards were massacred in the Tuilleries, shewed that the Jacobins were resolved to carry those measures by violence which they could not effect by a vote of the Assembly.

The events of that dreadful day being speedily communicated to *La Fayette*, and the expulsion of the old members, he was convinced that his acquittal was no guarantee for safety; and he saw that no means had been left unemployed to make his troops desert him. He had caused to be imprisoned the commissioners sent by the *new* National Assembly with the oath of liberty and equality; and, finding that the army was disinclined to support the King and the constitution, he left his camp on the 19th of August, accompanied by some personal friends, who had been members of the Constituent Assembly.* His hope was to reach Holland, and be able to assist the constitutional party in the interior of France. On the first night, however, they were made prisoners on their route to Rochefort; were conducted from that place to Namur and Nivelle; and afterward, being delivered over to the King of Prussia, they were taken to the fortress of Magdeburg, where they remained twelve months, confined in a subterraneous dungeon, damp and dark. The four captives were shifted from prison to prison till the castle of Olmutz received three of them†; and here, on entering their separate and solitary cells, they were expressly told that "for the future they would never be allowed to see any thing but the four walls which confined them; that they would never receive any intelligence either as to things or persons; that the jailors were prohibited from pronouncing even their names; that, in all orders from court, they would be designated by their respective *numbers*; that they would never be allowed to hear any thing of their families, or even be assured of each other's existence; and that, as such a state of loneliness and destitution might naturally engender a desire for death, knives, forks, and every means of destruction would be interdicted."

* MM. *Latour-Maubourg*, *Bureau-de-Puzy*, and *Alexandre Lameth*.

† M. *Lameth* obtained his liberty from the King of Prussia.

An abortive scheme was undertaken for their deliverance by two young men, one a Hanoverian physician, *Bollman*; the other an American of the name of *Huger*, son of an officer with whom *La Fayette* had sailed to America. *La Fayette* was retaken, and the horrors of his imprisonment, if possible, aggravated. The American consuls made an honourable but a fruitless effort to obtain his liberation; a lively sympathy was at length also excited in his favor here; and General Fitzpatrick moved in the British House of Commons that a petition should be presented to his Majesty, praying him to interpose his mediation with the Emperor of Germany for the liberation of the prisoners from Olmutz. Mr. Pitt opposed the motion, which was consequently lost: but the debates on it resounded through Europe; and when Madame *La Fayette*, being released from the prisons of Robespierre by the fall of that tyrant, proceeded to Vienna under a feigned name, and obtained an audience of the Emperor, imploring that she might be allowed to assuage the captivity of her husband by partaking it with him, the Emperor not only granted permission, but shewed such a disposition to alleviate her husband's sufferings that she went so far as to express a hope for his liberation and that of his comrades. To this the Emperor replied, that on that subject his hands were tied: "*j'ai les mains liées là-dessus: mais j'accorde avec plaisir ce qui est en mon pouvoir, en vous permettant de rejoindre M. de la Fayette.*" The three prisoners, *Latour-Maubourg*, *La Fayette*, and *Puzy*, were confined for the space of three years and five months in the same gallery, without seeing each other; and they might not have known of each other's existence, but that, by the aid of some easy and popular airs, they formed a sort of musical vocabulary, and thus communicated in song any intelligence that they could gather from the want of vigilance, the good nature, or the indiscretion of their jailors.

The victorious arms of France at length led to negotiations for peace; and it is to the credit of the Directory that they intrusted their plenipotentiaries, *Bonaparte* and *Clarke*, to stipulate for the deliverance of these prisoners before the signature of preliminaries. It redounds also to the honor of the prisoners, that, after five years' confinement, they refused to acquiesce in certain conditions which the Austrian government still wished to impose on them. The Marquis *de Chasteler* was charged with the negotiation on the part of the Emperor; and the nature of the *third* condition will be understood by *La Fayette*'s reply to it: "His Majesty, the Emperor and King, has done me the honour to signify that, the principles which

which I profess being incompatible with the safety of the Austrian government, he desires that I may never again enter his states without his special permission. There are certain duties from which I cannot withdraw myself: of this description I owe some to the United States, and in a more especial manner I owe such duties to France; and I cannot make any engagement that may be incompatible with those rights which my country may at any time claim over my personal services. With these exceptions, I can assure the Marquis *de Chasteler* that it is my fixed resolution never again to set foot on any spot of ground which is subject to his Majesty, the King of Bohemia and Hungary." This refusal to give a pledge that he would never bear arms against the Emperor, (for that was the plain meaning of the condition,) should his country require him to do so, was at such a moment heroic; and the cutting sarcasm involved in his "fixed resolution" never again to set foot in any part of his Majesty's territory, *by choice*, could not possibly escape the discernment of the Marquis *de Chasteler* or his Imperial master. The three prisoners were at last released, on their personal pledge never again to enter these forbidden territories without a special permission, unless in obedience to the call of their country.

La Fayette now went into retirement. When *Bonaparte* assumed the chief consulship, he was desirous of placing the name of that General among the list of his senators: but the latter resisted every solicitation to be so enrolled; and, when it was proposed to invest *Bonaparte* with the consulate *for life*, he addressed an excellent letter to him, stating his objections against such an office, if unaccompanied by the necessary security for public freedom: adding that he should rejoice to see him "the first magistrate for life of *a free republic*," that it was in his sole power to restore tranquillity and liberty to France, and that in so doing he would confer immortal glory on himself and happiness on his country: — but that it was inconsistent with the principles which he (*La Fayette*) had advocated through life, to give his vote for any permanent magistracy that was not founded on a basis worthy of the nation. This letter gave great offence to the Consul, and made a lasting impression on his mind, as many subsequent occurrences testified. At the restoration of Louis XVIII. in 1814, *La Fayette* did *once* present himself at court, and was graciously received by the King: but he found the same projects and notions prevailing, which had produced such disastrous consequences to the former monarch. It is a remark of the present author that the royal dynasty would have

found powerful supporters in the Constitutionalists of 1789, if it had not exhibited what may be termed an hereditary repugnance against the men and the institutions of that period. After the escape of *Bonaparte* from Elba, it is not improbable that the Imperial authority in France might have been bereft of some of its despotism. Without giving to Napoleon much credit for his disposition to abdicate any portion of despotic power which he could retain, we may believe that he felt himself to be an object of fear rather than of love; and, foreseeing that he would soon have to encounter the arms of all Europe united against him, he would have submitted to certain curtailments of his authority for the sake of preserving his high station. *Joseph Bonaparte*, accordingly, proposed an interview with *La Fayette*, to which the latter immediately acceded; observing that, although he could not place implicit confidence in the "complete conversion of Napoleon," yet the Emperor might rely on his hearty co-operation against foreign influence and invasion, and against any family and any party which might hope by foreign assistance to destroy the independence and liberty of the French people. He refused to be made a peer of the empire, and insisted on an immediate convocation of a Chamber of Representatives: his suspicion of Napoleon never slept nor slumbered; and he exhorted the Assembly, in a tone of severity, to assume an attitude which might inspire the nation with confidence, and make an impression on Europe: adding, emphatically, that its conduct would decide whether it was to be denominated the "Representative of the French people" or simply the "Club Napoleon."

During the critical period of the "Hundred Days," *La Fayette* emerged from the rural retirement in which he had lived for many years, and took a very prominent part in the national deliberations. His conduct has been consistent from first to last; an example of moderation in the midst of civil discord the most ferocious; of firmness in the midst of vacillation; and of disinterestedness in the midst of corruption. While we are now closing this account of his Memoirs, he has again crossed the Atlantic, on a second visit to that country which is grateful for the services that he performed in promoting her independence; and she has received him with every mark of honor which can express the gratitude that she cannot but feel.

Perhaps we ought not to conclude without observing that M. Regnault-Warin has gone out of his way to give a military criticism on the battle of Waterloo; that is, to prove that the palm of victory ought to be assigned to the *vanquished*, inferior

inferior to the foe in numbers, but surpassing them in valor and devotion to their cause.

'The consequences of that day are gradually unfolding themselves before our eyes. Waterloo was not a barren victory gained by the allies and lost to France. It was for her, and consequently for Europe, the æra of a new system; of a general change in the conduct of the people of different countries, if not in their sentiments; of a new course of policy in princes; in a word, of a complete revolution. *The hopes of humiliated kings have been revived, the hopes of nations have been suspended. At the sight of Napoleon in exile, every remnant of abuse which had survived the withering and decay of twenty years has sprung up again from the earth,*' &c.

The manner in which the memory of the late Emperor of France is cherished there, at present, is sufficiently evident from a note to a passage in the author's account of the battle:

'It was necessary that he should survive it, in order to afford the world, which he had astonished by his genius in prosperity, the spectacle of his stoicism in adversity; it was necessary that he should be driven from the throne, in order to shew that he was worthy of it; it was necessary that France *should consent to his exile, in order that he might be for ever present in her recollection;* it was necessary that he should die on a rock in the Atlantic, in order that he might leave, in his rustic tomb, a monument of his own glory, of English perfidy, and of our misfortunes.' (Vol. i. p. 378.)

The return of the Bourbons, we suspect, is not likely to efface such reminiscences as these from the bosoms of Frenchmen: but the author has a healing word at parting: 'with Napoleon expired the empire; and with him also *would have expired the glory of France, if the return of the King had not restored to us all our hopes.*' Is this "a sop for Cerberus?"

ART. X. *Biographie Nouvelle des Contemporains, &c.; i. e.* New Biography of Contemporaries, &c. &c. By MM. ARNAULT, JAY, JOUY, NORVINS, &c. Vols. X.—XV. 8vo. Paris. 1823; 1824. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 14*s.* each.

SOME former volumes of this extensive work were noticed in our xcvith vol. p. 536., xcixth, p. 513., and cist, p. 509. It is a map of living merit, a cabinet of notoriety, a rout given by celebrity at home, a vestibule to the temple of fame, in which the living may wait but the dead may not long repose. It gathers strength by proceeding; and every letter of the alphabet seems to bear an increasing crop of worthies,

worthies, or at least of names aspiring to be known. We shall again select a few short lives, or half-lives.

'*Louisa Keralio*, afterward Madame *Robert*, was the daughter of *Louis Keralio*, an officer employed as preceptor to the Prince of Parma, and decorated with the cross of Saint Louis. She was born at Paris in 1758, had a pleasing figure, received a polished education, and acquired the Italian and English languages. She co-operated in 1789 and 1790 in compiling the *Mercure National*, and the *Censeur Universel*; translated a selection from the Memoirs of the Academy of Sienna, Swinburne's Travels, a History of the Medici, Carr's Travels, and Dodsley's Fables. Her original works consist of a History of Queen Elizabeth; of three novels, Amelia and Caroline, Alphonso and Matilda, Rose and Albert; of an Introduction to writing English; of a Sketch of French Literature; and of an Introduction to a Collection of the Works of French Female Writers, which remains incomplete.

'She was admitted into the Academy of Arras, and has deserved the praise of industry, liberality, and talent.'

In the eleventh volume, a short notice occurs of Dr. *Lawrence*, but no mention is made of his "Criticisms on the Rolliad," or of his other publications; and his friend Mr. Wyndham is called *Vinham*. Dr. L. is erroneously, we suspect, stated to have been an ecclesiastic. — In the notice of Dr. *Lettsom*, *Gotherghill* is printed for *Fothergill*, and *Yorkshire* becomes a *city*. — In the article on the late Lord *Liverpool*, some mistake and confusion arise in mentioning his first creation to nobility by the title of Baron Hawkesbury: but it is singular that the writer has been made acquainted with the fact that his Lordship, in early life, was a contributor to the Monthly Review. — Sir *James Mackintosh*, Knight, is promoted to a Baronetcy.

The life of Madame *Mara* is thus given:

'Born at Cassel in 1750, (her maiden name is not stated,) she first applied her talents to the violin, on which at ten years of age she was so great a proficient as to perform in public. She afterward studied only the cultivation of her voice; and, under the direction of an old soprano, *Paradisi*, she made so great a progress, that when scarcely fourteen years old she sang before the Queen with the greatest success. Between 1767 and 1783 she accompanied her husband, *John Mara*, the violincellist to Prince Henry of Prussia, into Swisserland, France, and England, where her talents obtained the most decided admiration. In 1788, she was invited to assist at the carnival at Turin; and towards the end of 1789 she was ordered by the King of Prussia to replace Madame *Todi* at Berlin, where she thenceforth continued resident. She merited the immense reputation which she enjoyed: her voice was brilliant, full, sonorous, and her tone expressive: she

excelled in bravura airs; and, which is rare, she sang with equal perfection in German, French, Italian, and English.'

The thirteenth volume gives a short notice concerning Dr. *Herbert Marsh*: but, although this part of the work was not printed until the present year, the authors seem not to have been aware that this learned theologian has been elevated to the episcopal chair. — To Mr. *Matthias* is attributed the honor of having written the *Pursuits of Literature*, but this title is strangely translated by the words *les Hostilités Littéraires*.

An interesting article is the account of the present Bashaw of Egypt, of which we subjoin an abridgment.

'*Mehemmed*, or *Mohammèd Ali Pacha*, Viceroy of Egypt, is the man of our times who has acquired most celebrity and glory in the East. His merit, assisted by fortune, seems destined to create a new æra for the country which he governs. His bold enterprizes, his military talents, and especially his administrative views, have lifted him high above the crowd of Moslem princes who have hitherto governed or oppressed their vast provinces. Mohammed Ali was obscurely born in 1769 at Cavale, a sea-port-town of Romelia. His father, Ibrahim Aga, was chief of the guard intrusted with the protection of the highways. When he died, his son, who was still young, was brought up in the house of the Tshorbagi, or governor, of Cavale, and displayed extraordinary sagacity, great skill in all bodily exercises, and an ardent desire to distinguish himself.

'The inhabitants of a neighbouring village having refused to pay the tribute imposed on them, and the governor not considering himself in sufficient force to compel them, young Mohammed Ali came and offered to reduce the rebels, requiring for this purpose only a few armed men. The governor, pleased with his boldness, gave him leave to act. Mohammed then departed with his companions to the revolted village, entered the mosque, and, while he appeared occupied in prayer, sent for four of the principal inhabitants, to whom he said that he had important communications to make. They came without suspicion to the temple, were immediately seized, and carried off to Cavale, in spite of the clamours and opposition of the inhabitants, who were repressed by a threat to murder the hostages; and, in order to obtain them back, the arrears of tribute were speedily paid.

'The governor, to recompense this act of zeal, gave in marriage to Mohammed Ali a widow of fortune who was related to him, and conferred on the husband some public employment. A French merchant, M. *Lyon* of Marseilles, at that time established at Cavale, had shewn numerous civilities to Mohammed Ali, and had taught him French. This kindness gave to the young Moslem an advantageous idea of the French character, and inspired him early with a spirit of toleration for religions differing from his own.

own. When he became master of Egypt, he learned in 1820 that M. *Lyon* was gone back to his own country, and wrote to him to come and settle at Cairo, with splendid offers of patronage. This gentleman was preparing to obey the summons, but unfortunately died previously to embarkation. The Viceroy expressed the deepest regret, and sent to a surviving sister of M. *Lyon* a present of ten thousand piastres.

'In his youth, Mohammed had attended to commerce; and even at the head of the government of Egypt he has been known to speculate in tobacco and other articles. When the French invaded Egypt, he had to make his first campaign against them; having been sent from Cavale at the head of a contingent of troops on that service. He distinguished himself by his intrepidity, acquired the title of Byn-Bashi, and engaged victoriously a body of French troops commanded by General *Lagrange* at Rahmanyeh. He much attached his soldiery, especially the Albanians, who were the bravest of them.

'After the retreat of the French from Egypt, the Mamelukes, who had so long been masters of the country, resumed their audacity, and were encouraged by the English; who lent an ear to Elfi Bey, a man of information deputed to London to offer commercial advantages for armed protection. Meanwhile, Mohammed Ali was named by the Porte Bashaw of Saloniki: but the inhabitants took arms in his behalf, and would not suffer him to withdraw. He intrigued successfully at Constantinople, and in 1806 received a firman, brought by an escort of seventy Tatars, which re-instated him in the eminent post of governor of Egypt. This situation was surrounded by increasing difficulties. Elfi Bey and the Mamelukes, who received assistance from England, made incursions to the very walls of Cairo; and the English ambassador at Constantinople endeavored to recommend him to the confidence of the Sultan, by guaranteeing the payment of fifteen hundred purses, which he offered as the annual tribute of Egypt. The Porte listened to these proposals, and in 1807 again attempted to recall Mohammed Ali by naming him to the pachalik of Saloniki. Had he obeyed, he would have been cut off. He therefore expressed the utmost readiness to attend to the commands of his sovereign, but stated that his troops, whose pay was in arrear, would not suffer him to depart: and he accordingly assembled his Albanians, and told them that, if they wished him to remain with them, they must take an oath never to abandon him. The chiefs of the Albanians, to the number of seventy, swore on the Koran allegiance and fidelity; and, renewing an antient custom of their country, they all walked one after another across a sabre held by the two oldest officers. This ceremony is with them an indissoluble tie, which cannot be broken without infamy. The Albanians then subscribed according to their means, and placed at the disposal of Mohammed a considerable sum; which he sent off to Constantinople by a confidential agent, and which again purchased his confirmation in the government of Egypt.

'In

'In March, 1807, an English fleet, then commanded by Admiral Louis, came to Alexandria, and took possession of the place, in consequence of some misunderstanding between the British government and the Turks. But Mohammed Ali gave a check to the English General Fraser at Rosetta and elsewhere, and so harassed the Europeans that they were glad to accept permission to retire. Meanwhile, Elfi Bey died of apoplexy, divisions broke out among the Mamelukes, and Mohammed brought them progressively to treat with him and to submit to his domination. This, however, was not accomplished without a treacherous massacre of the leaders: it is said that 470 persons perished; and that Mohammed gave orders to spare all the French Mamelukes.

'From this time, Egypt has enjoyed great tranquillity under Mohammed Ali; who has removed the impediments to commerce, has improved the irrigation of the country, has enlarged the canal between Rahmanyeh and Alexandria, has lessened the lakes Mareotis and Aboukir, has restored their borders to cultivation, and has introduced into the province of Faioume the cultivation of the olive, the mulberry, and indigo. He has repressed the inroads of the Wahabees by sending a detachment against them under the command of his son Toussoum, who died of the plague soon afterward, at the age of twenty. Another expedition was sent into Nubia under the command of his second son Ismail, and was accompanied by a French naturalist named *Calliaud:* but this expedition was unsuccessful, and lost most of its people by disease or conflict.'

These details are chiefly derived from a French work in two volumes octavo, printed at Paris in 1823, and intitled *Histoire de l'Égypte sous le Gouvernement de Mohammed Aly.* It is to be wished that he would aim at independence, and recognize that of the Greeks.

Under the head *Melling*, a splendid work on Constantinople is announced to be forthcoming at Paris, from the pen and the pencil of that artist.

In the fourteenth volume, the article *Monod* throws light on the present constitution of Swisserland. A consolidation of the petty independencies, into which that country is divided, under some united body of representatives assembling at Berne or at Geneva, would greatly facilitate the removal of that control over the press, and over the alien-residents in the country, which has of late been so intolerably arrogated by the agents of the Holy Alliance.

The notice of M. *Montgolfier* recalls interesting recollections, but compels the melancholy observation that little has been added since 1783 to the art of inflating, elevating, supporting, and depressing balloons. No long flight has yet been undertaken; and the mode of descending still savours of its original aukwardness and danger.

Lady

Lady *Morgan* is not characterized with all possible urbanity; nor is her work on Italy noticed.

The longest articles in this volume are allotted to *Murat* and *Napoleon*. They require, especially where the burning of Moscow is narrated, some corrective animadversions: but altogether they possess, perhaps, sufficient interest to deserve translation and a separate impression.

The account of *Necker*, in vol. xv., deserves perusal: but it is too extensive for our space. In Lord *Nelson*'s life, the execution of *Carraccioli* is narrated with much gentleness: but it forms a dark spot on his glory, which might have been made more conspicuous. In other respects, due honor is rendered to his great merits.

We copy from this volume the notice of *Nierup*, as the antiquarian works of that author merit British attention.

'*Erasmus Nierup* was born in the island of Fionia at Nierup, in 1759: his father was a yeoman, who sent his son to study at Copenhagen, where he obtained the place of a librarian in the royal household. He first published, as a continuation of *Maittaire*, some notices of the rarer books in his custody. Having obtained a professor's chair in the university, he also accepted the care of its library, which he sedulously enriched with every work within his reach concerning northern antiquities. Many of his researches adorn the periodical publications of Denmark and Germany; but the chief of them have been separately collected in eight volumes. 1. *Librorum qui ante reformationem in scholis Danicis prælegebantur Notitia*, 1784; 2. *Mantissa*, 1785; 3. Description of the City of Copenhagen; 4. Travels to examine the Antiquities of Denmark; 5. Collection of antient Poems; 6. Historic Notices of Christian the Fourth; 7. Dictionary of Scandinavian Mythology; 8. Statistics of Denmark in the Middle Ages. Of these works, numbers five and seven throw light on English antiquities: and they all display a sound and appropriate erudition.'

In the life of Lord *North*, the imperishable dedication of Gibbon, which has conferred on him his most enduring claim to celebrity, has been overlooked. — The volume closes with the life of the bookseller *Panckoucke*.

A very large proportion of this work consists of the adventures of French officers. Indeed, the number of military contributors to the composition seems to be disproportionately large; and the same battles and the same sieges are patiently recounted in so many different individual lives, that celebrity overpowers her own voice by its very echoes.

Almost any person may hope or fear for a niche in a work of this kind, which aims at completeness, and drags into publicity not merely those who court but even those who shun notoriety.

toriety. We may therefore advise every body who has the good or the bad fortune to be known, to watch for his own appearance, and to transmit to some repository such explanations or corrections as may be requisite. The editors are apparently well disposed to be just: but distance, obstacles, diffidence, and sometimes prudence, may prevent the attainment of all the desirable accuracy. Many articles are improperly placed in the alphabetic arrangement, under Christian instead of surnames; for instance, poor *Mungo Park* is put under his Christian name *Mungo*, instead of *Park*.

ART. XI. *Contes et Nouvelles*, &c.; *i. e.* Tales and Novels by AMADEUS CONRAD PFEFFEL, Member of the Royal Academies of Bavaria and Prussia, &c. Translated from the German by his Son, *A. C. A. Pfeffel.* 2 Vols. 12mo. Paris. 1822. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 9*s.* sewed.

OUR German readers are probably acquainted with the works of PFEFFEL; who, though a Frenchman by birth, has enriched the literature of Germany with his numerous compositions in that language. — From the twenty volumes in verse and prose which they form, the piety of his son has selected these little tales; which he has translated into the French language, with the intention of rendering his father's merits better known to his countrymen. He has prefixed to his translation a very slight sketch of the author's life; from which it appears that he lost his eye-sight at an early age, and was accustomed to alleviate his unfortunate situation by literary pursuits. Deprived of one sense, the others became more acute; and, like Milton, he often formed his judgment of strangers by the sound of their voices. The little tales which fill these volumes are specimens of pleasing and powerful description; and, indeed, he seems to take additional delight in painting those beauties of external nature, from the enjoyment of which he was for ever excluded.

The stories are very light and entertaining; and some of them, as for instance '*The White Lady*,' would be easily converted into a dramatic shape. One of the most interesting, intitled '*Louise*,' contains the history of a young French girl, daughter of a nobleman who died in prison during the Revolution. After this melancholy event, and the banishment of her brother, Louise, notwithstanding that her affections were engaged, was induced by the persuasions of the young Olivier, son of her father's old steward, but a zealous revolutionist, to marry him *pro formâ*, for the sake of the safety and protection which

which could not otherwise be secured to her; under a promise that, as soon as it could be done with safety, he would procure a divorce. Being conducted to the home of her nominal husband, his conduct towards her was highly honorable and delicate: but he could not, of course, refrain from falling in love with her. This passion, which he endeavoured to conceal from her, she discovered by reading a letter that he had written; (no very decorous proceeding;) and, struck with his generosity, she surrendered her heart as she had given her hand to her husband, at the moment when he was about to resign his title in favor of her former lover. — The tale is well told, the reader's interest and doubts are cleverly kept up, and the *éclaircissement* is pleasingly managed.

The lithographic engravings accompanying these volumes are really very bad, and must not be taken as specimens of the state of that art in France.

ART. XII. *Lexicon Herodoteum: quo et styli Herodotei universa ratio enucleate explicatur, et quam plurimi Musarum loci ex professo illustrantur. Passim etiam partim Græca lectio, partim versio Latina, quas offert Argentoratensis Editio, vel vindicatur vel emendatur. Instruxit* JOHANNES SCHWEIGHÆUSER, *Ordinis Regii Legion. Honor. Eques, Græc. Literar. in Acad. Argent. et in Semin. Prot. Prof.* 8vo. 2 Vols. Strasburg, Paris, and London, Treuttel and Co. Price 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

ALTHOUGH this Lexicon is principally intended to complete the Strasburg edition of Herodotus, yet the abundant illustrations which it contains of the Greek text, and the full reasons which are given for the alterations introduced in particular passages in that edition, render it valuable as an independent work. The order in which the different meanings of the same word are arranged is peculiarly luminous, and calculated to illustrate the progress from the primary to the transitive and metaphorical application of the word. In particular, the prepositions, and the connective particles, are treated in a clear and satisfactory manner. The admirers of Greek literature are therefore under great obligations to Professor SCHWEIGHÆUSER; and, valuable as the Ionic dictionary of Emilius Portus undoubtedly was, we think that its use will be nearly superseded by the volumes before us. — A portrait of the Professor is affixed.

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